

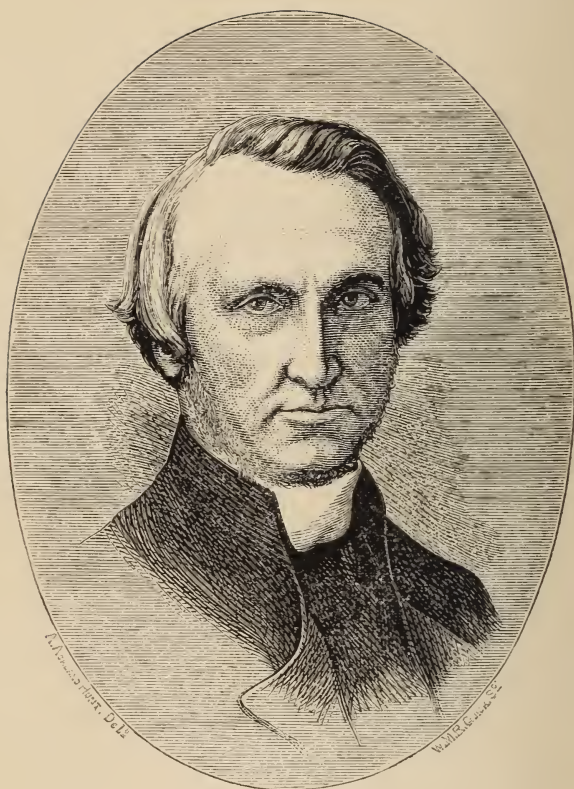


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Mission life : a magazine consisting chiefly
readings on foreign lands with reference to
and circumstances of mission life /



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MISSION LIFE:

A Magazine

CONSISTING CHIEFLY OF

READINGS ON FOREIGN LANDS

WITH REFERENCE TO THE SCENES AND CIRCUMSTANCES

OF MISSION LIFE.

EDITED BY THE

REV. J. J. HALCOMBE, M.A.,

READER AT CHARTERHOUSE.

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With Forty-two Illustrations.

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MISSION LIFE.

PROGRESS OF THE MISSION.

HOME WORK.

THE year 1865 was a very important one in the financial history of this Mission. With few exceptions, the contributions on the faith of which the undertaking was commenced, were payable in the form of subscriptions extending over five years; that period terminated in 1864. We are sorry to say, that a large number of the contributors have not renewed their subscriptions.

The view taken of the matter by the Universities of Oxford, Cambridge, and Durham seems the correct one,—that the original supporters of the Mission stand to it *in loco parentis*, and that although they were led to hope that it would come to maturity at the early age of five years, and, to use a common expression, then be off their hands, yet the fact of this expectation not having been fulfilled, could hardly be a reason for putting an end to its existence, or for throwing the burden of its support upon others. It was especially felt that it would not be right to ask the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel to undertake the management of its affairs, without giving them a guaranteed income adequate to its due maintenance. It is acknowledged that reverses and temporary failure were not much thought of in the first enthusiasm of the work; but to argue as if the possibility of their being encountered was never contemplated, would be to charge the originators of the movement with beginning to build without counting the cost, or of going to war without due regard to the strength of the forces opposed to them.

The Dublin University has not taken this view of the subject; their contributions amounting previously to between £200 and £300 a year, entirely ceased with the year 1864.

Under these circumstances, the income for 18⁶⁵ has fallen far short of that of any preceding year. Owing to the fact of the outgoings having been exceptionally small, the capital of the Mission has remained untouched, but several heavy items of expenditure for buildings and purchase of land, authorised by the Committee some time back, will be chargeable upon the income of 1866, rendering increased exertion on the part of the friends of the Mission doubly necessary during the present year.

It was hoped that this deficiency of income would be more than covered by the payment of arrears of contributions promised but not paid, especially in the York Diocese and at Manchester. If we may do so without seeming ungracious to a few liberal and constant supporters in those places, we must record the fact, that this expectation has failed.

The past year, however, has not been without its encouragements at home as well as abroad. If one of the four columns upon which the fabric originally rested has given way, there is every reason to believe that fresh support will not be wanting. We have to record a larger increase in the number of permanent annual subscriptions than in any preceding year. This may be traced in a great measure to the increasing circulation of the Mission's publications; 10,000 copies of the Annual Report for Parochial Use having been distributed, chiefly by sale, during the last year. The latter publication will be superseded by the present Magazine, which will be published quarterly.

The following extract from the record of the proceedings of the last meeting of the General Committee, held at 79, Pall Mall, on the 15th November, 1865, will be read with interest:

There were present—The Lord Bishop of Oxford, Chairman; the Lord Bishop of Lincoln and the Ven. Archdeacon Wordsworth; from the University of Oxford, the Ven. Archdeacon Clerke and Professor Burrows; from Cambridge, the Hon. and Rev. Latimer Neville, the Rev. George Williams, and the Rev. Arthur R. Ward; from Durham, the Hon. and Rev.

Henry Douglas; and several other members of the General Committee.

The first Resolution passed was—"That this Committee learn, with thankfulness to God, the success which has been granted to Bishop Tozer, and is prepared, by all means in its power, to support his attempt to carry on Missionary work in Central Africa, from Zanzibar as the basis of operations."

It was determined to advertise for Clergy to undertake the work specified by the Bishop. With regard to the amount of stipend to be offered, it was Resolved—"That a clergyman, in Priest's Orders, with some experience, should have £200 a year if unmarried, and £250 if married, with a residence. Outfit, passage, and maintenance during passage, to be provided by the Mission."

The following Resolution was also passed:—"That the period for which the Subscriptions to this Mission were originally promised having now expired, and many subscribers not having renewed their contributions, it is necessary that steps should be taken to create fresh centres of interest, and obtain fresh supporters for the work. The best means of effecting this object seems to this Committee to be to make arrangements for a special Service to be held in every diocese—where possible in the Cathedral. It is therefore Resolved, that the Honorary Secretaries be requested to prepare an application to the Dean and Chapter of every Cathedral, to be signed by the Chairman of the Committee, for permission to hold such Service, and that an application be also made in the same manner to the following friends of the Mission, with a view to inducing them to preach at one or more of such Services:

"His Grace the Lord Archbishop of Dublin.

The Lord Bishop of Oxford.

The Lord Bishop of Ely.

The Lord Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol.

The Lord Bishop of Lincoln.

The Lord Bishop of Salisbury.

The Very Rev. the Dean of Chichester.

The Very Rev. the Dean of Ely.

The Very Rev. the Dean of Exeter.

The Hon. and Very Rev. the Dean of York.

The Venerable Archdeacon Denison.

The Venerable Archdeacon Freeman.

The Venerable Archdeacon Wordsworth.

The Rev. Dr. Goulburn.

The Rev. Dr. Heurtley.

The Rev. T. T. Carter.

The Rev. H. P. Liddon.

The Rev. Daniel Moore.

The Rev. J. R. Woodford."

The Bishops of Oxford and Lincoln consented to accede, as far as they were concerned, to the request contained in the Resolution.

A fresh object of interest in the home work of the Mission has been suggested by Bishop Tozer. Writing on the 20th of March, 1865, he says—

"The most efficient Missionaries are those who, *cæteris paribus*, have received a special education for their work, and I think we shall do well to devote some portion of our funds to sending to S. Augustine's, or elsewhere, any young men who have a special Missionary vocation, and are willing to accept East Africa as their future field of labour.

"I have seen it stated that £100 sent annually to S. Augustine's enables the Bishop of Nelson to receive into his diocese an additional clergyman every year. I have no hesitation in saying, that some such machinery as this will have a better chance of success than any other, in supplying us with the men we shall want."

A personal friend of Bishop Tozer has kindly given a donation of £20, and a considerable number of subscriptions have already been received towards commencing a Special Fund in connexion with S. Augustine's. A candidate for Missionary work is now being prepared at S. Augustine's with a view to his joining the Bishop—the chief expense is, however, in this case defrayed by the Worcester Missionary Studentship Association.

FOREIGN WORK.

The following letter from Colonel Playfair, the British Consul at Zanzibar, will be read with interest—we insert it before the few extracts which we have made from Bishop Tozer's official letters, believing that such independent and corroborative testimony must give an additional weight to his opinions. It may be well, perhaps, to mention that Colonel Playfair has just returned on a visit to England after an absence of twenty years, spent exclusively in tropical climates. His place is temporarily supplied by Dr. Seward. We are glad to be able to add that Dr. Kirk, who, it will be remembered, was associated with Dr. Livingstone in the Zambesi expedition, and whose kindness to different members of the Mission has often been alluded to in former publications, has been appointed to proceed to Zanzibar to assist Dr. Seward :

“3, KENSINGTON PARK ROAD, *3rd January*, 1866.

“DEAR SIR,—You ask me for my opinion as to the step taken by Bishop Tozer in settling in Zanzibar; I have some little hesitation in recording my opinion on matters really beyond my province, and had I anything to say unfavourable to the Mission I should have preferred remaining silent, but I really have not. I feel convinced that all who know Bishop Tozer regard him with the same unqualified feeling of love and admiration that I do, and I can only account for Dr. Livingstone's very unfair attack on him by the fact that Dr. Livingstone never met him, and knows nothing of him, save at second hand.

“From all I have heard I do not see that the Bishop had any alternative but that of leaving the Zambesi country; it was depopulated by famine, and when the Government expedition was recalled the position was no longer tenable; the Mission would have been entirely isolated from the civilised world, communication even with the coast would have been difficult, and communication *beyond* it, well-nigh impossible.

“Now, Zanzibar is, beyond measure, the most healthy, the most civilised, and the most easily accessible point on the east

coast of Africa, north of the British possessions; it has a tolerably good government, and British influence there is amply sufficient to ensure safety to life and property. Europeans may live there with as little inconvenience or danger to their health as in any other tropical country, and this is a very important consideration in selecting a position as a *point d'appui* of future operations.

"The Bishop has a number of very intelligent boys and girls under tuition, and these will eventually be of the greatest use in whatever operation he may intend carrying on in the interior of Africa.

"It is the fashion to pronounce the East African hopelessly stupid and incapable of education, but this is most unjust; little has ever been done in the way of educating them, but what little has been done tends to show that they are as intelligent and as capable of instruction as any other orientals.

"My predecessor, Colonel Rigby, brought a little boy home with him. This lad reached England in about November, 1861, an utter little savage. Colonel Rigby took him to India, and again brought him to England since then, so that his education has not been without serious interruptions, still Colonel Rigby has spared neither pains nor expense to have him well educated, and the result is most satisfactory; he is now intelligent, of an excellent disposition, and takes a very fair place in point of attainments, with English boys of his own age, all of whom have had ten times the advantages that he has had.

"I have also seen some of the liberated Africans educated in Bombay by the Church Missionary Society, and they appear fine, intelligent, and well-brought up lads.

"Such being the case, I think that there can be no doubt that Bishop Tozer has adopted the right course in forming an establishment in Zanzibar, where Africans can be educated almost from infancy, and rescued from the pernicious influences which beset them on every side. It is a comparatively easy matter to form the young African mind, but I can conceive nothing more hopeless than to attempt to work on the adult African, especially those who have resided on the coast, and have been subject to all its demoralising influences.

“What plans Bishop Tozer may have beyond the establishment at Zanzibar, he had better explain himself; it is not for me to enter into such matters. I sincerely wish that he were on the spot to urge his own views, to select his own workmen, and to interest the public in his Mission.

“Believe me,

“Yours very truly.

“R. L. PLAYFAIR.”

The only point in the above letter which seems to call for any comment, is that which concerns Dr. Livingstone’s “very unfair attack” upon Bishop Tozer, on the score of his removal of the Mission from the Zambesi.

No one acquainted with the facts of the case can doubt that Dr. Livingstone has, in his comments on this subject in his lately published work, transgressed the bounds of fair criticism.

Bishop Tozer was called upon to decide a very difficult question—he had the fullest discretionary power given him, and it is only justice to say that though some persons were grieved at his decision, yet the balance of public opinion has decidedly been in favour of the course he adopted. Dr. Livingstone was one of those who dissented from his decision; the mere fact of this difference of opinion having existed, and the danger of his own views being prejudiced in favour of a locality originally chosen by himself, would have led us to expect that he would have been very guarded in the terms in which he referred to the matter. On the contrary, however, he thinks it right to impute the decision to the worst motives, and in a spirit strangely at variance with the general kindness of his character, deliberately publishes his opinion that the Mission was “abandoned without being driven away.”

It did not seem right to leave it open to our readers to form random conjectures as to the subject of Dr. Livingstone’s attack upon the Bishop, but there is no need to dwell upon the subject, or to record other remarks unhappily conceived in the same spirit.

Before giving the extracts which we have already alluded to, it may be well to state that in the spring of last year the

Bishop was joined by his sister, also by a schoolmistress, Miss A. Jones, and by H. Goodwin, carpenter and organist.

Writing on May 31st, the Bishop says:

"I mean to enclose in this letter the first few sheets of a Suaheli vocabulary which Dr. Steere has printed. This is widely circulated in Zanzibar for the purpose of corrections and additions, and we hope in time to be able to fix some sort of standard which may be accepted as the foundation for all future literary attempts. The importance of this work can be scarcely over-estimated, and much interest is felt in it by our European and American friends, who freely help us to the utmost of their power. Dr. Steere is writing to you for some more additions to his printing materials.

"We have taken nine girls and five boys, which increases our number to twenty-three.

"Since the arrival of the Seychelles' party (eighteen in all) the need of further accommodation is making itself felt. To supply more house room I propose ere long to build on our estate outside the town.* For the oversight of our School, or Missionary College, I should propose that a clergyman be provided; and I feel that so much of the future success of our work is bound up with the prosperity of this School, and that,



* The woodcut represents one end of a small estate purchased by the Bishop with the first remittances from the Wells-Tozer Fund. This Fund was started by the former and present students of Wells Theological College, where Bishop Tozer studied for some time after leaving Oxford.

under God, so much depends on the characters and dispositions, which the training there bestowed will help to form and foster, that nothing should be taken so seriously in hand as the looking out for the best possible person for a post so important and yet so difficult. Delay in selecting him will be a far less evil than the appointment of one who does not possess the necessary qualifications.

“Even after the removal of the boys we shall require another clergyman for the work which is opening before us in Zanzibar itself.

“I think we have no right to ignore the necessities of the large population which surrounds us, and our living in Zanzibar lays upon us the duty of doing all we can for its inhabitants, many thousands of whom are British subjects, and claim our protection as such.

“The next step which I should like to take would be the forming a branch Station on the mainland. In returning from my visit to Mr. Rebinann at the end of last year, I put in at Tanga, where Erherth lived for some months endeavouring to get access to the interior. The difficulties which then existed are removed, and I am inclined to think that we might select Tanga as a suitable spot for our first attempt.

“It would not be wise to try the experiment of a mainland Station until we could find at least two men well suited for the purpose. I distinctly ask that they may either be clergymen, or at least candidates for Orders, and not mechanics; and I should greatly prefer those who have undergone a specific Missionary training. The attempt had far better be deferred than entrusted to any but earnest, devoted men, who are willing to accept the post as their work for life. Even with these the experiment *may* fail, but it can *scarcely help failing* if we employ men who are actuated by any lower and merely secondary motives.

“In all, I thus see my way to employing not less than four additional clergy. May the Great Head of the Church give us labourers suited outwardly by strength and constitution, and inwardly by manifold graces, to lay the foundation stone of His Church here in Africa.

“In my recent visit to Seychelles, I was able to test its

capabilities as a refuge in certain cases for those of our party who may be temporarily disabled by sickness. I have returned from Mahé in perfect health, after an attack which entirely prostrated me. The kindness which is for ever extended to us by the officers of the various cruisers on this nation, by Dr. Seward, our honorary and indefatigable physician (who has had as many as twenty-four patients at once in this house), and by Colonel Playfair, should be never lost sight of.

“I would wish to point out to the special notice of the Committee and their able fellow-labourer Dr. Budd, that what is known as a ‘robust constitution’ in England is certainly not best adapted to resist the unhealthy influence of this coast. We have again and again observed that a spare, thin, wiry frame, if only free from serious organic disease, has a far better chance of escaping fever than a stout, corpulent, ruddy habit, which is the very first, ordinarily speaking, to succumb to miasmatic influences.

“While at Seychelles, I was fortunate enough to meet with a very serviceable whale boat, which, after a survey conducted by the chief carpenter of H.M.S. ‘Wasp,’ Mr. Hester, I purchased for £27. Those who are acquainted with the peculiar position of the town of Zanzibar will see how impossible it is even to get into the country without passing entirely through the town and over the Lagune in its rear, unless a boat is made use of. The purchase of a boat, therefore, was of the greatest consequence from a sanitary point of view, and I am glad to have obtained one at what I am assured is a very reasonable price.”

“August 5th, 1865.

“We completed only yesterday the purchase (for a little more than £200) of a large and very valuable plot of land, enclosed by its own stone walls at the back, and open towards the sea. It is the next property to this, and possesses a long sea frontage, which is becoming every year of more and more value. So soon as we can obtain two or three other little pieces of land which intervene between our new purchase and the small stone house which I told you in my last that we had bought, we shall have a fine open site, on the extreme end of

the promontory on which the town stands, capable of being used for almost any number of buildings which may be required hereafter for the purposes of the Mission.

“The house which we bought was no sooner delivered over to us by its former proprietor than we had to occupy it as an hospital—one of our little girls having caught smallpox, which is very prevalent in the place. By sending her at once away from the others, we have been kept free from further sickness, and I cannot say how thankful I am that we were able to avail ourselves so seasonably of the separate tenement.”

In reference to the healthiness of Zanzibar, we may quote the following extract from a letter from H. Goodwin, dated August 20th, 1865 :

“I believe that this is a capital place for invalids, although I have not been here long enough to know whether it is always as healthy as I have hitherto found it to be. It is really astonishing the bad character Zanzibar has on board the steamboats between Suez and Seychelles. The captains promised us *free* passage home after *two years*, because in their opinion there was not the slightest chance of there being anything left but our shoes at the end of that period. All the men at Messrs. Fraser’s are in as good health, and can do as much work, as they could in England ; one of them, a German, has been in this unhealthy (?) place for six years, and looks as little like a man with one foot in the grave as can possibly be. It is very satisfactory to me to be out here and find out all these things, after the arguments I have had with people in England about it.”

MOMBAS.

THE Church Missionary Station at Mombas was founded in the year 1844. Dr. Krapf and Mr. Rebmann were the first Missionaries. The former remained there during a long season of trial, and has only recently been obliged to leave by failing health ; the latter is still carrying on the work. The value of their labours must not be estimated only by the im-



MOMBASA.

pression made upon the Heathen in their immediate neighbourhood. By their many journeys and constant preaching they have been able to obtain accurate information about the country and its inhabitants for several hundred miles in the interior, and to make the object of the Missionary more or less familiar to all the leading tribes. Thus, does one prepare the ground and another sow the seed ; may God in His providence grant a rich and early harvest !

Bishop Tozer gives the following account of his visit to this Mission : "About 120 miles to the north is the town of Mombas, near which are the Mission Stations of Kisuludini and Ribí. The former under Mr. Rebmann and Mr. Taylor of the Church Missionary Society, the latter under Messrs. Wakefield and New, of the ' United Free Methodist Churches.' It was with very much pleasure that I made the acquaintance of all these devoted men on the occasion of my recent visit to Mombas. Mr. Rebmann, of whom I must ever speak with the deepest respect, has, as you are aware, been labouring among the Wanika tribe for the past seventeen years, and few Missionaries can have encountered the same amount of difficulty and discouragement, or exhibited such noble patience and perseverance, as this tried and eminent servant of God. He is now surrounded by a small but earnest body of native believers, the first-fruits, I cannot but think, of the whole Wanika tribe. There is a proposal that two young men shall be sent to me in the course of a few months, for training as Christian missionaries. It would be a matter for great congratulation if the Church Missionary Society could supplement the labours of Mr. Rebmann and Mr. Taylor by placing another clergyman at Mombas, where there is already a good house. Were this done, we might at once select some site for another Station further to the north, either at Lamoo, where an agent of Mons. Barraud's house resides, or at Port Durnford. From either of these points, a line of Missions might gradually extend itself to the interior, and by the very route which, I believe, commended itself so forcibly to Captain Speke."

LIFE IN ZANZIBAR.

* "We are having cold weather just now. The thermometer has been standing for two days at 62° , and it has gone occasionally down to 50° . Last night an Arab friend sent word it was really too cold for him to come and pay us a visit as he had intended.



A NATIVE GONG.

"May 14th.
—Two nights since, from information received, two of the Wasp's boats left to intercept a northern Arab vessel, which they heard was

about to sail with a cargo of slaves. On coming up to her a fearful fight took place, the result of which was, on our side, one man killed and ten wounded, including two lieutenants and one midshipman. Of the Arabs several were killed, including the Captain, who fought desperately. Many jumped overboard and endeavoured to escape by swimming, others made off in a boat which was towing astern. I cannot conceive anything more awful than the scene at the moment our boats came alongside. The vessel, which is of a class called a 'Beddeen,' and is more of a boat than a ship, was crowded with slaves, to the number, they say, of

* A letter from the Bishop to his sister, dated Zanzibar, May 10th, 1865.

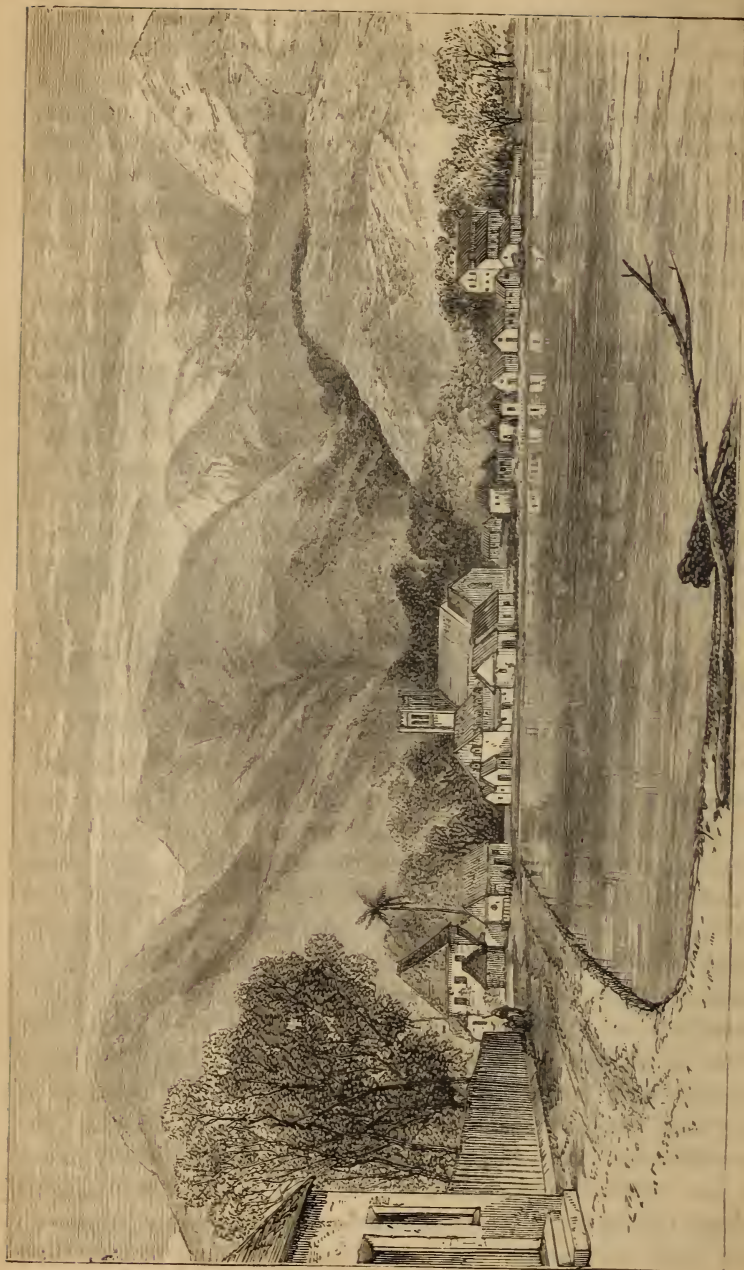
350, and some forty or fifty Suri Arabs, who immediately began firing and thrusting their long spears at our men. I have seen three of the wounded Arabs, and so can, in a measure, realise the execution made by the sailors' cutlasses. The marvel is, that so few of the poor slaves were injured—one boy is badly wounded, and three have since died, but the rest appear to have escaped. Very many jumped overboard; but when I went on board there were no less than 288, and they seemed to cover the 'Wasp's' deck.

"May 15th.—The upshot of the Captain's interview with the Sultan is, that the capture is declared a legal one, and the Wasp leaves for Seychelles on Wednesday, and Captain Bowden urges me to go with him. He says, the state of the wounded men makes it very desirable that they should have a clergyman on board, and that I may make a selection from the slaves, and bring back any number I like with me for our school. I would rather not leave again so soon, and must think it well over before I decide. I go on board to-morrow morning to see the sick."

The Wasp reached Seychelles with her cargo of slaves on the 24th, and there the Bishop and his sister met.

The narrative is continued by a letter from Miss Tozer:

"The slaves were to come on shore at once, and Captain Bowden asked us to walk down to another pier a little farther on, to see the first cargo of slaves landed. I went down with him, and the Bishop and some of the officers of the boat came ashore with its dusky load. Oh, how can I describe that landing! Tenderly lifting the tiny baby things out, with rough kindly words the sailors set them down, and they squatted patiently on the ground, like little tired black lambs. Some no more than three years, but the most about six. Then came a poor little girl wounded in the battle, lifted so tenderly in a carpet by the sailors, who put her down as if they had been nurses. Then I saw the Bishop handing out a mother and baby, the great tearful eyes looking wildly round as she clutched her child close, and he, in a few words, consoling, telling her 'No more slave—English ground now—no one hurt her more.' It was almost too dark to see their



SEYCHELLES.

faces, but the sight of those fifty little creatures squatting round so patiently was quite touching, and I think you would have done as I did, sit down and cry—it was the first realisation of slavery, the first coming face to face with it. After a pause the sailors took the children up, those who could not walk, and the procession moved on to the prison where they were to sleep and eat; and this morning I am to go up there and choose my ten little girls. The Bishop says it is impossible to describe the kindness shown to the slaves by the officers and men, and the week the poor souls have been on board they have grown quite fat. One of the officers told me when they took them out of the Dhow they only had two feet of space to live in, I mean in height, packed in as close as if they had been logs of wood; only fancy what the older ones must have suffered; and all they had to live on was uncooked rice. I spoke to a great many, and the Bishop brought me a little Indian girl of thirteen, who is actually friendless. Captain Bowden said, ‘she is too old for you;’ but she is a sweet modest little girl, and has no one to take care of her, so perhaps, you may be sure I took her at once. The Bishop spoke to her in Suaheli, and she smiled at me and nodded her head. They had no clothes, except the linen cloth, but the girls, even the tiny ones, show instinctive modesty.”

* “The next day, Ascension Day, after Church, at eleven, the Bishop took me down to choose my own children, as we were to have the first selection. It was a most difficult work, one longed to have them all, but I was only to have five boys and nine girls, so we divided them as well as we could into tribes and chose the boys first and then the girls. Their names are very pretty, as near as I can make them sound. I specially picked out a little, soft-eyed child for you, about seven years old, as near as we can guess, her name is Sutia, pronounced ‘Soo-tēah,’ with the accent on the ē; we have two called Sutia and another Mabruki, we must call them Mabruki Horsham and Sutia Horsham, I think, and be sure your little girl was better dressed than the rest, and I found she had been such a pet on board that every one had given her beads

* A letter from Miss Tozer to the children at Horsham.

and a beautiful cloth. She has a necklace, with many strings of beads and black bracelets round both arms; her blue cloth is bordered with red and gold, and she wraps it round her like a little mantle, tucking in the end. She has beautiful white teeth and the brightest of eyes, and I made her say 'Yes, sir,' over and over again. They are all very happy and have plenty to eat, and the bishop and I go down and see them every day, and he talks to them. All have skin disease, more or less. They will live where they are till we go home, and then my fourteen little chicks will go with us, and begin, I hope, and learn something.

"I will send you the names of our other children, all pronounced soft. Sutia, Sutia, Aliango, Gangela, Saparan, Baluti, Mabruki, Faida, Amanda, Magantua, Mackienga, Goda, Condamieli, and Chisa."

The following letter carries us on from the time of Miss Tozer's arrival at Zanzibar:

"ZANZIBAR, *June 26th*, 1865.

"On Wednesday morning, the 20th, I came in sight of my new home, already so dear to me! Lovely as is Seychelles, I like Zanzibar better far, and would rather live here than there; though, with many dear kind friends at Mahé, and the shower of pressing invitations to come whenever we want change, Seychelles must always be a haven of rest and refreshment to us. We had hardly anchored, when the Consul arrived to welcome us, and the Captain of the 'Penguin,' which we found lying here. We were detained on board to dine, and then Captain Bowden manned his galley and brought us safe home. Such kind partings on board! The children were fondled and loaded with presents, especially Sutia, who was the darling of the main-deck, and very much spoilt in consequence. Dear Mrs. Seward came down to the landing-place to receive me, and walked with our whole procession to the Mission-House. Dr. Steere had come on board with the Consul, and you will believe what a satisfaction it was to meet! Little black faces peered anxiously from the room; and as soon as the Bishop called, 'Joni watoti wangu,'—'Come, my

children,'—down the nine little fellows came flying out on the terrace, seizing the Bishop's hands and kissing them, and saying to me, 'Good morning, Ma'am,' as they had been taught. They call me the 'Bibi,' which, I believe, really means Grandmother; and I accept the name gladly. The sun was low, and we had but little time to see our palace, as it is called here; they all stood back that I might enter first with the Bishop, and then in procession all went round and admired, almost in the dark, Dr. Steere's and Harry's clever arrangements. They had built walls, pulled down walls, opened doors, shut windows, and so made room for us all. One side of the corridor is allotted to the girls and me and Miss Jones; the boys and Harry Goodwin have their rooms on the other side; thus, you see, we are separate as to apartments; and in the room where we sit to work and write, we have our little classes. At this moment, seven girls are seated hemming some handkerchiefs. The boys having finished lessons, are gone to bathe with Dr. Steere; and I am divided between this letter and a page of Kiswaheli. My first impressions are the wonderful amount the Bishop and Dr. Steere have accomplished since October. The nine boys are perfect little gentlemen—nice soft manners, full of intelligence; they speak a little with a pure accent, and understand all you say. Yesterday I gave them a singing lesson in Chapel; they sang the Glorias and two hymns in English very nicely, and their conduct is beyond all praise. I have seen two sums in addition and multiplication, both right, and long rows of figures; and to-day I heard six of them read a card—the History of Joseph, in English and Suaheli, and their answers to questions were quite beautiful—evidently attending to, and understanding all the story. Two of the boys are Christians in will; and Congo, the oldest, we always call the future Bishop; he is so good, steady, grave, and thoughtful. Mabruki is the dearest, brightest little fellow—very pretty, with lovely white teeth and of a sweet temper, very quick and clever; while 'Mkono the Malagasy is so good and obedient, and withal so quick in apprehension. These three and a fat little Sangolo and Ferrusi, who is as fat as a sheep, are my chief acquaintances as yet. They are so gentle and obedient, and so still when required to be, as in Chapel

and at lessons, that they are totally unlike English boys; you can trust them with glass or tender things—they rarely break them. They are delighted with the fourteen new friends we brought them: and ever since we came, I have watched in vain for the smallest quarrel—they never disagree, and share everything that is given them. I suppose they will be naughty sometimes, like others: but so far, we have seen nothing of temper, though they are full of spirits; at least, the old lot; and Mabruki, who is a great beau about his dress, was quite vehement on the subject this morning, assuring Dr. Steere he had nothing fit to wear,—everything coming to an end—rags and holes in his cloth—cap faded—things would not last—*must be new*—nothing fit for Sunday. To-day they have all had new caps, and Mabruki acted as valet, fitting them on and arranging the tassels. Our poor little girls are not yet come to the intelligent stage; they are all more or less ‘sicky.’ Dr. Seward is attending three. We wash them all over daily in warm water and soap, or rather Annie Jones does; for I have been too busy as yet to help, except in the medical line.

“Tuesday.—It is almost impossible to write amid such constant interruptions; and you will like to know most about the children, and how we pass the day. (I have a little one kneeling by me now, curiously watching my pen—such a funny wee creature called ‘Mgandua;’ he is the smallest we have, and a real little droll specimen—very talkative—he comes and chatters to me like a monkey). To return to my subject, at six a.m. the bell rings; it is just light, the sun only coming up above the horizon, and I get up and call ‘Sukajua!’ ‘Sukajua!’ on which, a little black form glides in through the open door, and says ‘Good morning!’ opening the two or three shutters that have been closed. She is my small handmaid, a very dunce in sewing, so I hope may improve in house-work. The best needlewoman is Kaduruwali, who can already hem handkerchiefs neatly; the rest are hemmiug glass cloths; so I think, considering our time, it has not been wasted; it is often picked out, but really done very respectably. The second bell soon rings, and we go down to Chapel, all the children looking so nice; the boys in their clothes and white jackets—little

calico things, given them by the Consul; the girls in pink frocks, and a little half handkerchief round their heads. The Bishop is Reader this week; Dr. Steere is therefore in plain clothes, Harry at the harmonium, and we three women sitting in various places.

“This morning the ‘Penguin’ sailed out of harbour; and you will believe that we are sorry to lose her, when I tell you that we have never been at one Service since we came, morning or evening, without finding one or two of the Officers present. It was so nice to go into Chapel in the grey morning light, and find one or two already in their places, quite home-like; and it must have been an immense comfort to themselves. Our harmonium, which is a very nice one, and extremely soft and sweet, is a gift from the Commandant and friends at the Cape. After Service we come up again to our second floor, and find our breakfast ready; then the children have theirs, Dr. Steere superintending. They all sit together at a long table in the corridor; afterwards we go to our morning work, teaching the children and needlework till twelve, when we have dinner. Dr. Steere is housekeeper, but he is teaching me, and I hope soon to take it off his hands, already too full. Meat is very cheap; you have six or seven lbs. of beef for 2s. The vegetables are yams, onions, and beans. We work again with a little interval of rest till past four, when we ought to walk.”

“ZANZIBAR, *July 9th, Sunday.*

“Litany is just over, and I have left all the boys in Chapel with Mr. Goodwin, having a practice, and it is quite wonderful how well they sing the three hymns they know in English—so pretty and pure a pronunciation, and the *th* they say quite well, as it is a common sound in Arabic. I have not much to do with Arabic, beyond the figures and counting, as oddly enough, after nineteen the Suaheli adopts the Arabic sounds, and instead of saying Numi na Numi—ten and ten—they say ‘Asherin,’ which is Arabic, and so on to 100, putting in the Suaheli numbers for the units. The Kiswaheli gets on apace, you know I was always fond of languages, but the Eastern ones are so very difficult.

“The housekeeping here involves a knowledge of the language, and a perfect calculating machine of arithmetic, 128 pice to the dollar, and $4\frac{3}{4}$ dollars to 1 English, $3\frac{3}{4}$ to a Louis—these being the current coins—then the rate of exchange differs, and you receive 132 sometimes for your dollar, or 130, and this makes fresh calculation necessary.

“I am becoming more and more satisfied with the results of my hospital experience, for we have many of our children on the sick list, and some with surgical cases, and Miss Jones and I are about three hours every day over our dispensary and surgery. Three have weak chests, and many with skin diseases on heads and bodies. I have two small sick boys on a mat at my feet, one with boils on the arms, and one with swollen leg and knee.

“Tuesday morning, 9 a.m.—All quiet and at work, the morning hospital walking is passing over and I am exhausted with the bathing, fomenting, and bandaging. I am sitting now to rest in the corridor. Miss Jones is teaching the nine girls their one, two, three, four, &c., and then a little of the Lord's Prayer. Dr. Steere has the second class in his room of the new boys; they are very slow in pronouncing some of the numbers. He goes over and over six, six, sevens, with the utmost patience they say. The Bishop, with the first class, is in his room, they are reading. We have been making a new room, and a most noisy day we have had. The floor has been *chunammed*, as all the rest are. The material is a kind of lime-ash, about the consistency of mortar, and this is spread and crammed down by thirty or forty women, who have poles in their hands and flat pieces of wood at the end, with which they strike the floor all in time. This noise, however, would be nothing, but they accompany it with a kind of monotone or recitative, which is perfectly deafening. The boys have been at cricket this afternoon in the court, and we all stand and look and take the greatest interest in the cricketers. Mrs. Seward comes in daily for our work hours, from two to four, and we should hardly know how to go on without her; so kind and cheerful is she. There will be a sort of rendezvous of ships here just now, and we are expecting one of them to bring our mail. I think to-night I shall take

my letter and sit up within the shelter of my curtains and go on, for at this moment the sun is down, and the mosquitoes have begun to arise, and I, unluckily, am now the sole person of the party whom they bite. I do not know what the summer will be if this is winter, but every one says it is so cold now, and the early morning, when I get up, is as cold as England.

“Wednesday morning.—The Sultan is gone to-day on

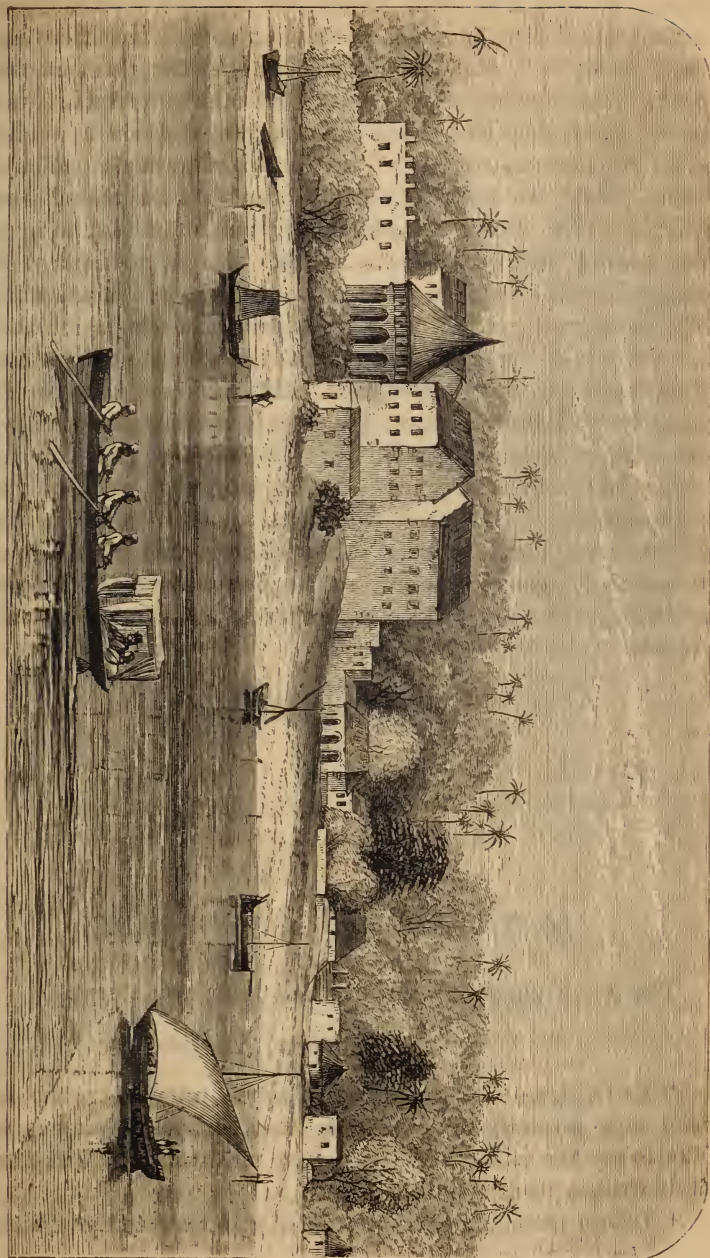


THE SULTAN OF ZANZIBAR.

board the ‘Wasp.’ The two ships manned their yards when he left the shore, and salutes were fired till the whole harbour was a cloud of smoke, and nothing could be seen. First, the ‘Highflyer’ saluted when he stepped into his boat, which one of his ships instantly returned: the ‘Wasp’ began to salute as soon as he reached her deck, and his own three men-of-war

at the same time; then all his ships saluted by way of acknowledgment. The steam was then got up, and the deck and bridge crowded with his suite, she slowly steamed out past our windows; we could see the Bishop standing by the mainmast, and the officers in full dress. The 'Highflyer' set up three white ensigns and the 'Wasp' the Sultan's own red flag at her main, and blue and white ensigns at her mizen and fore. Now they are saluting again. The Sultan has left the 'Wasp.' I see the long-boat with scarlet clothed crew pulling him in; all the yards are manned, and five ships saluting et once—enough to shake down the house. Now it is over, but the smoke is stealing over the bay, and gradually opening out first one and then another. It really gives me a good idea of a battle, but I would rather not see anything more real.

"July 24th, 1865.—I feel I am getting on fast in learning the language. I can say almost anything in bad Suaheli, because I know all the verbs, having industriously learnt them up, sheet by sheet, as they came out of the press *wet*. Now we come to concords, which are terribly difficult. Pronouns, adjectives, and nouns, all possess certain prefixes: single letters, for the most part, which alter in the plurals, for example, 'kasha langu,' my box, 'makastra yangu,' my boxes; 'kile wangu,' my chair, 'viti viangu,' my chairs; 'nyamba yangu,' my house, 'nyumba zangu,' my houses. We try to reduce these to rules, but I think the exceptions outnumber them. Yesterday, a nice thing happened. An Arab servant of the Consul's, very intelligent, came with a message to Dr. Steere, went into his room, and as he was writing, at the moment, the story of Lazarus, in Suaheli, for me to translate, he read it to Ali, to find out how far his translation from the Arabic was correct, giving Ali the Arabic Testament at the same time, to enable him to follow the Suaheli story. Ali grew so excited as the story came near the end, that he could not think of anything else, and when at the words 'Loose him and let him go,' Dr. Steere came to his conclusion, Ali clutched the Arabic Bible, and said, 'If I may take it away and read more,' in such a hurry was he to get on with the story that he



OLD PALACE OF M'TONI, ZANZIBAR.

carried off the Bible and forgot the message he was charged with. So before he reached the foot of the stairs, he came back to say it. He has not yet brought the precious Book back. The Arabs are all astonished over our Arabic Testament, which they have never seen before, and which we hear is an excellent translation. We have several copies which we lend. Now, we hope to begin to translate the Gospels into Suaheli. Dr. Steere can quite do it, but a difficulty is in the not having any one who is scholar enough to correct the Suaheli, and decide on the most domestic and usual words. We get a great many from our boys, and when *all* agree about a word we feel pretty confident it is right, as these boys come from so many different tribes. Still you can see how immensely difficulties crowd upon such a work as writing a grammar of a language still in its infancy, or rather so very incomplete. It is fortunate his learning and patience equal one another. He is a wonderful man. After a hard day of teaching the boys, and printing, and writing, and accounts, he comes quite fresh to give me a Suaheli lesson after tea, and goes on till Ali comes to give him a lesson in Arabic.

(To be continued.)

LETTER FROM A NATIVE LAD.

The following letters will best tell their own story :

“CROYDON, *November 20th*, 1865.

“DEAR SIR,—As you take so much interest in the lads who were formerly under Bishop Mackenzie, I think you will like to see the following letter I have received from Wakotani: it is written from Bombay.

“Before reading the translation of it, let me tell you Wako-

tani and his comrade Chuma were liberated by us from the slavers in the Manganja highlands, and, after sharing all our troubles there, eventually found themselves at Bombay with Dr. Livingstone, who called there on his way to England last year.

“The lad tells you, as well as I can, that the Doctor’s wish was that they should await his return, and, under the care of Dr. Wilson, learn to read and to write; but, before leaving the letter to speak for itself, let me point out the great feat Wakotani has accomplished in reducing his own language, phonetically, into English character. No one at Bombay could help him in this. The difficulty our English names have always been to them crops out; thus Adams, Blair, Alington, and Waller, have to appear as ‘Aramunsi,’ ‘Blaya,’ ‘Armigatana,’ and ‘Vola;’ the Doctor always went by the name of ‘Dotolo.’ The letter is written in answer to one I sent him by Dr. Livingstone, accompanied by a small present. In speaking of his old companions he tries to get to them through the intelligence of their welfare. I need but add, so well is the letter written I can translate it without much difficulty, and have done so literally, to save the idiom.

“I am, dear Sir,

“Faithfully yours,

“HORACE WALLER,

*Late Lay-Superintendent of the
African Mission.”*

BOMBAY, *August 13th*, 1865.

Iné, Wekotani ani Chuma, dupareka kalátá kúpásá ive, Waller. Wanéna sabueno, Datolo ine, andipasa darama diva andipasa darama Dotolo; uu wakoma tima.

Iné ani Chuma ani Wekotani, Datolo Wati “Salané Bombay, funsisa kalata nikulemba.” Iné Wekotani dati “Chakoma eva fumu” vati “Salané.”

Iné nafumara mava che Dotolo, Ine daremba kalata sapano; uyou wata, difuna kulemba kalata uena.

Datolo nasa; vati, "isani kuno Wekotoni ani Chuma, itenga dalama akopasa vala uyu vakoma tima."

Iné Wekotani difunsa ayamata adepa. Dasiva kamayapongwe vafa: mulungu vatenga. Iné difunsa misanga Chinsolo vakata ukásé; Ine difunsa ulaya vabala manache; kaya vaukásé, kaya vavanuma.

Ine Wekotani difunsa ulaya nichinsolo ansanga sapano.

Datolo uyu vati eva "Wekotani ni Chuma," vati, "tiende kudi-fuma." Uu fumu Waller vati "eva Wakotani, uende nidatolo usogole manjira uona ányáncha vena, kuninena ni kuona ayauo kunena naoo." Ine dati "chakoma, dienda ena, nikaenda, diribé kusálá kuanyanja iné dibara nindatolo." Iné sapano difunsa aramunsi nichumala niblaya. Vala vati blaya ni aramunsi ari ku natavo, siko iro vati langirase.

Difunsa evavala, vakala nichinsolo, vakala mosa ine kufunsa eva vala, ine difunsa aringatani; vakala kamosi ni sá bani: ine eva vala, ine, Wakotani, diriba quivala vala.

Sapanu daremba klatayanga, ya funsa vala ine diri Bombay. Chiku ansache achakunda, vafa anayi: chiko aripo data kulemba.

*I remain Sir,
Your most obediently,
Wakotani.**

Eva, vala, vulemba kalata mulembara Chinsoro, di mone pamasopache, chinsolo ninchase ulaya nakasache, ni mone daoma akasiava achivambala namache; sambane diribe kumona pamasopache. Chiku vati salani, vala.

* The conclusion is a facsimile. The rest of the letter was in the same handwriting.

(*Translation.*)

“I, Wakotani, and I, Chuma, send a letter to give to you, Waller. The Doctor has said all is well, and has given to me the money which you gave to him, the Doctor; this is done of the good heart.

“As for us, Chuma and Wakotani, the Doctor said to us, ‘Farewell; remain yet at Bombay; cause to be learnt reading and the art of writing.’ I said, even I, Wakotani, ‘It is good, my chief.’ ‘Farewell,’ said he.

“I have answered to the voice of the Doctor, and I now write to you this letter; and when it is finished I shall like to write to you yet another.

“The Doctor has arrived; he said, ‘Come here, Wakotani and Chuma, and take that money which Waller has given out of a good heart.’

“I, Wakotani, learn that one of the boys is dead. I know Kaminyapongwi is dead; God has taken him. I learn my kinsman Chinsoro has married a wife; I learn that there is a child born to Uriah. If it be a boy, I know not; if a girl, I know not.

“Now I, Wakotani, speak to Uriah and Chinsoro, my kinsmen.

“He, even he, the Doctor, has said: ‘Wakotani and Chuma,’ said he, ‘let us go to the Ruvuma.’ The chief Waller has spoken; he says:—‘You Wakotani, go with the Doctor before him on the path, and see other large waters, and speak with and see the Waiou, and speak the Waiou language.’ I said, ‘This is good, and I travel once more, and travelling there will be no sitting down when the great water is reached, I, I return with the Doctor,’ Now I am informed of Adams and Chumala and Blair. Waller says Blair and Adams are at Natal, a country belonging to the English, says he.

“I speak to you, Waller—you who used to live with Chinsoro—and to Alington; he lived with Jumbani, I and you, Waller, I, Wakotani; there is no forgetting Waller with me.

“Now I have written my letter, telling Waller I am at

Bombay. Of Chiku and his companions, the traders, four are dead. Chiku is present. I have finished writing.

“I remain, Sir,

“Yours most obediently,

“WAKOTANI.”

“You, Waller, made pictures portraying Chinsoro, and I have seen his countenance and that of his wife, of Uriah and of his wife, and I see Daoma and those women Ochuomvala and her mother; Jambani, I do not see his face. Chiku says, may it be well with you, Waller.”

[From Dr. Wilson to Dr. Livingstone.]

BOMBAY, *4th December*, 1865.

“MY DEAR DR. LIVINGSTONE.—Waikatani and Chuma are very anxious to be baptised before you leave Bombay; and, on the whole, I am inclined to comply with their request, should you have no objection; though I should probably have deferred doing so had they been to remain longer in India. They know the essential elements of Christian truth, and appear to be influenced by them; and the solemnity of their baptism may lead them more to regard them, and to cleave to British Christians. How does the matter strike you?

“If you agree with me I can appoint a time for the dispensation of the ordinance, to fit in with the time of your leaving us.

“I am, my dear Dr. Livingstone,

“Ever very truly yours,

“JOHN WILSON.”

We need only add that Wakotani and Chuma were both baptised shortly after the date of the last letter, and that they have now started again for their native country with Dr. Livingstone, to whom they are likely to be of great assistance, as the object of his present expedition is to reach, by a different route, the very country in which the African Mission was at first located, and from which these two boys came.

BAPTISM OF NATIVE CHILDREN.

(Extracted from Miss Tozer's Journal.)

“AUGUST 23RD.—The Bishop is as well as I ever saw him, thank our good God! He is at this moment at his pleasant work, the creation of a font for to-morrow's delightful Service. Our nine little lads of the first set are to be baptised at 6.30 a.m., S. Bartholomew's Feast. The font is a large new metal basin, set in a box draped in white, and covered with flowers. This stands on a pedestal covered with scarlet cloth and gold border. The children are taking a most intelligent part in all; and I have been for days reading and having explained to them the Baptismal Service. Our new names are as follows :

“Ferrusi	.	.	Robert,	after the Metropolitan.
Kangu	.	.	Samuel	„ Bishop of Oxford.
Swedi	.	.	John,	„ Bishop of Lincoln.
'Mkono	.	.	Vincent,	„ Bishop of Mauritius.
Ferrugalla	.	.	George,	„ Rev. G. Maclean.
Mabruki	.	.	Francis,	„ Rev. F. J. Mount.
Melanculu	.	.	Mark,	„ Mr. Taylor's choice.
Mwamba	.	.	Petros,	„ Mr. Rebmann's ditto.
Sangolo	.	.	Arthur,	„ Consul.

“Mkono is our only Malagasy, so he seemed specially cut out for dear Bishop Ryan. They all understand who they are called after. ‘The Bishop, one Lincoln, ma'am,’ said Swedi; they speak very broken, but such pure English. It is nice to be able to speak to them in Suaheli a little.

“August 24th.—This day, Feast of S. Bartholomew, so long looked forward to, dawned at last, at five o'clock, in a perfect calm, one of those tropical, still days that portend a change in the monsoon; but the sunrise colouring was lovely, and at half-past five the house was up, and I heard the Bishop in every part in turn, dressing his boys in their snow-white kamsus. I must describe the Chapel a little. There were four bouquets of flowers over the Altar, and boughs of mango in all the recesses. Mr. Cator's beautiful offertory bag was

used for the first time, and our offertory we had before decided on devoting to our own studentship at S. Augustine's; it amounted to £20 2s. in English money. Our numbers were three women and seven men—small, but all so genial and earnest in the cause. The one drawback was the absence of the Consul, who would have been a Godfather too. The west end was cleared of chairs, and the white dais took up nearly a third of the width. On either side, on their little low chairs, sat the boys at the beginning of the Service, at least the nine catechumens; the five others were in their places at the east end. Mr. Seward kindly got up early and came, and three officers and a sergeant of marines from the ships. Though we think many in England would have said yes if we could have asked them to stand for our boys, we did not like to take this for granted, with the exception of friends.

“The Service was exceedingly sweet, solemn, and quiet. We had three Hymns: one to begin the Service, another before the Prayer for the Church Militant, after which the fourteen heathen children left the Chapel, the newly-baptised remaining through the whole. To-night we have an early Service, that they may all come, and many from the ships as well. We have had, of course, a holiday. It is a very happy day. I am writing against time, as in half an hour the pin-nace and the cutter of the ‘Penguin’ are coming for us, and we are going, the whole party, to French Island, to put up the beautiful cross the men of the ‘Penguin’ have just finished for Mr. Taylor’s grave. It is nine feet high. All come back to a tea, and the Service; and so will end happily, I trust, an eventful day. Our offertory is worth sending. You will think it large for ten people, I dare say; but we rarely get less than from £10 to £20 on any special occasion. The Consul is a tower of strength, and we missed him sadly to-day.

“Thursday night, 11 p.m., and all the house quiet; the Bishop and I are up writing. We have spent the evening in French Island, and put up the cross. H. Goodwin has made a sketch; but it cannot be finished in time for this mail. We have had a great tea, and after that have been on the roof, and since have had evening Chapel, and sang a favourite Hymn—

‘Who are these like stars appearing?’ It has been such a joyful, happy day.

“The Bishop, writing on the same subject, says:—‘It is a day much to be remembered by all Central African Mission sympathisers. We know well, from past experience, how to sympathise in sorrow, and now we have, through God’s great and undeserved mercy, to share in the great joy which yesterday’s early Service has brought us.’

“The dear little band of native Christians are all that I could wish, and their conduct and behaviour at the font was strikingly devout and touching. The Mission’s earlier friends will be glad to hear that among the baptised are four Achawa and one Manganja.

A WALK THROUGH ZANZIBAR.*

“OFF we went wandering in the wondrous streets of this most picturesque city. You can stretch your arms across every street, so that when you meet, as you often do, the little cows, bulls, and huge donkeys quietly strolling along, it seems, till you come up to them, hopeless to attempt to pass; but they are quiet and gentle, like the people; but every Arab you meet wears one or two daggers and a sword, and looks so ferocious and bland at once. The Bishop is salaamed to by all parties, and you hear whispers of ‘Padre ‘Mcuba’ — ‘The great priest or bishop.’ His influence over all classes is wonderful, as we



* Extract from Miss Tozer’s Journal.

pass all covering their face with one hand, and saying 'Salaam.' "

"Yesterday the Bishop took me entirely through the town to see the Malagasy quarter and an old grandmother of our little 'Mkono. We started in procession—first the nine boys, two and two, M'Bili na M'Bili, in red fez caps and long white Arab garments, their best, looking so clean and pretty; then the Bishop and I, followed by six of the girls in pink frocks and white handkerchiefs; the rear brought up by Dr. Steere and Miss Jones. It was like a walk, or a dream of a walk, in the 'Arabian Nights.' Anything so marvellous and dreamy I never saw!—pictures presenting themselves at every turn—each form and face a study. Through the English quarter, where Colonel Playfair is supreme, the narrow streets are paved with a sort of cement; but when we left this quarter it was dust and dirt, very narrow and tortuous, very curious. Crowds of dark and dusky faces and costumes totally indescribable—ornaments, girdles, ear and nose jewels, turbans, caftans, and every few steps a rise, a covering of the face, and 'salaam,' from one and another. The Bishop is evidently considered a great person, 'the head of all religion,' as the Sultan calls him—'the pious, the exalted, the illustrious, the distinguished, the most beloved, our brother and friend, the Bishop.' I have naturally come to lay my open hand over my face, and to say, 'Salaam,' quite as if I had been accustomed to do it all my life. The sight of two new faces, and ladies walking in the day, was enough to excuse any amount of staring and remark; but though all eyes were turned to us I saw no smile and heard no remark, beyond 'Salaam,' as we went on. When we got to the Malagasy quarter things altered; dusky faces looked out, and 'Jamba, jamba, sana, sana,' 'Jamba, sana, sana,' were repeated, and called after us incessantly—'Welcome, very welcome,' 'Good morning, very, very much,' it means, and of course we responded; but when we came to the cluster of huts where we intended visiting the grandmother, how shall I describe the scene. We were surrounded instantly by, I think, a hundred people. I was seized and dragged into a hut, and seated forcibly and hospitably on a mat, while women crowded round me, touch-

ing me gently, and speaking welcome words. I escaped to the outer air as soon as I could, where the crowd was increased, 'Mkono being loudly welcomed by his relatives, and the Bishop and Dr. Steere made to sit on a kind of throne formed of mats; a chair was also produced from some corner, and we were the centre of a dense admiring assemblage.

"The visit lasted about twenty minutes, I think; then we took leave, and, accompanied by some fifty black forms, we departed, the grandmother coming with us some distance, as is the custom here, and then with 'Salaams' departing. One man came the whole way, more than a mile; but the greater part gradually dropped off, sooner or later. Coming back in the dusk, we had wonderful glimpses into most picturesque interiors, where lamps stood lighted on the floor, and pillows round, for the evening chat. Dear little fair Arab bairns, with glittering black eyes, covered their faces with tiny hands, and said 'Bon jour' and 'Salaam;' handsome grave Arabs, in beautiful garments, rose slowly from their doorsteps with the same. All at once, in the middle of the narrow Oriental way (I cannot call it street), we came on two Europeans, who lifted their caps and stood to look at us. They were Americans, arrived on Sunday in a large Boston merchant ship. But cannot you fancy how an English face or costume would, suddenly coming on you, awake you, as it were, out of a dream."

Dr. Steere helps us to fill in some of the details of the picture. He writes:

"One sees continually people and places that remind one of the 'Arabian Nights.' The streets are all very narrow, the large houses have very large windows opening upon the street in the lower stories; there are lovely bits of carving, and peeps of arches and courtyards mixed in among a rough and ruinous general effect. There are tombs everywhere, and scraggy camels picking up a little food as they wander among them. The Arabs are very picturesque, dressed in turbans, a long white dress like a night-shirt, and over that a long loose open coat of blue, or scarlet, or brown, embroidered round the neck with gold or silver or bright-coloured silk, and all the

richer people have a shawl round the waist, with an elaborately-carved dagger stuck in it, as well as a sword, carried either with the hand, or hanging in an odd manner from the left shoulder. The common men, who are nearly black, wear a long white dress relieved by a little red stitching round the neck, and a white or red skull-cap, and sometimes an open waistcoat. Being Mahomedans, they are all close shaven as to the head, with beards, &c. Then there are Banyans, and other Indians in their own costumes, and negroes with every degree of clothing."

The following extract from a letter from H. Goodwin gives a description of the country outside the town :

"Away from the town the country is very beautiful, the lanes and hedges reminding one of England; in fact, if it were not for the tall cocoa-nut trees one would scarcely know the difference, only now and then you meet the African young ladies bringing in water on their heads from the interior of the island; that is one of the first astonishing sights to me, that the women do all (or nearly all) the work. They are bricklayers' labourers, water carriers, and every kind of drudgery is done by them, these are the African part of the natives; there are many races here—Hindoos, Brahmins, and Arabs of all sorts; these last are the principal people of the island. The Sultan is an Arab. They never seem to do anything better than walk about in a dignified manner, in exceedingly picturesque costumes."

THE RESULT OF MISSIONARY LABOUR IN AFRICA.

(Extract from Dr. Livingstone's late work.)

With respect to the results already obtained by the labours of Missionaries, we have been led to the discovery

of some very curious and unexpected facts. Having visited Sierra Leone and some other parts of the West Coast, as well as a great part of South Africa, we were very much gratified by the evidences of success which came under our own personal observation. The crowds of well-dressed, devout, and intelligent-looking worshippers, in both the west and south, formed a wonderful contrast to the same people still in their heathen state. At Sierra Leone, Kuruman, and other places, the Sunday, for instance, seemed as well observed as it is anywhere in Scotland. The sight produced an indelible impression on the mind, that England had done an amount of good by philanthropy that will be recognised and appreciated by posterity.

We are satisfied, from observation and inquiry, that the assertion of Captain Burton, that Mohammedans alone make proselytes in Africa, is not correct; and we believe that, in making it, he rather intended to shock the prejudices of those whom he thought weak-minded, than to state a fact. The quotation of this statement in an English periodical led us to make a few inquiries, the results of which we give with satisfaction, because, wherever Christianity spreads, it makes men better.

By the Government census of 1861, the population of Sierra Leone was 41,000 souls. Of the entire population, 27,000 were Christians. The Mohammedans numbered altogether 1734 souls, which does not seem a very large proportion for the sect which "alone makes proselytes." In 1854, the 12,000 Christians in the colony belonging to the Church of England took the entire cost of the schools, £800 per annum, upon themselves. We are not aware at what stage of the growth of the native churches on the West Coast the wish to support and spread the religion they had received became apparent; but in 1861, the contribution to the Church Missionary Society for this purpose among these African Christians had amounted to £10,000. These facts show pretty conclusively that they have an earnest desire to communicate the blessings they have received to their children and to others.

No attempt has been made to collect information from all the African Missions, but from the replies of unimpeachable

witnesses it appears that the contributions from negroes in the West Indies, and in West and South Africa, for the support and spread of the Christian Faith, amount to upwards of £15,000 annually. We, therefore, repeat that while, in exceptional cases, Mohammedans have propagated their religion, the rule is, that native Christians make sacrifices of their property to spread Christianity, though always instructed that they never thereby purchase their own salvation.

THE WORD OF THE LORD TO EBED-MELECH THE ETHIOPIAN.*

(*A Sermon preached in the Cathedral Church of Canterbury, on the sending forth of ARCHDEACON MACKENZIE, and his Company to Africa, October, 2nd, 1860. By SAMUEL, LORD BISHOP OF OXFORD, Lord High Almoner to Her Majesty the Queen, and Chancellor of the Order of the Garter.*)

JEREMIAH xxxix, 15—17.

“Now the word of the Lord came unto Jeremiah, while he was shut up in the court of the prison, saying,

“Go and speak to Ebed-melech the Ethiopian, saying, Thus saith the Lord of hosts, the God of Israel; Behold, I will bring my words upon this city for evil, and not for good; and they shall be accomplished in that day before thee.

“But I will deliver THEE in that day, saith the Lord; and thou shalt not be given into the hand of the men of whom thou art afraid.”

THERE is scarcely any passage in Holy Scripture in which there is revealed to us more clearly than here some features of the character of the Lord our God. That moreover which is revealed is not only of the deepest moment for the support of

* Applications being continually received for this Sermon, which has been for some time out of print, it is here reprinted as the first of a series of sermons which we hope to be able to give in this Magazine.

our own spiritual life, but it has also a very special bearing on the objects of our gathering here to-day ; and to it, therefore, I desire to draw your thoughts this morning. And may HE, the Eternal Spirit of Truth, so enlighten my mind and so guide and restrain my lips, and so prepare your hearts, that upon this great theme I may speak what and as I ought to speak, and you receive it as it should be received.

Set then, brethren, before your eyes the events which, when this word of the Lord came to the prophet Jeremiah, were passing at Jerusalem.

There only upon earth remained the covenant of the Eternal with His creatures ; there only, amidst the storm of human passion and the darkness of universal error, burnt on—and now how feebly !—the beacon fire of His 'Truth. For more than one hundred years the light of Israel had been wholly quenched. In spite of the moving words, and mighty signs, and glorious lives of Elijah and his brethren, the ten tribes had continued their provocations until wrath from God had come upon them to the uttermost—yea, until “the Lord was very angry with Israel, and removed them out of His sight,”* visiting them with that terrible dispersion which scattered them so utterly amongst the nations, that to this day their place has nowhere been found.

And now “there was none left but the tribe of Judah only.”† All the promises of God—all covenanted mercy for mankind—hung upon that feeble remnant ;—from the House of David must spring the long-promised Messiah, the bruiser of the serpent's head, the redeemer of man, the restorer of humanity ; and the tribe of Judah, as it seemed, was following the ten, and the monarchy of the House of David was wasting away with as utter a destruction as that which had already consumed the dynasty of Samaria. Verily, around Judah and Jerusalem the foundations of the earth were breaking up. God had forsaken them. The mighty hosts of the haughty Babylonish conqueror had now sat—like vultures round the dying carcase—for months around the doomed city. Within it was violence, bloodshed, terror, and obstinate hard heartedness. Heaven and earth seemed to watch with despairing

* Kings xvii, 18.

† 2 Kings, xvii, 18.

grief the throes and agony of the coming dissolution. Yet a few more days, and the city of David shall be broken up, and the heir of David's throne shall see, as his last sight, the murder of his sons before his eyes, and then those eyes shall be put out, and he shall be sent in fetters of brass, with all his people, to the far land of their captivity. One mark only of God's presence abides with the forsaken election. In Jeremiah's tones of anguish there lingers still amongst them the voice of prophecy; and in these very last hours, amidst this confusion of earth and heaven; amidst these groans of the expiring kingdom; the Word of the Lord comes to him, and he is sent with the prophetic utterance of special mercy to one man amongst those trembling, agonized crowds. Picture to yourselves, if you can, the vastness—the wonder—of the mercy! This was no general prophecy of good, which was to be stored in the written Word for the comfort of a thousand generations of the contrite. Condescension for such vast interests as those might seem to suit the character of the All Merciful Father. But that, from His eternal throne, He should stoop to watch the beatings of one labouring heart—to single out from all that crowd of sufferers one stricken soul—to send from Heaven to Him alone, by name, the marvellous assurance that he was had in remembrance, that he should be kept in safety, that he should not be delivered into the hands of the men of whom he was afraid—this tenderness even to his fears, this remembrance of his need—surely this must to him, in that awful hour, when all things were breaking up round about him, have been well nigh overwhelming!

And to whom was this Word of the Lord sent? To some faithful one in the Royal House; to some one through whom the seed of David might yet be preserved, until from it Shiloh should come? No: but to "Ebed-melech the Ethiopian"—to one of the negro eunuchs in the king's house, "because thou hast put thy trust in Me, saith the Lord."

O brethren! contemplate anew with me the wonders of the Almighty and the Everlasting. See how surpassing thought is the greatness of His love; is His condescension; His remembrance of His own; His tenderness towards them; in this His recollection of this despised example of a despised

race—how He cares for the souls that He hath made—how (dark as are the mists of time, blinding, as it seems to us, the gross vapours of this lower world) His eye is ever on them; His heart ever open to them—and how, in His own good time for every one that trusteth in Him, “He lifteth the poor out of the mire, that He may set him with the princes of His people.”

Here, then, *first*, let us see the marvels of God’s love, that we may understand for ourselves something of the mystery of the everlasting counsels of our redemption; that we may know something of the love which passeth knowledge; that we may see how the love of Christ, and the healing of the Cross, and the sympathy of the Everlasting Redeemer, do indeed reach down to each separate, single, individual soul, in its day of trial, yea to us, ourselves, in our weakness, and fear, and guilt, and anguish; that we may comprehend redemption to be no vast scenic representation of a general, all-embracing benevolence, but the action of the personal love of the omnipotent and omniscient Creator and Redeemer towards each separate soul in the singleness of its own wonderful and incommunicable being; that His eye is over each one; that in all the tumult and confusion of the wildest earthly storm—amidst the crowd and intricacy of all the multitude of lives which throng this populous earth, the remembrance and tender compassion of the Lord is full and entire for each one of the innumerable mass, as if he stood alone in a desert world; and that to Him, as knowing all, and feeling for all, each stricken heart may indeed turn for sympathy and deliverance. This I say first, that to us also, in the day of our distress, may come that Word of the Lord, “Thy life shall be for a prey unto thee: because thou hast put thy trust in Me, saith the Lord.”

And then, *secondly*, let us understand this:—that as the Church of Christ is to be His Witness upon earth, she—if she is faithful—must reproduce in her actions amongst men this character of her Lord. There must be marked upon her, in every age, this tenderness for souls; and especially for the weak, the tempted, and the fallen. The world passes by such, because true inward love, breaking forth in the healing streams of tenderness and sympathy, is not and can not be in

her. These blessed graces must be learned under the Cross of Calvary—must be implanted, and nurtured, and perfected, by the Blessed Spirit, which proceedeth from the Father, and from the Son, and who dwells with and animates the Church of the redeemed. So it has been always. The woman that has been a sinner weeps ever at the Lord's feet, and amidst the gibes and reproaches of the Pharisees of every generation is evermore received and comforted by Him. And from Him flows evermore to His Church this Divine love.

This is the power which has swept away, as an evil vision, the amphitheatre in which the gladiator's agony made sport for his tormentors, and placed in its stead, in every city, sheltering refuges for the down-trodden and the wretched; which has strewn Christendom with hospitals, and penitentiaries, with lazar houses and infirmaries; which has broken the fetters of slaves, and which has ministered to prisoners and captives; which has sent the nobly born to serve beside the bed of fevered restlessness, and bowed the purple pride of kings to wash the feet of outcasts. Wherever, in any age or country, this spirit thoroughly dies out, all true service of the Lord dies out with it. There the proud, harsh, cold, selfish world is reasserting its accursed dominion. To this, the narrow, precise, unsympathizing dryness of Pharisaical respectability, and the cold, shadowy, questioning, unbelieving temper of the Sadducee—both ever present amongst men, and ever hating and jeering at the Cross of Christ—is always working to bring down the tone of the Church of the redeemed. There is always some good reason to be urged against ventures for Christ. They are at variance with every counsel of ease and of self-indulgence; they are always so ill-timed; so disturbing to family comfort; they rub off so rudely the brightness of tinsel decency; the spirit which leads to them seems to the worldly wise to be so unpractical, so fanatical, so exaggerated. Yes, it must be so. To such a temper, what an exaggeration is the Cross! what an unintelligible mystery it is that the Eternal Son of God should hang upon it; what a monstrous thought, that in the midst of its agonies that heart of love could beat with a discriminating tenderness for the agony of one dying malefactor.

Against this spirit then within herself the Church must ever be watching, praying, and struggling. Evermore she must renew beneath the Cross her estimate of the blessedness of ministering to the lost because they are the lost, and lifting up the weak because they have no strength. A happy thing it is, brethren, for any age or branch of the Church to be stirred up by the breath of God even to one signal act of such a temper. For such an act is a protest and a struggle against the spirit of the world, which, reaching far beyond the martyr band who win the highest crowns, may awaken a multitude of slumbering souls, and even stir up, if God will, the dying embers of a nation's love. Such in its measure is every true missionary effort by which, as from Antioch of old, the Church casts herself forth from her own peaceful abundance to convert the miserable heathen. Every such attempt—however accidentally fashionable it may for a time become—is, depend upon it, esteemed by the world in its inmost heart to be a waste, an extravagance, and an absurdity. Every such effort does as surely bless and revive the body out of which it springs. It is indeed the work of God the Holy Ghost, and it ministers to the body out of which He calls it forth, union, reality, new spiritual life, clearer visions of the Cross, closer access to it, more of its transforming, elevating, saving power.

Pre-eminently such a movement is that which has gathered us together to-day in this noblest and chiefest of England's Cathedral Churches. Springing from the bosom of our two famous Universities, it is an active protest, and, under God's blessing, may be a safeguard against the special dangers to which such bodies must be exposed ;—against the lethargy of an unspiritual respectability, and the yet deeper lethargy of a questioning unbelief. Springing up within our Church, it may be a special means of healing our intestine divisions—of abating our party spirit—and of fanning to a flame the dying fires of our love to our Lord and to one another.

Such a movement I say it is ; for note its special characters : it is the highest and best trained intellect of our Universities flinging aside ease, position, wealth, and the delights of scientific speculation, and going forth for the love of Christ to

bless the most ignorant and barbarous ;—it is our Church in its completeness, as we, trust, of her apostolical organization, casting herself forth amongst the outcasts of the people. This, then, is just one of those ventures of faith which not only wins the crown of an apostle for its actual leader, but blesses also all the body out of which it springs. For it is a mighty act of love ; and “ love is of God ; and he that loveth is born of God and knoweth God.”

Yea, brethren, and how special a resemblance has it to that act of God’s remembrance to which I called at first your thoughts,—“ The word of the Lord came unto Jeremiah the prophet, saying, go and speak to Ebed-melech the Ethiopian.” What other Word has come to our brother whom we now send forth ? Go, the voice has said unto him, go and speak to the despised enslaved tribes of suffering Ethiopia. Witness unto them that they are not forgotten of their God ;—that the love of the Eternal Father is not partial and unequal—willing to save some of the fallen race, whilst it reaches not to others—but that it yearns over all ;—that even now it is yearning over, and thus has stirred up in the heart of Christendom this longing to work out their redemption. Go, the voice has said, go and witness to them that they may cast aside their fetich rites and devil worship ; for that the blood of Christ was shed for them, and that HE will deliver them from the hand of him of whom they have been so long afraid. Go and tell them that over them too the regenerating, converting, transforming Spirit yearns with all the unfathomable tenderness of the love of God.

Here, then, is our purpose and our work ; take, I pray you, brethren, a real hearty share in it,—many of you have done so already ;—in giving up to it your friends ; in offering for it of your substance ; in pleading for it in your prayers, you have already done much, yet renew this day, I would beseech you, your interest in it and your labours for it. See that these efforts are not only for the outcasts of Africa, but also for your Father’s land and for your Father’s Church. Yea, brethren, such a movement as this is both a sign and an instrument of good. It shows, amidst the evils with which we are so sadly conversant,—amidst our suspicions, and our divi-

sions, and our speculations on God's Word,—how strong is the Spirit's life within our branch of Christ's Holy Church. For whence otherwise could issue these castings of the light into the darkness. It is when the iron is heated to a glowing furnace heat, and is poured out like water, that the fiery mass shoots spontaneously forth its candescent sparks into the surrounding darkness. If there were not amongst us souls burning, yea, molten with the love of Christ, never would there have been shot into the heathen darkness of Africa this light from our light. And as such works are a sign, so are they also the strengtheners and revivers of life. The branch which breaks forth from the stem not only shows but nourishes the inner life of the trunk from which it springs. Through every leaf and leaflet it absorbs the life-giving air which breathes around it, and with its descending sap returning as it has received, it feeds the fibre, and swells the bark, and deepens the roots of the parent tree. And so the "lign aloes which the Lord hath planted," as they spread their fragrant boughs around, take a firmer hold of that enduring faithfulness from which is all their strength. This, be assured, is the universal rule: look where you will amongst the descending ages, and never will you find the Church anywhere bursting forth into these mighty ministries of love, and not find her also receiving back into herself in larger volume the blessing of her Lord. "There is that scattereth and yet increaseth." "The soul of the bountiful shall be made fat."

And surely God has signally fitted us as a Church to do this work, and to receive this blessing.

Who, standing in this glorious building, as his eyes drink in its shadows and its lights, but must cast back the glance of his memory along all the marvellous steps by which, even unto this day, our course has been guided by our God? Go back in thought to the time when the first evangelizer of Britain crossed, with the message of Christ's power and the gifts of the Holy Ghost, the neighbouring straits which parted us from the advancing Christendom. Compare the wild forests and marshes of that day, compare their wilder inhabitants with the sights and purposes of this day, and, surely, looking round us at home and across the westward waves to our daughter

Church, we may say, with more than the Patriarch's gratitude, "With my staff I passed over this Jordan; and now I am become two bands."* What a course it has been by which we have been brought into this day's safety and abundance! How long and how hard was our servitude to our Laban! how many and how great our fears of our Esau! Through what struggles and dangers has it been, that we, well-nigh alone, have been enabled to keep the good deposit at once in doctrine, discipline, and succession; to say our English Prayers; to read our English Bible; to consecrate an unmutilated Eucharist; to maintain an undeveloped, unclouded, apostolic creed; to set forth simply and alone, for man's salvation, the Cross of Christ, and yet to cling dutifully to His body—the Church; to cherish the glorious memory of all His Saints departed; and to inherit, by an undisputable succession from those on whom our Master breathed His power, the transmitted authority of His undying apostleship.

Surely the possession of these gifts bids us, in His own voice, to go forth from this great sanctuary of our reformed Church, and in His might evangelise the nations. Much have we to do ere this our mission be accomplished. Many such an enterprise as this must have been planned and carried out. Our neighbouring S. Augustine's College, from a little one must have become a thousand, sheltering in its halls, training in its discipline, and leavening with its creeds and prayers men of every colour, name, and blood, who, as the Master hires them, shall go forth into His field reapers in of the greatness of the harvest. Yea, and our Church, as a Church, must have undertaken the blessed work. Oh, day of gladsome brightness for our nation! of which this gathering is as the beautiful, yet faint streak, which is at once the harbinger of the dawn, and the witness that is not yet come.

Therefore it is, beloved brethren in Christ, that I beseech you thus earnestly to give yourselves this day with a new energy to this our work. For it is much which may be done within this Cathedral to-day. What have not the Church's prayers ere now accomplished? Plainly it is the Will of Him whose Will is absolutely Sovereign, that He should be entreated

* Gen. xxxii, 10.

by His people ; and when He will bestow His greatest gifts He stirs up first in His love the prayers which in His love He answers. The mighty apostleship of Barnabas and Saul was given to the prayers of the Church, as it ministered and fasted at Antioch ;* and who can place stint or limit to the blessing to be won here to-day for the heathen, for our brethren going forth into the wilderness, yea, and for ourselves also ; if this day, with one heart and one soul, we wrestle with our God at this our Penuel, and “ will not let Him go unless He bless us.” Oh, think, brethren, of the greatness of the enterprise, of the evils to be put down, of the blessings to be borne forth, of the souls to be won, and pray mightily. Think of these going forth, of the great and terrible wilderness before them, of its “ fiery serpents, and scorpions, and drought, where is no water ;”† of the beating of the sun by day, of the smiting of the moon by night ; of the absence of the cheering voice of friends ; of the loss of the inspiring sight of the Church visible, of her presence and her power. Think of the rage of the great enemy and of all his vassal fiends, thus invaded in the very fastnesses of their evil dominion ; think of all this, to which we send forth these beloved ones, and pray mightily. Think of your own needs, of your coldness and dryness of heart, of your small ventures for God, of your little love of your neighbours, of your narrowness of soul, of your restrained prayers, and your dull thanksgivings ; and because intercession does break many a bond, and open many a heart, and return in showers of blessings on the soul which breathes it forth ; for your own sakes, too, pray this day mightily, that God may accept our offering and crown it with success.

And for THEE, true yoke-fellow and brother well beloved, who ledest forth this following, to THEE in this our parting hour—whilst yet the grasped hand tarries in the embrace of love—to THEE what shall we say ? Surely what, before he gave over to younger hands his rod and staff, God’s great prophet said of old to his successor,—“ Be strong and of a good courage : for thou must go with this people unto the land

* Acts xiii, 2.

† Deut. viii, 15.

which the Lord hath sworn unto their fathers to give them ; and *Thou shalt cause them to inherit it.* And the Lord, He it is that doth go before thee ; He will be with thee, He will not fail thee, neither forsake thee : fear not, neither be dismayed.” *

What can man's voice add to that solace? He at whose dear call thou goest forth, HE shall be with thee ; thou shalt know the secret of His presence, thou shalt see, as men see not here in their peaceful homes, the nail-pierced hands, and the thorn-crowned brow. Thou shalt find, as His great saints have found before thee, when He has lured them into the desert wilderness, that He alone is better than all beside Himself. When thy heart is weakest, He shall make it strong ; when all others leave thee, He shall be closest to thee ; and the revelation of His love shall turn danger into peace, labour into rest, suffering into ease, anguish into joy, and martyrdom, if so He order it, into the prophet's fiery chariot, bearing thee by the straightest course to thy most desired home.

The use of the following Prayer has been sanctioned by the Lord Bishop of OXFORD, the Chairman of the General Committee.

“ Oh, Thou Great Lord of the Harvest, we pray to Thee for Thy servants whom Thy voice hath called and sent forth to gather in the harvest of dark and distant Africa, especially for ———. Be Thou, O Lord, ever with them ; guard them from the arrow that flieth by day, and the pestilence which walketh at the midnight. Give them peace and sure confidence in Thee. Pour out upon them abundantly Thy Holy Spirit, and prosper mightily the work of their hands : send unto them, according to their need, faithful and true fellow-labourers, and give them a rich increase here, and a blessed reward hereafter, for the sake of JESUS CHRIST our Lord and Saviour. *Amen.*”

* Deut. xxxi, 7, 8.

MISSION LIFE.

PROGRESS OF THE MISSION.

HOME WORK.

THE withdrawal of the Dublin University, and the consequent serious loss of income to the Society, coupled with the fact of a large number of subscriptions originally promised for only five years not having been renewed, gives cause for some anxiety about the financial prospects of the Mission. At a meeting of the General Committee, the Bishop of Oxford in the chair, it was resolved, after the fullest discussion, that rather than interfere with the proposed extension of the foreign work by rejecting the services of either of the clergymen who offered to join Bishop Tozer, it would be desirable to reduce, if possible, the home expenses. With this view it was decided that the office at which the work of the Mission has hitherto been carried on should be given up. An advertisement on the first page of the Magazine will show the arrangement which has been made in consequence. The Treasurer's clerk, whose services during the past six years have been most valuable, has already obtained other employment, but has undertaken, for a comparatively small payment, to continue to keep the accounts of the Mission.

During the last two months all the former subscribers in the Dublin University have been written to. Many are willing to continue their contributions, and express great regret at the resolution come to by their Committee. By the kindness of the Rev. A. Dawson a special list has been opened in connection with the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, and several subscriptions have, we understand, been already paid. Under

these circumstances we cannot help putting forward one more plea that the name of the Dublin University may not cease to be connected with this work. The four Universities have been accepted by the Church as the sponsors in matters temporal for the Bishop of this Mission. What if any one had ventured to predict the present repudiation of all responsibility on the part of one of the four, and had taken exception accordingly to the association of its name with the undertaking? It would have been simply impossible for the Church to have taken action upon such a supposition. At the next Committee meeting the long-delayed proposal for the removal of the name of the Dublin University from the title of the Mission will have to be brought forward. We cannot but hope, however, that the present representatives of that University will in the mean time reconsider a decision which will necessarily be binding upon, and may be very much regretted by, those who come after them. The names upon the Committee are a sufficient guarantee that if they are convinced that they have acted under a misapprehension of the wishes of the subscribers they will consider that fact a sufficient reason for throwing themselves even more heartily than before into the work. We cannot, therefore, yet give up the hope that Dublin may again do what it has done during the past five years, bear its full share, and, taking its numbers into consideration, more than its share of the work with which its name has been so honorably associated.

Another subject of some importance as illustrative of the financial position of the Mission has been brought before the Committee, viz., that Mr. Bazley, M.P.—who, it will be remembered was amongst the earliest and most liberal supporters of the Mission—in reply to an application for the payment of a promised contribution of £200, has declined to pay it on the ground that the “industrial” element has not been carried out. In reply, the Honorary Secretaries have pointed out that the original design was carried out at a great cost, although it was not ultimately persevered in; and that the sums promised on that account are, therefore, strictly due as having been already expended in anticipation of their receipt. Mr. Bazley’s reply has not yet been received.

THE QUARTERLY JOURNAL.

The result of the circulation of the first number of the Quarterly Journal seems to give ground for hope that it may really be the means of considerably extending the interest felt in the Mission. It is proposed to give every subscriber of five shillings and upwards a copy without charge. Should the circulation of the Magazine be considerably increased by this means amongst non-subscribers, the expense of the copies thus given away will probably hardly exceed the expenses incurred in previous years for the ordinary Annual Report, which was rarely seen by non-subscribers, and therefore was not likely to interest fresh people in the work.

The suggestion contained in a letter published in this number is especially commended to the notice of those clergymen who may wish to help the Mission, but are not able to arrange for sermons to be preached in its aid.

In future all contributions will be acknowledged in the Magazine at the end of the quarter in which they are received.

In the following list *the names of new contributors* are marked thus *. It will be seen that a considerable addition has been made during the past two months to the annual income of the Society.

The accounts from the Universities will be published in the next number.

List of Contributions received on Account of the Current Year, up to the 23rd of March, 1866.

Sums marked thus * are new Contributions.

BATH LIST, per Rev. E. SMITH.

	£	s.	d.
Edwards, Mrs.	0	10	0
Milward, Miss	0	10	0
Pearson, Mrs.	0	2	6
Smith, Rev. E. ..	1	0	0
Williams, Miss	0	5	0
Partis College, Offertory ...	1	13	3
Do., collected by servants...	0	17	0
Books	0	0	3

Kelland, Professor ...	1864	0	5	0
Do.	1865	0	5	0
Kennedy, John, Esq. Don.		0	10	0
Millar, Messrs. J. & Co. Don.		0	10	6
Steuart, James, Esq...	1865	2	0	0
Tytler, J. S., Esq.....	1864	1	0	0
Do.	1865	1	0	0
Tytler, Miss		2	0	0
D. Lindsay, Esq.....		6	6	0

EDINBURGH LIST.

Anderson, D., Esq. ...	1864	2	2	0
Do.	1865	2	2	0
Do.	1866	2	2	0

Per Miss MORSE, AMBLESIDE.

*Bell, Mrs.....	Don.	1	0	0
*Davy, Mrs.....		1	0	0
Morse, Miss		1	1	0

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
*Pedder Miss	1	0	0	*Hodgson, Miss, 2 Friends, per	0	5	0
*Quillinan, Miss	0	10	0	Hope, A. J. B. Beresford,			
GENERAL LIST.				Esq., M.P.	10	0	0
A. N.	0	5	0	*Howard, D., Esq. Don.	2	0	0
*Ainger, Rev. Dr., <i>Cambridge</i>				*Huxtable, Mr. J.	0	10	6
<i>List</i>	5	0	0	*Inge, Rev. F. G.	1	0	0
Beck, Rev. J.	0	10	6	Ingham, R., Esq., M.P.	1	1	0
Bell, Mrs. Keith.	0	4	4	Do. for 1865	1	1	0
Bellingham, Rev. J. G., <i>Cam-</i>				*Irby, Rev. G. P.	2	0	0
<i>bridge List</i>	2	2	0	*Johnstone, Rev. C. ... Don.	0	5	0
Bewley, Miss C.	1	0	0	*Kennaway, Rev. C. E.	3	3	0
*Bishop, John	0	3	0	*Do. for 1865	3	3	0
*Bowden, C. W., Esq.	0	7	6	*L. J. B.	1	0	0
Bowles, Rev. F. A., <i>Oxford</i>				Lavie, G., Esq.	1	1	0
<i>List</i>	1	1	0	*Macfarlane, Miss Don.	5	0	0
Briggs, Miss, for 1867	2	10	0	Mackenzie, Miss.	0	5	0
Burrow, J.	1	1	0	*Marrett, Mrs.	0	10	0
*C. W.	3	3	0	*Member of C. A. M. Union			
*Cantab., Trin. Hall	1	0	0	Don.	0	10	0
Carr, Rev. T. W.	2	2	0	Mules, Rev. P., <i>Oxford List</i>	1	1	0
*Charlewood, Rev. T.	1	0	0	*Nelson, Hon. and Rev. J. H.,			
*Do. for 1865	1	0	0	<i>Cambridge List</i> Don.	1	1	0
Chorlton, S., Esq., M.A.,				Page, Rev. V.	1	1	0
<i>Dublin List</i>	0	10	6	Palmer, Miss	2	0	0
*Chowne, F. H., Esq., R.N.	2	0	0	Do. collected by	0	4	0
Churchill, Miss H.	1	1	0	Palmer, Miss E. F., for 1865	2	0	0
*Crewe, Miss M. A.	1	1	0	Penfold, Mrs., for 1865.	1	1	0
*Currey, Rev. Dr.	1	1	0	*Pennell, G. B., Esq.	5	0	0
Deane, Rev. C., D.C.L.	0	15	0	*Penoyre, Mrs. M. Napleton	5	0	0
Dodds, Rev. H. L.	1	0	0	Pocock, Rev. J. C.	0	10	6
Dolignon, Miss A.	2	0	0	*Ponting, Misses	0	15	0
Duncombe, Rev. W. D. V.,				Prescott, H. W., Esq.	5	0	0
<i>Oxford List</i>	1	0	0	Prince, Miss	3	0	0
E. N.	0	5	0	*R. C., Eton	0	5	0
Elsdale, Mrs.	0	10	0	Riddell, Rev. J. C. B., <i>Ox-</i>			
*Emra, Miss F.	0	2	6	<i>ford List</i>	1	1	0
Fardell, Mrs. E. C. A.	1	0	0	*Robertson, Rev. C. Hope ...	0	10	0
"First Fruits"	0	10	6	*Rose, Miss K., for 1865.	0	5	0
Foster, C., Esq., <i>Cambridge</i>				Sabine, Major-Gen.	2	2	0
<i>List</i>	2	2	0	*Saville, Mrs.	0	5	0
Friend, per Miss Newberry .	0	1	0	Slater, W., Esq., for 1865.	2	2	0
*Gait, Charlotte	0	3	0	*St. Aubyn, Miss.	1	0	0
Godridge, Miss	0	5	0	Stevens, Miss G. E., coll. by	0	5	0
Gould, Miss	0	5	0	Suckling, Mrs.	1	1	0
Greene, Miss M., Half-Yearly				*Townsend, Rev. R., <i>Dublin</i>			
Sub.	0	5	0	<i>List</i>	1	0	0
*H. B. Don.	0	2	0	*Tufnell, Miss, per Miss Mac-			
*Halcomb, Miss	0	5	0	kenzie.	1	0	0
Hamlyn, Miss.	1	1	0	Vincent, Mrs.	0	10	0
*Hamlyn, Miss S. E.	0	5	0	Walker, Mrs.	1	1	0
Harris, G., Esq.	1	1	0	*Warren, Miss	0	5	0
Hartcup, Miss J.	1	0	0	Watson, Rev. J. S.	3	3	0
Heygate, Rev. W. E.	0	10	6	Wilbraham, Colonel	1	1	0
Do. for 1867	0	10	6	*Wilson, Misses E. and H. ...	1	0	0
Hoare, Rev. W. H., <i>Cam-</i>				*Yeo, James.	0	3	0
<i>bridge List</i>	2	0	2				
Hodgson, Miss	1	1	0	COLLECTIONS, &c.			
				Hawsworth	1	3	6

	£	s.	d.
*Herne Hill, S. Paul's.....	24	16	3
*London, Hampstead, S. Paul's	36	4	11
„ Do. Child's Missionary Box ...	0	11	3
„ S. Sepulchre's, Snow Hill.....	6	10	0

FOR MAINTENANCE OF NATIVE CHILDREN AT ZANZIBAR.

*Mount, Rev. F. J., Horsham	6	0	0
* Do. from Horsham Juvenile Association, for maintenance of "Mabruki" and Sutia"	12	0	0
*Tozer, Mrs., for maintenance of one child at Zanzibar	6	0	0

	£	s.	d.
*Friends in Lincoln, for maintenance of "John Suedi"	6	0	0

S. AUGUSTINE'S FUND.

*Foot, Miss	1	0	0
Friend to the Mission, Half-Yearly Subscription	5	5	0
*Prescott, H. W., Esq.....	1	0	0
*Robertson, Rev. C. Hope ...	0	5	0
*Slater, W., Esq.	0	5	0
Trevelyan, Rev. W. P.....	0	5	0

FOR MAGAZINE FUND.

*Briggs, Miss	2	10	0
*Halcombe, Rev. J. J.....	5	0	0

FOREIGN WORK.

The plans which are being formed for the extension of the work in Africa will best be understood from the accompanying letters.

Mr. Drayton, who is alluded to as intending shortly to proceed to Zanzibar, was with Bishop Tozer on the Zambesi, but returned to England for the purpose of studying at St. Augustine's before ordination.

Bishop Tozer writes :—

“ZANZIBAR, *November 10th, 1865.*

“It is startling to find that from Cape Guardafui (to go no further north), down to the British colony of Natal, there are but two Stations on the mainland, and only three Missionaries at work among the heathen. I hope and believe that no similar extent of coast (41° of latitude) can be found in the whole world, of which so sad a record must be given.

“The country with which we are more immediately concerned lies to the north of Cape Delgado, and embraces the territories of the sultan of Zanzibar and those of the independent chiefs of the Galla and Somali tribes.

“For many years, as you are aware, the Church Missionary Society has had a Station at Kisuludini, near Mombaza; and after a very protracted sowing time, good Mr. Rebmann at length finds himself surrounded by a small but devoted band of Wanika converts. At Ribi, some six or seven miles distant from Kisuludini, is the Station of Mr. Wakefield and Mr. New, ‘Missionaries of the United Methodist Free Churches.’

But the position proves to be so impracticable, that they are already looking out for some better site, and, in consequence, their work can scarcely be said to have yet made a fair start. The French Mission here at Zanzibar, which has not hitherto paid any attention to the mainland, exhausts the list of those who have in any way been working for the conversion of East Africa.

“Looking at the future, we may have to go first to Lama, in case others are unable to occupy it; but if the Wesleyans or the Church Missionary Society are prepared to send Missionaries there, then I think we may forthwith select some such place as Tanga, on the coast of the mainland, with a view of reaching the Arambari country.

“It would be unwise for a single man to be left alone either at Tanga or elsewhere; and in the first instance I should be glad if the experiment of a mainland Station could be undertaken by at least three; they need not all be clergymen, or of the same social grade, but they should certainly be earnest, genial, good-tempered men, who knew what they were about, and the kind of life which was awaiting them out here.

“I am most anxious to meet with some brother clergyman to undertake the organization of this very interesting experiment. There would be a greater chance of a happy result if he were left to select his own companions; for instance, if two men had known each other at College, or had worked together as fellow Curates, and so had gained a knowledge of one another's strong and weak points, they would probably be better able, than mere strangers, to settle down comfortably in a wild uncivilised station; and if in addition they could associate with them some one in whom each felt an interest, such as a farmer, schoolmaster, or promising pupil teacher, so much the better. Until something had been done in building and the like, it would be premature for ladies to accompany their husbands or brothers, not that I would deprecate their ready help as soon as the station was prepared to receive them.

“Provided I could leave others to carry on the important work of this house, I should always like to join the first party and remain with them a few months whenever a new Station was being formed; but at present the time and strength of

every one is fully taxed, and in case of any absence or illness, some part of our daily routine must be abandoned."

Shortly *before the above letter was received*, Mr. Willis, Incumbent of New Brompton, Chatham, in offering his services to the Committee to form a Station on the mainland, actually proposed the very plan which Bishop Tozer here suggests, and mentions that two of his pupil teachers would probably be glad to accompany him.

Writing at a later date, and after reading the Bishop's letter, Mr. Willis says :

"Besides Drayton, who is going to Zanzibar, another student of S. Augustine's, a protégé of my own, has obtained permission from the College authorities to go out with me if the Committee approve, or, at least, to follow me at the beginning of next year, when his three years are ended.

"With him, and two of my boys, who are as attached to him as to myself, I shall be quite content to make the attempt."

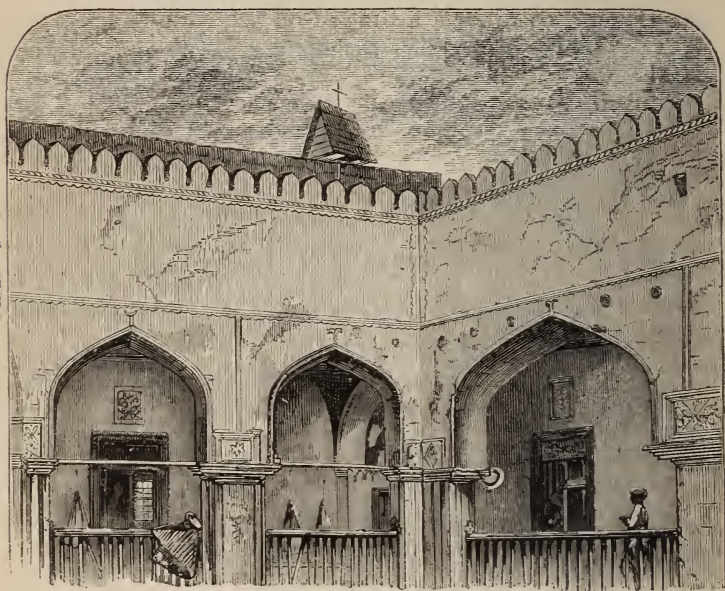
LIFE IN ZANZIBAR.

(Continued from p. 26.)

"Aug. 27th.—The heat is increasing every day, but when a breeze comes it is delicious; only now at daybreak it is a profound calm, and we get no breeze till about ten. This morning a shower gladdened our hearts during breakfast, and the boys were out with buckets to catch the precious drops; it is touching how fond they are of fresh water—"Maji-m-suri" they call it, pure, sweet, lovely: the word stands for everything pretty and desirable. The little things come to my side with a tin cup or water-jar, or even basin, in their hands, and say 'Beebri maji,' or 'Taka maji-m-suri'—"Beebri maji", I want sweet water. 'Na taka' is I wish or want; 'Si taki,' I do not wish or want; the negative forms itself oddly enough by a prefix. In many things English and Suaheli are so analogous.

"It is a very pretty and soft sounding language; the plurals are all formed before the word, not after; *Kisaban* singular, *Visaban* plural; and having to make new *Visaban* for the boys,

I cannot devote so much time to it just now. Last night we went and sat on the roof, and were nearly blown away ; it was delightfully cool.



THE MISSION HOUSE.

“9.40 p.m.—Just come up from chapel for an hour before prayers. I was lying down listening to the sweet little boyish voices singing hymns alone in their own corridor: ‘I’m but a stranger here,’ ‘Sun of my soul,’ ‘Praise, oh! praise,’ and the ‘Gloria,’ which is the great favorite; at last on some false notes being struck up, the Bishop went out, and they had quite a concert till 8.30, their prayer-time, after which they all come one by one to me to say, ‘Good night-t-Ma’am,’ and go off to their ‘Bulalas.’ Francis has a pretty little bow of his own, quite elegant, and many of them have quite polished manners. Samuel—named after the Bishop of Oxford—is the original ‘Kangee or Bishop,’ as he has always been called for his sobriety and steadiness, as well as his goodness and the wonderful progress he makes in his studies, for he has only been here about four months, and is quite up to the

rest in most things. George speaks best English, Francis next; he is very eager to speak, and wants to be "All English boy." Kangu is very shy of speaking: they get on from day to day in a really wonderful way; they cannot be puzzled now (the first class) in putting down on their slates *within millions*—*i. e.*, of nine figures: say what you will, it will be set down correctly at once.

"The other day we had an interesting visit from two poor Uniadmuesi. You can see their country on the map, south of Lake Nyanza, and east of Tangarika. The Bishop brought them up to me with triumph, because they will rarely enter a house, and he had persuaded them, by the promise of showing them a white bibi, and that she would give them pice. We have one boy an Uniadmuesi, so he was sent for, and the whole party stood round and talked. George told them all about us—that we did not eat children, but treated them most kindly. I was looking over the clean clothes which they brought one by one as they dried. The strangers were evidently struck with the beauty and extent of the wardrobes: one cloth, indeed, they would hardly give up again, and poor George, to whom it belonged, was quite in an agony lest he should lose it, for he is one who takes the greatest care of his clothes, and never loses, or stains, and seldom tears them, as many do daily. We asked them if they had any walato of their own; one had a little one, so we asked him to bring it here, not to sell, for that we never did; and our Sultan, whose name was Victoria, would be angry, much, much, if any of her children bought black people; indeed, she sent her ships out here to punish those who did such bad things, but if he would bring his little one we would teach it to read, write, and sew. He eagerly said he would bring it to-morrow. They seemed pleased with their visit, and went away with oranges, nuts, and salaams; they knew the great lakes quite well, and brightened up over that of Tangarika; poor souls, they said they had walked days, many, to the coast, and then days two sailing over here; that they came yesterday 'fana,' and were soon going away again. Rain this morning, once more; everything set down to catch the water, even a little watering-pot, it is so precious here. Our filter is set up in the corridor, and it is

one of my never-failing employments to keep it filled and clean, and watch that too much is not carried off. I have two of the pretty water-pots, red earth, baked, which are made here in thousands and baked on the beach close by, for keeping all my stores in. We drink coffee for breakfast and dinner, tea at the evening meal, and for which I give three shillings per pound, and very good it is. Such a delicious breeze this morning; everything is blowing about in my room. This is a happy place; I am so glad and so thankful I came when I did, just at the right time. It is so nice to see our dear boys daily improving and growing really intelligent and good. I shall be anxious when they reach fourteen or fifteen years, because every one warns us that the African mind is not capable of development after that, and too often stops there; but I imagine it will be different with our boys, whose training has been so very careful and continuous. They are so very obedient—indeed, the African nature is submissive and most amiable, and they never dream of resistance or disobedience; if your order is not attended to instantly, it is from its not being understood.

“To-day I had a present of fifty-three eggs and a basket of medapas from an Arab, and this evening a Galatz or Guinea fowl from a Frenchman; two little sons and six slaves brought the first, and two tall men the last, one, I suppose, to carry and the other to guard it. There is a suspicion that they are going to run a Dhow out in a day or two. Vincent must keep on the look out. I saw a Dhow come in a few days ago, packed with slaves; Asami called me to look, and said 250. He laughed at my expression of pity for them, and said, ‘The slave market is always open.’

“Just now Goodwin called from his work-shop below to say two Kroo boys wanted a book, and two grinning fellows black as ink presented themselves at the top of the stairs; both were Christians they said, baptized at Sierra Leone, and would like a book—so I gave them each that nice large print copy of a Gospel sent out by the National Society, and made them spell me some words; they were men of about 30, with the Kroo mark down the forehead and nose. I told them I would give any Kroo boy a book, so in two minutes an

old grey Kroo boy rushed up stairs cap in hand, entreating earnestly for "Book small," I gave him one, and expect I shall have the whole set—there are generally from eight to twelve in every ship. They are the best sort of black men known, honest, sober, and steady, never in scrapes, saving their pay for home which seems all to them that it is to us. Every one speaks well of them, they are patterns of good conduct.

"The Banians look so ferocious and being nearly white, look more naked with twice the clothing than the blacks. They all come from India, and never bring their wives, so there are only men and boys. They shave the front of their heads and let their long black hair stream behind, which gives them a horribly wild look. They wear a kind of large, white, very thin cloth, almost like muslin, wrapped round them in various fashions, generally with chest all bare, and legs, and they wear sandals, but they are the mildest, gentlest of creatures, and would fly at sight of a black armed with a stick, while the blacks would fly by hundreds from one white man armed or not. They are the most chicken-hearted lot you ever saw.

"The Arabs are the only really fierce and warlike people among the population, and of these the Northern Arabs, *i.e.* those from the Persian Gulf, who are the great slave dealers, are the fiercest and boldest; their arms are spears and great swords, daggers, and knives, and all the sailors say they would rather board a man of war than a *betèle* of the Northern Arabs. The sides of their vessels go up slanting, and very high, so that a boat alongside is completely under them, and they can spear the men straight down, without getting a blow in return, and then in boarding the attackers have to cling with hands only to the edge of the *betèle* to clamber in. This morning a great *betèle* is gone off, for slaves of course, hoping to run north without meeting a ship. Our only hope is, that the 'Penguin' may have turned north, or she will escape with her abominable cargo. It makes one's blood boil to see these things happening daily, and yet who can wonder when the poor creatures are sold by their own relations, chiefs, even in many instances parents? less often, they say, by mothers than fathers. After they are sold in the market they are generally well treated, the horrors of the passage are the worst

of their sufferings. The Arabs calculate that one out of three safely landed gives ample profit

“September 11, Monday.—To-morrow the mail is to be made up and sent by the Sultan, who leaves the day after in the ‘Secundra Shah,’ the ‘Nadir Shah,’ and the little ‘Africa.’ To-day, the Prime Minister has been to say good-bye, and to-morrow, the Bishop and Dr. Seward (acting for the Consul) go on board, and wish the Sultan a happy voyage.

“My little Suhajaa cleans my room so nicely; she is becoming really intelligent, and I can understand her. We have a man called Chapau, a hearty, brave, good tempered fellow, who in England would be the sort of leading spirit in a village, he may be 20 or 22, he is here night and day; he sleeps in the vestibule to guard our lamps. While building a wall outside we had to keep guard there all night lest ‘Mucoi’ should come and steal the coral stones.

“September 12.—Yesterday the Prime Minister came to say farewell, and courteously asked if he could do anything for us at Bombay. We hear a strange tale of a book one of ours sent to the Sultan, who lent it to ‘Syed Bagaian,’ who gave it to some one else, by whom it was read in the Mosque, and it has excited the town greatly. Salim says it is a good book. It says that Mahommed was no prophet, and that another is the real good man. We want to find out the truth of this story. Our Bibles excite much attention, and are constantly being borrowed.

“September 14.—Yesterday morning, the Sultan sailed off in his four ships; he went in the frigate ‘Victoria,’ the ladies in the ‘Nadir Shah,’ his suite in the ‘Secundra Shah,’ and the servants and baggage in the little ‘Africa,’ all crammed and crowded with people—he must have taken hundreds with him; they talk of being twenty days on the passage; the ships look stately enough. An old grandee called Syed Suliman is left as Regent; it was pretty and touching to see the crowds that sat on the shore, and the house tops watching the Sultan until he was out of sight, and praying for him with crossed arms and bowed heads. A party of Arab women sat on a roof close to my window in a row, looking like a bed of gay anemones with their pretty coloured robes and shawls, praying till the

last sail was gone round the farthest point of land, they went out by the north passage. The embarkation was a pretty sight, it had been arranged that the Bishop's last visit should be paid on board; he sent to say he wished to see His Highness once more, and the reply came that His Highness appreciated fully the compliment, and was ready to receive the visit on board, at a quarter before six next morning. At five, we were roused by the Consul's servants knocking at the gates to say the boat was ready; it was just beginning to be light, the sun going to rise. Soon after a peal of cannon announced that the Sultan was just pulling off in his great barge, with about sixteen oars under a salute from the "Shah Allum," the flag ship of Admiral Abdullah, who remains here. It was very pretty to watch the various boats with the red flag containing his suite, as they pulled with great rapidity to the different ships. Only the "Nadir Shah" lay still and quiet with its sacred load. The Bibis had all been embarked under cover of night. The Bishop, Dr. Steere and the Consul in his smart red jacket pushed off a little before 6, and at 6.30 they were back, in time for our usual Service, they had been regaled with coffee, sweetmeats, and sherbet. The ship looked wonderfully new and clean, everything had been painted up for the occasion.

"September 15th.—Every day it seems to you hotter, the flags hang down without a breath of wind.

"4 p.m.—The children have 'finished to wash' as they say, and one by one, the little black smiling faces appear at my door bringing back the buckets which I had lent them for washing, which they always beg, and I always lend with the proviso, 'You will bring it back.'

"An American ship came in laden with chairs, buckets, and window frames; it sounds a queer cargo, but they were appreciated greatly, and the Yankees must have made a great deal of money; we bought two dozen chairs, and four dozen buckets of four sizes, the little ones like toys, the largest the usual size. They went in a lot for 14 dollars, so we were delighted to take them, and most useful they have proved. The Atlas sent us is constantly consulted, especially the map of Africa, for we have designs on Lamoo and Pemba, but are too few to attempt any settlement yet. Our Shamba scheme bids

fair to be most promising. A college once built there will take off all our boys, and then we should have room for more girls and classes."



AN AFRICAN DINING ROOM WITH GROVE OF ORANGE TREES.

NATIVE MANNERS AND CUSTOMS.

"YESTERDAY we had a visit that interested me immensely from the 'Black Sultan,' as he is called, the Sultan acknowledged by all the black population who live up and down the Coast of Mainland, as well as by those at Zanzibar. We

only had notice half an hour before, as there had been some mistake about the day. We had only time to mix up our



A HEAD SLAVE.

sherbets, when messengers came to say he was arrived. The Bishop went down to meet him; he came by water. I watched from the window. The barge was covered with a long white awning, trimmed with scarlet, and about ten oars. The suite jumped out first, and then, in a slave's arms, the little Sultan was brought up almost to the Bishop; then his sandals were put on by two slaves, and he was set down on his own feet. The Bishop carried him up the steep ladder—that is the only ascent by our 'water gate'—and brought him in by the hand. I went to the top of the stairs to receive him, and he made the pretty Arab motion of kissing my hand; though they do not actually touch you with the lips, it is graceful in the extreme. He looks about nine, but they call him twelve. Nine of his suite were of rank sufficient to come in and sit. The Bishop placed Ahmeed—that



THE COAST OF AFRICA OPPOSITE ZANZIBAR.

is his name—in the centre on a chair with a cushion, and the Prime Minister, Arnice, on his left; the Bishop sat on his right, then I came and sat next to the Bishop,—whereupon Arnice took the Prince by the hand, made him get up and move to my side. After some bustle, the cushioned chair was handed over to him by me, the nine great men seated, about ten attendants squatted on the floor around, and a dozen more of lower rank sat outside in the corridor. The Bishop then opened his album and showed the ‘Sultan wa England,’ her ‘watolo children,’ and so on; all crowded round to look over. Then the Sultan, at a hint from Arnice, took off his gold watch to show me, a great beauty; then the Bishop produced a picture-book and presented it to the little guest, who smiled and said, ‘Martala’—thank you—held it a moment, and then half a dozen slaves rushed to take it from him; the same with a Noah’s Ark, which he said he knew all about, from the Koran, and gave to a slave; then we spun a humming-top for him. He was very shy, but with thorough good manners; thus, when the Bishop gave him his carte and asked him to take it for his own, instead of handing it to his slaves he put it into a little pocket of his kamsu at his breast; he was prettily dressed in the white kamsu, and a cloth dress, open in front, over it, just like the Sultan, who is very fond of the child, and had lent him one of his own boats to come in. His father was Sultan here before the Arab rule came in; consequently his friendship may be of importance to us, as all the black tribes pay homage to him from *love*, while to Syed Majid they pay it from *fear*. At the funeral of the old father all the chiefs came from the interior, incredible distances, to attend the obsequies and do homage to this baby-child. The Bishop asked if he had ever seen a man-of-war; he said no, but he should like to do so, and it was arranged that, with the permission of the Syed Majid, he was to go with the Bishop to-morrow on board the ‘Pantaloan.’ I hope the little fellow will be allowed to go; we are to send down to morrow to ask. Arnice speaks a good deal of English and French; his son speaks as well as we do, but is such a bad fellow the Bishop will not recognise him. Arnice is a tall, dignified old man,

He told me had been in Devonshire thirty years ago—Plymouth, Torquay, Teignmouth—Liverpool, Birmingham, &c. His memory is so keen he even told me his place in London was No. 12, Mile-end Road ; he stayed four months. He went in charge of a frigate, a present to the King from Syed-Syed, who was a great man in every sense. Now came coffee, and I took the tray from Asami as he came near and handed it myself to the Sultan, who thanked me and drank a little, but was put out evidently by the saucer and spoon. A little friend and schoolfellow of his accompanied him and sat on a stool by Arnice's side. After the coffee had been handed all round the Prince rose to go, but we made him sit again. Sherbet then came in, and I again handed it to him. Soon after this he rose, by a sign from Arnice, and shook hands. He had not taken off his sandals on entering the room—the only one—so I suppose this is a royal privilege. I stayed to talk with Arnice for some time. The Bishop and Dr. Steere went down to the chapel with the little Sultan, and then as far as the gate. I saw him being carried down to his boat soon after. His suite consisted of about thirty. I think it so generous of Syed Majid to let him thus go about in state.

“ September 2nd.—Dr. Steere came across the corridor to my corner, where the sun had chased me, to say there was a visitor who wished to see me—Suliman Ven Abdullah, a very rich and influential Arab, who loves the English, and often sends presents. He was now come, without any state, to make my acquaintance and prevail on me to come and visit him. It is impossible to describe the courtly dignity of his manners as he rose and bowed and bent to kiss my hand, and then gave me up his chair. He then said ‘Jambo,’ to which I replied ‘Gana,’ and added in my best Suaheli, ‘A furabu kutezama ako,’—I rejoice to see you. During a long visit, in the course of which it was settled I should go to see him at five o'clock next Monday, I showed him some stereoscopic views, and an Arabic Bible, and a map, and described where England lay, and France, and told him the English for several words. We then proceeded to visit Dr. Steere's room to see the printing. His sandals were reversed at the door, and as he had brought no slaves up stairs, Dr. Steere stooped to put them right, but he started forward

to prevent him with a most graceful gesture of refusal. He was much pleased with the printing, and carried away the sheet he had seen printed. The Bishop wished to accompany him down stairs, but he was vehement in his refusal, and shook hands and said 'Rua heri,' resolutely. The Bishop said, 'My own house,' but no, he would not allow it, they are the most finished gentlemen you can conceive.

"Salim Jebraum asked me yesterday to come out to Shamba, and pray for his Bibi, who is ill. I told him I would go tomorrow, and he has been again this morning. 'She plenty sick, Madam. Come to Shambas, sali, mungu,' clasping his hands and looking up. 'Sali (pray) God, Madam, come?' 'Yes,' I said, 'Salim, I will come,' on which he got up from my feet, where he had thrown himself, and said 'Salaam, Sana,' and departed. It seems he has taken his wife out to the Shambas to live for three days, 'get plenty well, Bibi pray.' The Arabs came about three weeks ago to ask the Bishop, 'the great Priest,' to pray for rain, which he did in chapel that night; next morning it came so.

"September 5th, Tuesday.—Yesterday was our appointment with Suliman Ven Abdullah, who had sent three messages during the day to know if he might depend on the "Bibi" coming. The third came an hour before we started to say that Suliman was gone as before to his country seat to receive me. As the Bishop and I pulled down the coast, our four black rowers sung us one of their songs, a very minor melody—all the rest of the party were walking down through the town to meet us there. As we pulled in the shore to get up the neck in which the Shamba lies, we saw the preparations for our reception, our grand friend himself proceeding down to the sea, and several attendants. Our host is devout in his way, and prays in the orthodox style, the hands crossed on the breast, about which there is as much bad feeling here as there now is at home between high and low Church. Those who pray with hands hanging down at the side are the *low* Church party, and much scorned by the upper and more orthodox Mussulman. It is marvellous the closeness with which Mohammed's followers cleave to his precepts—it is Jonadab the son of Rechab. You *never* see a Mussulman tipsy, or excited, or ungentlemanly.

You would as soon expect to see a Bishop in a street row, as one of these dignified, grave, sober Arabs; however high or low, rich or poor, they all dress alike, the beautiful flowing dignified dress. Our host took my hand, bent to kiss it, and then led the way to his Shambas. We stopped at a well to see the women drawing water by a most primitive contrivance; he afterwards led me into his really beautiful garden, with 'jambasana' of welcome. An Arab garden is most unlike an English one—no paths, but small walls running everywhere, between which the water flows if the owner has the means, as he has abundantly, and plenty of slaves to keep it always going. A happy-looking set these were, and a crowd of them hovered round us to receive the various flowers and fruits which Suliman broke off and presented to me. I held them a moment, and then gave them to the outstretched hands around us—a sunflower, or bunch of roses, or two figs, or a bunch of young cocoas. I examined all the rare trees and flowers. Every one which I expressed any curiosity about, was instantly pulled up by the roots, and handed to our men. The Arab led the way to his terrace, where chairs were placed. All being gravely seated, first was brought meat, and the milk of the young cocoa nut, obtained before the nut is hard, poured into coloured glasses; then came figs, and directly after a sherbet made of saffron, which Dr. Steere thought himself obliged by the rules of society to taste, then a sweet kind of white sherbet, and then strong coffee sweetened with sugar candy just like a syrup. After sitting for some time, our own Asami as interpreter, bent down with his hands on his knees, as is the custom here, the Arab rose, and taking me by the hand led me into his house and all over it, remarking the views from the windows, and pointing north, showed me he could see our bell turret, and hear our bell (lady Franklin's present). It peals out over sea and land. The ships can hear our summons out at sea. After going the round of his house and admiring it, more especially its wonderful and unusual cleanliness, we emerged again on the terrace, and were met by slaves bearing whole trays full of roses and flowers; about 100 bunches of the tiny scarlet roses tied together were laid in a tray, these were all borne after us, and put in the boat. I told our host as we stood on the beach,

making our final polite speeches, we looked like a 'matkua wa macca,' boat of flowers. As we returned in the boat, I made the men sing, and we enjoyed our row, though it was dark by the time we landed."

ANIMAL LIFE IN ZANZIBAR.

I THINK I have never said anything yet about the animals we have here, and I know how eagerly I used to long for all details; so now, while quiet reigns between, having sent off one mail and expecting the return from Mahé, I will journalise when I can and let you hear a little local matter. First, as to horses—Farasi, as they are called here.

The Sultan has a very nice stud, some really beautiful creatures, though not, I believe, very valuable. One of a roan colour is brought every morning and fastened to a post under my window, where he stands pawing the ground and looking round and up with those lovely startled eyes that seem to distinguish Arabs from other horses. The Consul has two horses, and nearly all the Europeans have one or two, so that we are not likely to forget what they are, at any rate. But if horses are scarce, we cannot say the same of Poondas, or asses, which are hardly to be named with the English donkey—they are such handsome, tall, spirited creatures, often as large as a pony, and a large one too, and go at full gallop; some are difficult to pull in, or even to mount. The rich Arabs all possess poondas and smart trappings; we meet them riding in state of an evening, with two or three slaves running hopelessly behind, the poonda having distanced them all at his first start. They take great care of them; morning and evening they are driven into the sea for their bath, and we see half a dozen of these poondas standing up to the middle in the water, while two or more slaves rub and bathe them, pour water over them and rub their limbs, just as you see the bath-women do with the children at home. Our Salim has a poonda called "Smèd," which means "black," a beautiful creature, but one not easy to ride, as he requires three to hold



ZANZIBAR FROM THE GARDEN OF THE CONSULATE.

him while you mount, and then he darts off like the wind, very often pitching his unfortunate rider over his head in mid career. What makes it more uncomfortable to ride an unmanageable beast here is that the macuti roofs, of which all the poorer houses are made, *i. e.* cocoa-nut leaves dried, are kept on by long rough poles, projecting beyond and reaching nearly to the ground, so that in the narrow lanes the houses on either side are so near that it is hard even to walk by without tearing and catching your clothes with the ends of the poles.

Goats are as different to those we have at home as the poondas and donkeys; I saw one which I took for a cow, covered with long hair, walking gravely about among the soldiers. It was black, and as large as a donkey at home. The greater quantity of meat sold here is goat's flesh. A large Dhow came in here yesterday from Madagascar, Salim called me to see it come in with its elegant sail all in a curve, and scarlet flag flying; it went swiftly past our windows close to the shore, and Salim gently touching my arm to bespeak attention said, "Madam, to-morrow plenty goat," so I suppose she brought 'Mbusi.

The other day I found in a curtain I had just pulled down a centipede, it was the first live one I had seen; it gave me a thrill of horror, the children all shrunk away and said "Libaya: Come-evil-bite." It was about the length of my long finger, and as large round as a great caterpillar or grown silkworm. A couple of days after while I was reading during the work hours, within an inch of me was one of these monsters; all the children were up on the forms in an instant. The millipede, which is three times as large, black and very evil-looking, is harmless, and curls itself up like a snake, but does not come into houses, and does not bite; of the two I should be more afraid of it, but the yougoo, as they call it, is a really poisonous creature.

The cows are exceedingly pretty, all colours, with a large and very beautiful hump on the neck, which makes them look like buffaloes or bisons. The prettiest are a sort of mouse colour, they are tame as dogs, wandering loose all day on the shore and about the streets, where, when you meet one

or more you can hardly pass without squeezing. Every one who is aware of our approach shouts to every one else, and then there is a general squeezing of themselves against the houses, and "Salaams" murmured, and even "Yambo," welcome. The cows you may push against, but no one seems to interfere with them, they are quite independent members of society, Now and then you see one with a low fall like an English cow, but the greater part are more like antelopes or deer in face, and in the shape of their legs; noses more pointed than our cows, and often beautiful horns, sometimes none—so small are they, that our joints of beef look more like mutton in size, or even lamb; a neck and loin for instance is quite as small as a small loin of mutton. Antelopes or gazelles as they call them live in the island of Barnee, which we see from our windows lying on the left hand low in the water like a basket of ferns on a lawn, the white coral beach at low tide showing like a border. We see many islands all around us, and the land of Zanzibar runs out in a bay on our right like Teignmouth or Babbicombe, so we are always smooth like a harbour.

I saw two most lovely little gazelles one day at the Sultan's, and I should like to have one, only I never said so, for it would be another care. They are certainly the prettiest little creatures I ever saw. I have seen very few dogs; we have two on our neighbour's roof, who are English; those we hear at night howling and barking are chumla or wild dogs. The cats are legion, I believe, for at night our house seems full of them. But we put up with all their yelling and marauding for the sake of getting rid of the rats, the Panyas, who used to dance by myriads in the yard below, even while we looked over the balustrade and shouted at them, and now we rarely see one, indeed it must be a bold Panya who showed his nose amidst that tumult of cats. My own Paka is improving, we see a decided increase of feline shape and look in her thin weasel-like body and fiendish face, and congratulate ourselves on having patiently borne the weeks of incessant yells and unearthly cries with which she commenced her mission experiences. Our boys are very careful and remember the Paka—and it is curious how anxiously they provide water for every animal. The first word when birds, &c., are brought in cages is, "Maji,

Bibi," meaning, "Shall I fetch water, Bibi." They come every day after dinner, and say "Bibi, Paka a ta penda Kula; Ma'am, Paka would eat," and then Paka's dinner goes down, rice and fish, or sweet potatoes, and as soon as she perceives it is coming, she sits up in a way no English cat could imitate, and rends the air with shrieks until her small black servant has satisfied her wants—she lets the children catch her, and will eat while they are close, but flies at the approach of a white person.

The rats, you already know, are numberless, and they must lead a jovial life down among the stores, especially after the paymasters have been in taking up bread and flour. The lizards are very pretty, seldom larger than a long mouse, and often so small as to be hardly distinguished when still. They run with great rapidity, and go up and down walls, and on ceilings like flies, but we don't often see them, rarely in our rooms. At Mahe they were numberless. Cockroaches are my detestation, and if you have a box or dress untouched for a week, you are sure to find two or three, the size of a huge grandfather of black beetles, in opening or shaking it out, but during this monsoon we are not much troubled. Remember we are in winter now, and I cannot tell what summer and hot weather may bring. Glass to-day 79°.

We have down below a small wild beast, the boys and our cook, Chapau, caught it the other morning. I heard a horrible uproar, but did not know what it was until at breakfast the Bishop gave us the whole history of its capture, it is like a hyæna, only lower on its legs. I believe it is some sort of civet cat, but very savage, and as large as a Skye terrier, with beautiful striped skin like a tiger, and a long tail ringed beautifully. The face is pretty, a sharp nose, and two white spots above the mouth; it growls and puts up its back when the children go near it. I look over the balustrade and see it fed, the boys push its food to it with a long stick; it curls itself up in the day time and seems to sleep.

TRADE AT ZANZIBAR.

By Colonel PLAYFAIR, *Her Majesty's Consul at Zanzibar.*

THE Christian Missionary cannot have a better coadjutor than the British merchant, and we know by experience gained on the West Coast of Africa that the decrease in the Slave Trade is the immediate effect of the extension of more legitimate branches of commerce.

It may interest our readers to know something of the trade of Zanzibar.

During the year 1863 the value of imports into and exports from Zanzibar were as follows :

Imports	£538,486
Exports	467,794
Total value of trade	£1,006,280 ;

which showed an increase, as compared with the previous year, of more than £200,000.

The distribution of the trade was as follows :

	IMPORT.	EXPO RTS.
	£.	£.
United Kingdom	24,908	...
British India	157,660	100,586
Protected States of India	18,336	44,708
Arabia and Persian Gulf	10,572	23,936
Coast of Africa, and adjacent islands ...	206,394	169,205
France.....	34,500	39,176
Italy	7,263	3,136
United States	26,179	39,176
Hamburg	52,674	47,871
Total	538,486	467,794

From this it will be seen that British trade, as represented by the first two items, and indeed the third may be included, is considerably greater than that of any other country ; the

only item more considerable is the trade with Africa, which, being chiefly between places in the Sultan's own dominions, cannot be regarded as *foreign* trade.

If, therefore, we deduct the *home* trade, we find the value of British trade at Zanzibar to be nearly two thirds of the aggregate of that of all other nations. But it is even more considerable than this would indicate; nearly every native merchant, shopkeeper, and artisan, is a British subject or *protégé*; these supply the European merchants, and almost monopolise the African trade, so that it is no over statement to allege that four fifths of the entire commerce of Zanzibar passes through the hands of British subjects.

The principal articles of import are beads, cotton goods, and various articles of European manufacture; while the exports consist of cloves, gum copal, cowries, hides, ivory, and oil seeds.

The most remarkable of the products of the Zanzibar dominions is the copal, which is a fossil gum, found by digging a foot or two below the surface of the ground, in localities where the forests which produced it have long since disappeared.

The staple agricultural produce is the clove. Clove trees were introduced about thirty-four years ago from Mauritius, and now they cover the islands of Zanzibar and Pemba. At Mauritius they have long since disappeared, and it is more than likely that here too they are destined to be replaced ere long by the sugar cane, for the cultivation of which Zanzibar is admirably suited. The average quantity of cloves exported from Zanzibar is about 7,000,000 pounds, valued at £85,000.

The Government of Zanzibar is exceedingly liberal, and the European merchant not only enjoys entire security, both as regards person and property, but the Sultan has by treaty resigned all civil and criminal jurisdiction over Europeans, who are only amenable to their own laws, administered by their respective consuls.

Our space will not allow us to dwell in greater detail on these subjects, we trust that we have established not only the importance of Zanzibar to Great Britain, and, as a consequence, its suitability as a centre for Missionary labour, but that our

Missionaries and their converts being removed from the *lex loci*, will form a little Christian community, enjoying a complete civil and religious liberty, under the government of our representative, as they would were they located within one of the provinces of the British empire.

CORRESPONDENCE.

CAPABILITIES OF THE AFRICAN.

MY DEAR SIR,—My friend, Mr. Waller has requested me to write you my opinion of the capabilities of the Negro races of East Africa for education and civilisation.

Having resided at Zanzibar for nearly four years, and during that time felt very great interest in the Negro races, I have formed an opinion as to their intelligence and good qualities, much more favorable than I previously entertained.

I have had a great deal of experience, during many years of political employ in India and Persia, of the character of Asiatics, and I consider that whilst the Negroes of East Africa are in no way inferior to Asiatics mentally, they far excel them for fidelity and courage, and also for industry when they have any inducement to work.

I had peculiar opportunities of judging at Zanzibar from having emancipated several thousands from slavery. Several of the boys I rescued have been brought to England, and all have hitherto behaved in a most exemplary manner, and certainly show no mental inferiority to English boys of their own age. On my return to England, eight months ago, I brought with me three Negro boys whom I had rescued from slavery. One I have placed at a boarding school at Bayswater, and I enclose you a letter respecting him from the head master. One of them is residing with a clergyman in Gloucestershire, and attends the village day school, and *is always at the head of his class*. The third is a little boy about eight years of age, one of a number of children who had been brought from Zanzibar to Muscat, and thence to India, by an Arab slave-

dealer, for sale in British India. This boy is with a family at Putney; he has already learnt to read and write, and is remarkably intelligent.

I could relate many anecdotes of the good sense, gratitude, and intelligence shown by the poor slaves I emancipated at Zanzibar.

I am very sorry to see the attempts that are now being made, chiefly by the *Times*, and that contemptible society called the Anthropological, to cry down the Negro race, and induce people in England to withdraw all sympathy from Africa.

I am confident that the Negro race can be civilised by education far easier than any race of Asiatics. They have no religious prejudices to overcome, and have a feeling of veneration which makes them easily susceptible of teaching.

Believe me,

My dear Sir, .

Yours faithfully,

C. R. RIGBY,

*Late Her Majesty's Consul and
Political Agent, Zanzibar.*

ORIENTAL CLUB, HANOVER SQUARE;
January 31st.

Extract from a Letter enclosed in the above.

"With regard to George's advance, when he came to us, before Midsummer, he could scarcely *read*, and had forgotten all rules of arithmetic but simple addition.



“Now he understands the four rules, simple and compound; reads very fairly, and *reads by himself* to understand and amuse himself.

“He follows a class of Latin and French, which he was anxious to be allowed to do, which certainly will improve his mind, if he never becomes a scholar in either.

“Geography and Roman and English history he seems to find a great difficulty in understanding.

“His Bible and Christian catechism he learns always nicely.

“His *English grammar* he *can't understand*.

“He learns a column a day of spelling of *four* syllables. Writes very cleanly and nicely. He calculates his sums QUICKLY. He does his Latin exercise every day.

“He seems to have a difficulty to work out a thing in his head, but learns from *observation*.

“He shows a great attention to engines and boats, and seems to understand how these things work from *observation*.

“With regard to his character I have nothing to say but to bear the *highest testimony* of his *truthfulness* and honesty and *obedience* in everything.”

A GOOD SUGGESTION.

MY DEAR SIR,—This parish was one of those privileged to receive a visit from the late Bishop Mackenzie. He came among us, I may truly say, as a sunbeam cheering, bracing, and gladdening our hearts. Several of us took a very lively interest in his noble enterprise. We built our castles in the air, and indulged the most sanguine hopes of the results of his self-denying zeal. We pictured to ourselves the poor natives of Central Africa, amidst their moral waste and social degradation, “drawing water with joy out of the wells of salvation,”* which were now to be provided for them. The desert seemed about to blossom as the rose. The holy band of Christian brothers of one heart and one mind, in their daily worship and with their dedicated tone of life, would bear their

* See Isaiah xii, 3.

part from the new centre of devotion in the general chorus of praise going up continually, from all the ends of the earth, as a memorial before God. We seemed to hear the very echoes of the well-known words, "Day by day we magnify Thee, and we worship Thy Name ever, world without end."

But the bright vision was overcast. The air was scarcely familiarised with the holy sound of Christian devotion when the good Bishop died, and the work he had begun with such a full flow of expectation appeared to end in disappointment. To the loving and zealous, however, difficulties act as motives, and the noble design for the welfare of Central Africa was not to be allowed to fall to the ground. It was God's work; and his work must go on.

After much anxiety and prayer, Bishop Tozer and his colleagues were appointed to carry forward the Mission. It was thought right to change the plan of operations, but, of course, to go on with the work in the same spirit. The position originally chosen for the Mission Station was given up, and Zanzibar, on the Eastern Coast of Africa, was fixed upon as the head-quarters, for the present, of the Mission.

Now, I confess, that at the first, I, as well as some others, felt somewhat discontented at this departure from the original scheme. The abandonment of the position at first chosen, did, in fact, in some measure cool the interest I had before taken in the Mission. I am now, however, quite satisfied with the change. The purpose of the late Bishop will be much more effectually accomplished by working up from Zanzibar on the coast—step by step, station by station—to the sacred spot where the triple wooden cross* marks the

* I have heard that on the spot where an English officer in China was buried, having been put to death, after great tortures, by the natives, there stands a marble cross with this inscription—

"Born in its Light,
Sustained by its power,
Resting in its shadow.

—
Behold, O heathen,
Enquire
and
Live."

place where the good Bishop sleeps, than by continuing to occupy an isolated position, where there is no safe or systematic communication for information, supplies, and friends; besides which, the ground will be made good for the Church, as the work gradually extends itself. For myself, therefore, I am come round to a full agreement in the present arrangements.

Accordingly I was very glad to receive your first number of 'Mission Life,' of which I can only say, in passing, that if it keeps up, in its future issues, the same sound sense and real stirring interest as are to be seen in this first specimen, it will be, under God's blessing, a publication of very essential service to the cause of Missions.

It was in reading over the contents of this first number the thought struck me—suggested by the idea at page 17, of two of the adopted children having been called by the name of Horsham, Mabruki Horsham and Sutia Horsham—that in this and other parishes a yearly sum might easily be obtained, to support one or more of such children, about whom an especially tender interest would naturally be felt, if they were to take the name of the particular parishes to which they were indebted indirectly for their civilised training and religious faith. I felt we should all look wistfully and hopefully to your future reports of the Mission to hear how our children were going on; we should naturally watch most anxiously for any indications of character, for any mark of progress in these namesakes of ours. Nay, I am free to confess that I contemplated the possibility of some one of these poor children, thus supported by our alms and bearing our name, one day becoming a minister of God to carry the glad tidings of salvation to the people of their own land. Anyhow, to have been able to maintain *one* such child, under the kind and Christian care of those who have the charge of the Mission, would be a great pleasure and a great privilege.

Influenced by these considerations, I made up my mind to attempt something of the kind in this parish. I have three outlying districts, in which I am in the habit of giving a Cottage Lecture on the Sunday evenings. At each of these I determined to read my first number of 'Mission Life,' and

tell the poor people what I proposed to do. I took, first of all, as the subject of our meditation, the narrative of Philip, the Ethiopian Eunuch. Then I read my Journal. The poor people were all deeply interested. I did not press them to become subscribers; I simply told them I should be glad if any, whose hearts should be so disposed, could leave a penny a week at the cottage where the lecture is given, with a view to the support of a child at Zanzibar. They *all* appeared not only willing, but *forward*, to contribute. This has been the result of the experiment in two places; on Sunday week I shall try the third, without the least doubt as to its success. It will then only remain to be seen how the first kind, generous impulse is sustained.

And I feel very hopeful as to this. And in order to keep alive the interest once called forth, I intend to read regularly your quarterly Numbers as they come out, and to make the Mission the special object of our humble prayers on the occasion. Thus, if this be carried on as I trust it will be, on twelve Sundays in the year, some few of us in this parish will be thinking of the Mission work in Central Africa, and offering up our poor prayers in its behalf. For the sake of my own people, as well as for the sake of the Mission, I hope we shall be able to do as we intend.

Meanwhile, if this little attempt does nothing else, it will at any rate give some comfort to those engaged in the arduous yet glorious work of educating the heathen for God and for eternity. It will be a pleasure to them to think that they are not forgotten in their mother country—that their fellow-Christians are praying that God may prosper their handiwork, and that the progress of the Mission, to which their hearts and lives are devoted, is watched with great anxiety and interest by their friends at home.

I am, dear Sir,

Yours faithfully,

A SUBSCRIBER.

March 3rd, 1866.

A VISIT TO THE UNIVERSITIES' MISSION.

From the 'Powla' (Bombay), Jan. 4, 1866.

SIR,—Having lately returned from a visit to Zanzibar, you will, doubtless, be glad to hear of the welfare of the Central African Mission now residing there, and working from thence as a centre on the mainland. The island of Zanzibar is in 6° south latitude, and about sixteen miles from the mainland, *i. e.* as far as Gibraltar is from Africa. It is forty-six miles long by eighteen miles wide at its greatest breadth. The town is situated on a low peninsula of land, on the west side of the island. The streets are narrow and dirty, except those streets inhabited by Europeans and the Banians, who, as British subjects, are under the control of Colonel Playfair, the Resident. The customs are farmed out to a Hindoo. The principal exports are cloves, gum copal, orchilla weed, ivory, cowries, and hides. The value of these exports in 1859, six years ago, was nearly a quarter of a million pounds sterling; and in the same year cowries to the value of £51,400 were shipped for the West Coast of Africa. One great source of wealth is the duty on slaves, of which from 20,000 to 25,000 pass through the island annually, the charge being two dollars for each slave landed. Of the above number about 7000 are retained for domestic use, and the remainder are shipped off in northern dhows, at the change of the monsoon, to Muscat, and other parts of the Red Sea. Many of your readers will be interested to know that the Mission House, admirably situated on the extreme point of land, and surmounted by a bell turret, is the most conspicuous object entering the harbour; above all, standing out clear against the sky, is the glorious sign of our salvation. Like most eastern houses, the roof is flat, and forms a pleasant promenade or place for a lounge in the cool of the evening. The Mission party live in the upper story, the ground floor being used as a provision store for Her Britannic Majesty's ships cruising on this coast, with the exception of one room set apart solely for Divine Service. Of course the fittings of this little Chapel

cannot be anything very grand, but they are in very "good taste." Chairs are placed in the choir-part of the Chapel for the clergy and boys, and in the remainder of the room for the congregation. Some hearty services have I been privileged to join in there. No one thinks of being offended at the sacred symbol standing out bold and clear in its proper place. The text embroidered on the altar is, "A light to lighten the Gentiles." The Bishop has with him one priest, Dr. Steere, who has been his fellow-labourer through many dangers and trials since his consecration, Miss Tozer and Miss Jones, who have lately come out from England, and a young carpenter, who is also a capital organist and amateur artist. The harmonium is a present from some friends at the Cape. The Mission has at present fourteen boys and seven girls under their care. On S. Bartholomew's day last year, the first lot of boys, seven in number, who had been with him nearly a year, were admitted into the ark of Christ's Church. The *other* blessed Sacrament was then celebrated, and the happy day was finished with a pic-nic sort of excursion in the boats of one of Her Majesty's ships to a neighbouring island that has been given by the Sultan as a Christian burial place, and which the good Bishop is endeavouring to render worthy of a "corn seed garden," that will bloom so gloriously on the morning of the Resurrection. His appeals to the crews of Her Majesty's ships were liberally answered. On the occasion of our visit to the Cemetery, he erected a handsome solid wooden cross to the memory of a young deacon of the Church who died at Zanzibar the early part of last year. The children were delighted with their holiday, and we all enjoyed ourselves, and got back to the Mission House to a "high tea." I cannot but heartily believe in the ultimate success of this promising Mission, to my mind admirably placed for its work in Africa. Most of the boys they have with them will make Missionaries, and thus will be laid the foundation of a native hierarchy, in God's own time to extend all over Africa. Let us remember that a great work under Bishop Crowther has commenced on the West Coast; and many other Missions in other parts of Africa are helping towards the great end. Our need is faith and patience.

and the harvest will be "glorious." We who are in India have many calls to liberal almsgiving here, but surely we can help with our prayers this great work, commenced after the apostolic model, and already sealed with the blood of the martyr Mackenzie, and many others who have not counted their lives dear, that they may win souls to Christ.

A WANDERING CHURCHMAN.

Epiphany, 1866.

THE BEST MISSIONARIES FOR AFRICA.

THE following extract, from a letter of the Rev. R. Robertson of the Kwamagwaza Mission in Zulu Land, bears, indirectly, valuable testimony to the wisdom of the course which the African Mission is now pursuing:

"I am anxious to be enabled to employ as many native teachers as possible. In this I entirely agree with the Bishop of Grahamstown. Missionaries from England are essential at first, and perhaps for two or three generations, to superintend the work of an indigenous clergy. Not to speak of the expense, where could a staff of English clergy be found sufficiently numerous to bring the whole or even the hundredth part of South Africa within reach of the means of grace? Such a native agency will no doubt be imperfect and ignorant, but it would be raised in time. It has long been my idea, that although the native be behind his English brother in attainments, yet in bringing the Gospel to his heathen countrymen, the one (ignorant although he be) is a more efficient instrument than the other. In a fellow-countryman they can copy what in a highly-civilised white man they would (and I know *do*) consider beyond their reach. It is to our having so many Christian-natives (none of them all that they ought to be—who is?) with us from the first, that I attribute a good measure of the success with which it has pleased God to bless us. I am quite sure that—if not in our day, yet—the time will come when this agency will be very largely employed; for supposing it the case that only Europeans were employed, the result of this would be

that a large portion—perhaps the greater portion—of Africa would never be touched, for many districts there are, and those often the most populous, where no white man could live half a year.”

We need not remind our readers of the Pongas Mission, which is now carried on entirely by native agency.

VISIT TO A MORAVIAN MISSION STATION.

Extracted from the Dean of Ely's Life of BISHOP MACKENZIE.

“WE left Cape Town on Monday morning and got here (eighty miles) yesterday afternoon. We were all (seven, including the driver,) in a covered light cart, with three seats, one behind another, and all on two wheels, with four horses, which have come all the way, and are to take us back. We outspanned halfway to Somerset, and then started again about four P.M., first over a pass 900 or 1000 feet high, and then on rising and falling ground, till about nine at night. You may fancy how we tried the springs, and how often we came down *bump* upon the axletree, having compressed the springs as far as they could go. We started in first-rate spirits, and ended cheerful, but subdued. After supper and prayers we retired, two to a bed-room, four to shake-downs in the parlour.

“As you approach you pass some hundreds of acres of oats, &c., the produce of the labour of the people. We continued for more than a mile passing on our left the cultivated gardens, and our right houses, which improved in appearance as we approached the head of the valley, where are the church and school and the dwellings of the brethren. The doors in the first cottages we saw were made of reeds, kept together by three horizontal spars in front and as many behind, fastened at their ends to the hinge-posts; these were replaced half a mile further on by neatly made doors in cottages having well-finished windows and framework stretching some five feet from

the eaves, with festoons of vines, the clusters giving promise of good grapes in two or three months.

“The different buildings are :

“1. The church. 2. The dining-room. 3. Room behind it. 4. The kitchen. 5. A set of dwellings for the brethren : each family has two or three rooms. 6. The boys’ and girls’ school. 7. The carpenter’s shop. 8. Wheelwright. 9. Blacksmith. 10. Mill. 11. Training-school. 12. Guest-house’.

“This last consists of a large common-room, twenty-two feet square, with four bed-rooms. We were at once welcomed by the Warden, had coffee, and saw the workshops. In the carpenter’s shop were three lads of 18, under the instruction of a paid coloured artizan, the whole being under the direction of one of the brethren, of whom there are nine. In the blacksmith’s shop, a tall man with two assistants was welding the tire of a wheel. Thence we went to the garden, about an acre of ground, in beautifully clean order. In the middle was a pear-tree, under which we heard some of the early history of the mission.

“It was founded by George Schmidt, in 1737. For seven years he worked, and then returned home to stir up greater interest in the mission. The Dutch Government refused him permission to return, having a jealousy of missions in general. It was not till 1792 that missionaries were allowed to come Schmidt was then dead, but the three brethren who came found an old woman, now blind, who, nevertheless, treasured the Dutch New Testament, which Schmidt had given her, and which she had read till her sight failed her. I saw to-day that New Testament, kept in a wooden box, made of the wood of the old pear-tree which Schmidt planted, and which lived till 1836 (100 years,) when it was replaced by another, under which we stood. Thence we went to their burial ground,—graves marked No. 2367, and such numbers. They have now a population of 3000 coloured people, chiefly Hottentots. There was an open grave, and we learned that two children were to be buried at sundown, and obtained permission to be present.

“About sunset several of us went to the funeral. We entered the lofty church; in the middle of one long side,

between the windows, is a kind of dais, with a principal seat in the middle: here sits the brother, who is to conduct the service, a table in front of him, and the brethren on each side. In the body of the building seats for the people, occupying the whole space, except the bases of two large pillars, which help to support the roof. A gallery runs round three sides: an organ was played by a Kaffir boy. First they sang a hymn, all sitting: it was in Dutch, so I could not understand it: but the sight of sixty or seventy natives, joining in the singing,—the thought that here in the time of their deep distress they were being brought to the source of all comfort, and that we (please God) were going soon to preach the same glad tidings to the poor natives of the Shire valleys,—brought tears to my eyes. The address was on the 21st or 22nd chapter of Revelations: the name of the Lamb coming often in the reading of it, and the name of Jesus oftener in the exposition. It was the Warden who officiated,—a simple, earnest man. We came away, and I had hardly firmness to speak to Scudamore, as we passed through the old churchyard, of the joy of leading men and women in life and death to Him! We soon had supper, and were glad immediately after to go to bed.

“It is their custom to meet in their common-room about 5.30, for short family prayers and a cup of coffee before church at 5.45. We joined them at church. None of the sisters were present, and not all the brethren: about sixty or seventy people. It is harvest time, and many are out at work for the farmers.

“After breakfast we saw the retail Shop, which sells about £800 worth of goods per annum, the Dispensary, and the working of the Training School. This is supported by a separate foundation, some German Prince having about twenty-five years ago given money for the purpose, with the condition that they should always take at least five boys from other stations besides their own. The whole costs the Moravian funds nothing. Excellent and wonderful answers in Scripture and Geography were given. Some of them played on the piano well: on the violin, not so well. They sang some songs—such as “Rule Britannia,” which they understood.

“There are about 400 acres cultivated as gardens, irrigated on a regular system, each man having the water for a certain time during the week. The general view of the village was very pretty: below us the long row of houses, each with its garden beyond it, with neatly arranged beds of mealies, beans, wheat, oats, or potatoes; the hedgerows of quince, or roses, and a great number of fruit-trees, which only needed to be in bloom to complete the picture of rich abundance. Descending the hill, we went into one or two of the houses: in one was a tailor, busy with a waistcoat for one of his neighbours: of course he was paid for his work, and the brother who was with us pointed to his own waistcoat and lower garments as specimens of this man’s skill. In another house we found three women, one baking in the huge Dutch oven; the produce to be divided between herself and the owner of the house. In another was a girl of ten on a sofa, having an attack of fever.

“On the whole this has been a most enjoyable visit, and we have seen and heard many things which will be useful. Certainly much is done at wonderfully little expense. The brethren are sent out from Europe, but receive nothing from home for their maintenance. Gnadendal is not only self-supporting, but contributes to the support of the younger and less flourishing missions of South Africa: so that as a body they are self-supporting. This is brought about by the profits on the workshops and the retail Shop. In the former, pupils and hired men of colour work under the superintendence of the white men, thus learning the trade and at the same time bringing revenue to the Institution. Then work is done for the inhabitants of the valley, and for the Dutch farmers in the neighbourhood; and their work is so good that I am told pruning-knives have been made in Birmingham, with the Gnadendal stamp to secure them a better sale among the farmers. In the retail shop there is of course a profit, which may come to something on sales to the amount of £800 a-year. Again, the economy is considerable. The expense of supplying the table is at £40 a-year for each couple (putting with each a proportion of the children); so that, including everything, even the £1 a-year which each couple receives in cash,

the cost is about £90, and this in a country in which a clergyman and his wife find it hard to get on with less than £250. The difference is perhaps partly due to the simplicity of their manners, but partly to their living in common, as well as to the excellent domestic economy of the sisters. The main secret of the success of these men, I think, is that they are well chosen for their work, and that their heart is in it. They have no visions of returning home, no dreams of rising to something higher. I believe it may be truly said that their aim is to promote the glory of God, and to advance the happiness and good of their fellow-men."

REVIEW.

Mission Life among the Zulu Kaffirs : a Memoir of

HENRIETTA ROBERTSON. Edited by ANNE MACKENZIE.*

It would be difficult to find any book better calculated to make the reader in love with a Missionary Life than in the one before us. It is a series of word-pictures, from real life ; not highly finished, indeed, but for that very reason all the more effective.

Those who are familiar with the Memoir of Bishop Mackenzie will remember how intimately he and his sisters were associated with Mr. and Mrs. Robertson in Mission Work in Natal. Friendship and ties of affection so formed are independent of the temporary circumstances which give rise to them. When, therefore, the Providence of God separated those who had been so closely allied, we are not surprised that a close intercourse was kept up between them, and that long details of every thing connected with their work were sent by Mr. and Mrs. Robertson to those who though no longer able to take part in it had their hearts in it as much as ever. These details given in private letters, supple-

* Bell and Daldy, price 7s. 6d.

mented by the Editor's personal knowledge, form the materials from which the Memoir is compiled.

We cannot but think, that if half the money now spent on Missionary Meetings, which satisfy nobody concerned in them, were spent in the production of such books as the present, great good would be done: neither men nor funds, we believe, would long be lacking for carrying on any Mission, the real working of which people at home could thoroughly understand. Example is, we know, better than precept, illustration than theory, and until something more is done to enable people to realise the self-denying labours, and to enter into the hopes and fears, the trials and difficulties, successes and disappointments of those who are engaged in foreign Missions, so long we shall find indifference to their work prevail very extensively.

It would be difficult to overstate the good effects which might result if once the record of Missionary enterprise, with all its surroundings, could be made to assert for itself a definite place in the popular literature of the day. The hours spent in the company of those so peculiarly separated for God's work would act as a moral tonic, very much as the calm and the fresh air of the country act upon the physical and mental constitution of a man oppressed with the close atmosphere and the restless activity of a city. The evidence of deep piety, devoted energy and patient endurance which, though never obtruded upon the reader, underlies such narratives as the one before us, could not but speak home to many a heart with a more persuasive eloquence than any direct appeal; before such an influence, constantly brought to bear, indifference, like the frost-bound ground gradually softening beneath the genial warmth of spring, would soon give way.

Within the limits of a notice like the present it is not possible to give an adequate idea of this book by any series of extracts. We will, therefore, simply transcribe part of one chapter, which, though it does not touch upon the main subject of the Memoir, admirably illustrates the character of the work treated of and the spirit in which it has been carried on.

In January, 1862, Mrs. Robertson had one of her very serious

illnesses, and for change of air and scene she accompanied Mr. R. in his next wagon journey to visit the King. How different this journey, in search of health and strength, was from those made by invalids at home, can be known only by those who have travelled in wagons in Natal on bad roads. And in Zululand, where there are none, the jolting, the roughing, and the discomforts were proportionably greater; but the brave spirit, the forgetfulness of self, the earnestness and zeal, and the wish to be well and able for the Master's work, which were all so conspicuous in Mrs. Robertson, had the desired effect, and the first day during the midday halt she wrote in her journal letter:

"It is very pleasant this outspanning after such long confinement to my room, with the feeling of being so useless at home. The hills are so green, and all seems so boundless and bright; and now that the noises of wagon-driving are stilled, all is so calm and quiet. I have never treked (trek, a Dutch word for travelling in a wagon) in summer before, and the contrast is most striking. The grasses are very beautiful, and in many parts there are large tracts in seed, some a rich brown, others crimson, and some white, giving such beautiful tints to the landscape. Then we pass large tracts of pink, lily and gladiolus, a bright geranium-pink, and again the tall deep blue agapanthus, growing so luxuriantly with a sort of metallic brightness."

At night there was a severe storm, which she says:

"does not affect *us* at all; we are shut up so comfortably for the night, and the boys seem quite snug under our wagon, with their tent-cloth round the wheels."

"We went on smoothly until we came to a steep hill, so directly across the road, and seeming so perpendicular, that even Umfundisi* exclaimed, 'Can this be the road!' We climbed to the top somehow, and no stones stopped our wheels."

Next day she writes:

"We soon reached the White Umfolosi. We approached the river through deep sand. It is broad and rapid at this season, and the opposite side, as at the Umlazi, is shut in by a precipitous wooded cliff, rising almost perpendicularly from the river. Umfundisi was not sure of the drift, and decided that

* A name given to all Missionaries, and meaning 'Teacher.'

the old wagon should cross first. I saw Alice and Christina* getting out of it, as it slowly treked through the heavy sand, for Christina had been in the same wagon when it was once upset in the Umlazi, on which occasion our books and luggage went to the bottom, and her dear little Jeanie had been saved by Daniel. She was naturally fearful and rather unwilling to accept my invitation to cross in our wagon, trusting rather to her own powers of wading; but when I told her that we could first see how the other wagon crossed, and that under any circumstances I *must* keep in it, she followed little Alice, saying she should be safe with me. I was just anxious enough, watching Umfundisi with the front wagon, to make it very good to have to keep up Christina. It barely escaped a quicksand, the driver going into one close beside it. Then there was the steep sandy bank to creep up on the opposite side, so we felt very thankful when it was over.

"I must here say that my husband's object in this journey is to visit one of the new grants for Mission Stations, lately granted by Panda and his son Ketchwayo, and we wished also to visit the King, whose kraal we pass."

The visit to Panda is so interesting that I must give it in full.

"We reached Kanodwengu at eleven, and outspanned opposite Umasipula's gate. He is the chief minister—we call him the Prime Minister—and a great friend of Umfundisi's, with whom he stays when he comes alone. He soon came out on hearing of our arrival, and just as they were going to take out the oxen, begged to have a ride on the wagon. Umfundisi begged him to mount, and he sat holding tight like a little child, while the wagon went a few yards. He has a cruel reputation in Natal, but Umfundisi has always found him very kind and friendly, and I quite thought him so. An Induna soon came out from the King's gate to summon us to the King's presence. We were very tired; the morning had been exciting in many ways, and it was very hot, so we boiled the kettle first, and sent word we would come as soon as we were refreshed. One cannot help having exalted ideas of royalty in any form, and I was rather anxious at our not attending to the summons at once; but Umfundisi said it was all right; he never trusted himself to visit the King when he was below par, as it required prudence and thought, and he might keep us very long. We soon went, and I now realised the great size of this kraal. We

* Native converts.

had to walk from Umasipula's gate to the King's; I nearly broke down; I believe it is more than half a mile. Then you have neat streets to walk through to come to the large hut and enclosure of the King. All the time we had been resting at the wagon, or rather wishing to rest, it was surrounded by such a noisy crowd that I quite expected to find the same within the kraal; but it was in perfect order and quiet. The enclosure which surrounds the King's hut is planted at intervals with a single mealie plant, which when grown up tall, as these are, is a most beautiful and graceful thing; and as anything like ornamental cultivation has been hitherto unknown amongst the natives, it struck me pleasingly. We were now ushered into the enclosure, not the hut; it was so neat and quiet, and there lay Panda reclining upon mats, rolled up at one end to form a rest for the elbow. He was wrapped about in a crimson and black fine cloth, such as we have for drawing-room tables at home.

"No one may stand in the King's presence, and we were immediately seated on the ground, saying, 'Bayete' your Majesty. And then, Zulu fashion, we sat looking at each other; but we were soon in conversation, and while Umfundisi talked I looked on, and one thing surprised me. Having always heard of the King as infirm, and as almost, if not entirely, set aside in public matters, I was surprised to see a fine middle-aged man, dignified and quiet in expression. It made me very sorry to know how little influence he has. There was a small niche in the fence under which he was reclining, and in this sat a young man whose office it seemed to be to watch the King's wishes. There were a few Izinduna present also, but the conversation seemed confined to the King and Umfundisi. Presently an insect was seen crawling towards the King's mat—out crept the watchful attendant on all fours, and took it away, and then retired to his niche, never taking his eyes from the King's face, nor turning his back the whole time. They talked about the succession as it is in England, in which the King was much interested; about the visit of the Bishop of Natal to England; and he was lost in amazement at hearing that the ship would be going day and night for two or three months, before he would reach England. He seemed to think it awful to be going on the water, day and night, never stopping. It is difficult with the King to dwell much on religious subjects, and Umfundisi has a great dread of speaking of what he most cares about, at the wrong time. It is not etiquette that the king should attend religious services, although his Izinduna have to attend to report to him; and it is difficult to conceive what their ignorant

minds and slow hearts are capable of receiving and reporting to him, even if they wished to receive and report what is said in such a way as to do him good: so Umfundisi always tries to turn his personal visits to account, and in this instance he turned the conversation on what we know about the dead. The King asked many intelligent questions, and though some might be thought childish, they were very natural from him; such as 'What was heaven like?' 'Was there grass or cattle there?' And 'How did we know it?' 'How did we get "*The Book*" which made us 'Abelungu' (white men) so wise and so different to them?' He was told that the English were once living much as the Zulus are now, but that teachers came to them and talked to them about God and taught them His book, and that is how they had become a great people. He told us during this visit that he did not wish us to go to the Amapiseni, which he had at first granted us at Umfundisi's request—that it was not a good place for the white man, there was much fever there; but directed us to another Amapiseni on the high lands, quite in another direction. Umfundisi assented at once, divining that he had a deeper reason for suggesting this change. The sun was bearing down with great power, and there was no shade, which made it very trying. His attendant was called upon to screen him from the sun, and he promptly, and I thought even tenderly, stood with a shield fastened to the end of a pole slantingly, at the head of the King. I liked this youth; he looked so happy in his office, and had such a pleasant expression. Once the King interrupted the conversation to ask Umfundisi if I had no nails to my fingers; he was scrutinizing my hands very closely, and was amazed at my pulling off my gloves. He always expects presents from visitors, and he asked us unblushingly what we had brought him. Umfundisi had lately given him some expensive blankets, and did not feel called upon to do much at this time: we had, however, brought him a present of a dog, which he had once asked for, and some raisins, as the only sweet thing we had.

"Umfundisi had been interested in long talks with Umasipula and other leading men, and found that there was some political difficulty about having a mission at the first Amapiseni. It was connected with the late troubles: the large kraal there belonged to the queen, who had lately been murdered by Ketchwayo's people. Umfundisi soon made out that the king wished to know whether we had any deeper reason that he knew of for wishing to be there. And he explained, that we had no other motive in desiring that place in particular beyond knowing that there were many people there, and a good river and wood, and that it was

a good relative position to the other Stations he wished to establish through the country.

"I was roused from all attempts to get any rest by the loud cries and screams of the children who had come about our wagon. An Induna had come to flog them back to their work. With the exception of Unomansi, I had been struck with the squalid and miserable look of these children, and Umfundisi told me they were the children of the great men of the country, who were obliged to attend upon the king's children. They are treated very roughly; their chief duty is to watch the huts, and keep dogs and people away, and the only food they have is what is left by the queens and by the children of the king, which is thrown to them in scraps, and shared with the dogs. I was so sorry for them. They had been so merry with all the trifles they had had from us; it was sad that it should end in such a chastisement. But an hour afterwards they returned, and this time Umkungo's sister, who had visited us at Kwamagwaza, came with them. She is a very nice girl, affectionate and gentle in manner, but scarcely more happy in reality than the poor children whose squalor consisted strangely with her stoutness. She was adorned with many of the things we had given the children, which confirmed my opinion that they were beggars for their superiors. Daylight had faded into starlight before our last visitors took their leave, and then the contrast was very great; it was so calm and quiet, and the sound of the hymns in the evening service was very soothing after such a tiring day.

"We came to a difficult pass among the mountains; the wagons had to descend round the sides of two stony perpendicular hills. I was very glad when Umfundisi begged me to come out. Christina walks the greater part of the way with David on her back, quite happy; Alice trudging after her with a water-gourd on her head. We looked far down on a pretty torrent falling down from a stony rock on the opposite side, but could not hear the sound of the falling water. When the wagon had passed the worst place on this mountain, Umfundisi begged me to get in, the sun was coming out so strongly. The last part of the descent was very rapid, and the wagon reached the bottom almost sliding down, both the back wheels being locked: just as we came to the end of it, the trektow broke from the wagon, and we were left with the two wheelers, the rest of the oxen walking off. Had this happened higher up it might have been fatal. On these journeys so full of risk, we feel so entirely by whose Hand we are brought through all dangers. Umfundisi very tired with the anxiety of superintending this descent. Outspanned at twelve, oppressively hot.

A superior looking and gentle mannered Zulu came with two wives to visit us ; he was anxious about a sick child at home, and asked us for medicine ; we were very sorry that we had forgotten to bring any of the kind that would have been really useful to them. They were pleasant people, and stayed chatting some time, amused at watching all our doings, telling us that we looked merciful, &c., &c. Before they left, they begged to be allowed to take some of the tar that the wagon-wheels were done with, and when they had obtained this permission, it was most amusing to see them scraping it out with sticks, and carrying it off most carefully for the benefit of the sick child. Umfundisi said it would irritate the child's sores, but they had great faith in it, and were very grateful. The man gave us some directions about our road, which were a great help : we seemed to be in the midst of mountains without outlet ; I was almost dispirited, but Umfundisi's strong words, 'We'll go on, and it will come right,' gave me strength. It was so hot, that hoping to travel by moonlight, we did not inspan until 4 P.M.

"Outspanned at 7 in the evening, after a very fatiguing anxious trek through mountains, climbing up them, and then descending into deep stony gullies, which the poor oxen had to struggle out of as they could. Just as the sun was setting we came out on a rich grassy plain, with fine cattle grazing peacefully about, and a great many nice-looking kraals. It was a calm lovely evening, quite a Saturday, telling of the morrow. The moon was soon shining. Some of the people went to the largest kraal and told of our arrival : it was a festival with them, and an ox had been slain for the feast : Daniel begged for some beef, but could not get any. Afterwards, Umfundisi went to visit them, and it was such a lovely evening that I wrote my journal, with the wagon-box for my table, the lamp not being disturbed by a breath of air.

"*Sunday, Feb. 9.* A dull morning, but the people came in numbers early to our wagon. Whilst I was dressing, Dick (a good Amatonga man) arrived with letters. All well at home. Thank God for this blessing to-day. 5th Sunday after Epiphany. Psalm xlv. 3, 4. A nice assembly. All seemed to come, babies and aged women too, Our two wagons side by side, a few yards apart, and shut in by the tent-cloth at the back, formed an enclosure which helped to enable us to have things done in order. We arranged the children and young girls on one side, the women with their babies on the other, and the men at the tussel boom end. I was pleased to hear Undabezimbi direct a little boy who was passing with his flock of goats, to drive the

goats near, and come into the service: they were very attentive and quiet, and often seemed really interested in what was said, and I think it has done good. Afterwards, Undabezimbi sent me a present of a large piece of beef, which they had refused to give or sell the evening before. He paid us a visit in the course of the day, and we were quite friends; when I thanked him for his present, he said it was to give me strength; that they were all our people, and we must often come and see them.

"*Monday, Feb. 10.* We did not start this morning until 10.30 a.m. One or two of the elder men very kindly accompanied us as guides over one or two rather stiff hills, and stony places: (these stones which we dread so much, are some feet in size, and in descending a hill rapidly, the wagon jumps from one to another in great jeopardy of upsetting:) and then we came out on another beautiful grassy plain, good gardens, and many kraals. We treked on, and outspanned on another most lovely undulating plain.

"The people soon flocked round the wagon, some bringing very small baskets of mouldy amabele to sell, others amasi, others a few goats.

"When a great many were assembled, Umfundisi addressed them concerning his office, telling them that although he was very glad to buy food, that was not his work—that he was *sent*, and from Whom he was sent, to tell them those things that would make them good and happy here, if they would listen, and very happy when they died: they were most attentive; the old lady had a truly benevolent intelligent expression, her face was pale with feeling. When he asked them 'Where were their dead?' she made exclamations of thankfulness for much that was said, her eyes fixed inquiringly upon him. A young man too asked questions, with an expression of varied feeling, anxiety, and intelligence, and many interrupted him with remarks and inquiries, quite different from the usual assent of a heathen congregation. He said one or two prayers very slowly that they might understand and follow him, and then they gradually dispersed more subdued and quiet than I have usually seen them.

"*Tuesday, Feb. 11.* The day was breathlessly oppressive, but we treked to Umfundisi's chosen spot, which was indeed most exquisite. The mountain itself, as we went slowly along its side, reminded us of some lofty old cathedral walls of sandstone, stained by time and worn by the atmosphere into various forms and fantastic shapes: all the ledges of the rock were richly wooded, hanging creepers were trailing in rich luxuriance, whilst quiet birds were flitting about: you could even picture

bases and capitals, old fountains and monuments, and fantastic water-spouts. The whole scene took us quite *home*, and all was so vast, and grand, and solemn. Soon we outspanned opposite a waterfall, which came tumbling down from the very top of the mountain which is somewhat lower here.

"Many natives had been following us with their hearty friendly greetings, and now others joined them: all had heard of us from different neighbours, and thought we were then come to build there. They were overjoyed; the welcome which a missionary receives in this country seems universal. If some at home could but know how they would be welcomed, how they might live here as devoted earnest loving friends to their fellow-creatures—their brethren for whom Christ died—their *natural* advantages being so far above those of these long-neglected ones, that their mere coming is welcomed because of their wisdom and mercy;—surely they would come, and would not shrink from the hardness they must endure in many outward things. I think it must be the experience of every missionary that he gains in his inward being far more than he gives up.

"Christina decided that she must take advantage of the clear stream running from the mountain to have a washing-day, and Alice must go too to take care of little David, who was tired with the heat and fractious: and then there was bread to make. William Adams and Longcast were to superintend the baking, and as I was still considered the invalid, and was exhausted with the heat, Umfundisi said he should make the loaf: just as the fire was good, and he had flour, sour milk and soda in the basin ready to make it, a most sudden and terrific thunder-storm arose; wind, rain, and hail drove into the wagon, put out the fire, and stopped all operations. In such a spot the thunder was of course fearfully grand; but my time was so taken up in trying to protect things from the heavy rain which was driven halfway through the wagon, that it all seemed very cheerless. The people crowded under the wagon for shelter, and when—I should think in about half an hour—the storm as suddenly ceased, and the sun again shone out, it was most amusing to see them jumping, laughing, and shaking themselves dry. Now the fire must be relighted, the unfortunate bread kneaded and baked; it *would* be a first-rate loaf in spite of all disadvantages, not one of the least of which was, that there was no proper baking-pot; and I amused myself by watching Umfundisi teaching the boys when the sides needed baking to turn it round and round until the whole was pronounced done. As we are all rivals in the art of breadmaking, having often to make it under

difficulties, and frequently without any flour at all, each of us is rather vain about it; so that I quite meant to find this loaf a failure, but it was perfect, and Umfundisi reserved it as a future triumph over Fanny and me. But all the contretemps of the day had quite upset his plan for the mountain, and not the least of these was the intense heat, which, not even the storm had cooled.

"And now came the anxious news that poor Kopman, a fine young ox, which had been bought when we were leaving the Umlazi for Zululand, and was therefore an old friend, seemed ill; it was hoped at first that it was oppressed only with the heat; but towards evening it became much worse. Umfundisi went out many times to watch it, and the poor beast was in increasing pain, moaning pitifully when he last saw it alive, and seeming to know how he cared for it. We were very sad. In the morning it was dead, and another of the same span, Royland, was ill. It sickened so rapidly, that when we wished to inspan it was dying. William was so grieved, grieved for his oxen, and for his Umfundisi, to whom he is the most devoted little fellow; he was anxious about two of the other oxen, and we began to be anxious about getting the two wagons home. The road was very bad in front, and Umfundisi having ascertained all he wished about the forest determined to return homewards. Being so near to Amapiseni, he thought it might even be best to build in the immediate neighbourhood of this mountain, so he decided to go straight to Kwamagwasa, and then ride over to the King about it.

"*Thursday, 13th Feb.* There is something most elevating and strengthening in this fine mountain scenery. It is so refreshing,—wide plains of rich grass for our oxen, numerous kraals, and the constantly varying outline of the mountains. It involves *very* bad roads, but there is something very exhilarating in it all—such sidling round precipices, then rattling down amongst huge boulders of stone, you don't know how you have come, you are so anxious to hold tight that you may not be tossed out. Alice and Christina walk half the day, and I often wish for strength to trudge on with them; but I can scarcely put my head out in the burning sun. I am almost ashamed of being made stronger by it all, yet in spite of many difficulties and fatigues, tremendous shaking all day, and sleepless feverish nights in the wagon, I *am* getting stronger, and am enjoying it very much. We have made friends with an intelligent young man, Umasiwana; he seems to be much looked up to by his own people; he walked beside our wagon some way this morning. We outspanned at noon at Undabezimbi's kraal; here we

received a most joyous greeting. We had a narrow escape of a most terrible upset of our best wagon, and Umfundisi, in his anxiety to get it out of the stones in which it was locked, turned the wheel round on its axis by his own strength; they were trying to back the wagon on the edge of a precipice. I don't know how it was saved: it looked so terrible that I turned my head and shut my eyes, not to see it, as I thought, go rolling over the edge. It was very hot, and Umfundisi has over-exerted himself.

"We were anxious to push on, two more oxen were sickening, and two most important ones, one of which was Tyamlute, our right wheeler, and a dear old friend, one of our Umlazi leaders. It was almost impossible to keep the wagon right in difficult places, from Tyamlute not drawing with full strength, Roman, the left wheeler, pulling it to his side. In the course of the afternoon we came to a deep gully full of huge boulders of stone; old Roman pulled the wagon all but against one; Umfundisi saw the danger, and tried to push him off; he was carried off his feet, and twisted round and round by the side of the ox against the stone, and just as it seemed inevitable that he must be crushed by the wheel, he managed to jump into a deep pool of water, and as the difficulties were very great, he went on in his wet clothes, with the heat dreadfully oppressive. We outspanned as soon as we came to a good place for the oxen.

"*Friday, 14th Feb.* All astir early. We hope the oxen are better. Harteman, the good leader, makes us anxious. We are outspanned at 1 p.m. near the White Umfolosi, much higher up than we crossed it before; it is very pretty here; we are quite near the river, the sheep and goats resting, the oxen feeding, the people cooking at the fire. Umfundisi is very poorly; although it is so hot he is glad to wrap up in his plaid, and try to sleep, being quite unable to take any food.

"*Saturday, Feb. 15th.* Detained. Harteman dying: Umfundisi almost too ill to proceed; fever and giddiness increasing. We could not travel far now, fearfully anxious as we were to get home; outspanned at sunset. Umfundisi alarmingly ill; violent shivering fits came on, though we wrapped all the plaids and rugs about him; his teeth chattered, it was more like ague. It was raining too, and the fire would not boil the kettle for some cogee, although Christina and William helped me to the utmost—the time seemed so long. Of course burning fever followed; and though we had proper medicines the shoulder continued in such suffering that nothing seemed to give relief:

he would beg me to read to him, and sometimes this soothed him to sleep, but the pain soon woke him.

"*Sunday, Feb. 16th.* Umfundisi very ill, scarcely noticing anything all day. Several people came with milk and amasi. I told them we did not buy or do any work on this day, and I tried to make them understand it was the day on which we remembered Him who made us and gives us all things, and that if Umfundisi had not been so ill, he would have told them some good 'indabas' (news) about it.

"*Monday, Feb. 17th.* A better night, and I think less fever. If we could but rest the shoulder. It has been a most wild, broken and picturesque country; but it is so sad; we are travelling so slowly. Tyamlute is useless, and comes slowly after us with the goats. Umfundisi suffers greatly from the motion of the wagon, in spite of all Alice's and my attempts to make an easy couch for him. They are all so thoughtful and attentive. He is feverishly restless to get on. Poor William looks round so sorrowfully when he comes to bad places, and sometimes stops the wagon, and looks as if he would throw down the whip and do nothing. Umfundisi begs him to go on, and then groans with the pain, and he is too ill to walk.

"*Feb. 20th.* Just as the sun was rising Mr. Jones and John Adams appeared on horses. We soon caught sight of our well-known trees, and as we came in sight of the huts there were our dear ones all rushing to meet us, following Fanny quite into the wagon, Hali, Billy, Johnnie, Frances, old Mam (who has never before been so long parted from Alice): the little kids were in danger of destruction.

"A fortnight's home care and nursing saw our dear Umfundisi nearly well again."

THE WHOLESOME DISCIPLINE OF TRIALS.

(*Sermon by the REV. C. A. HEURTLEY, D.D., Margaret Professor of Divinity, Oxford, and Rector of Fenny Compton, Warwickshire.)

St. JAMES I, 2, 3, 4.

"My brethren, count it all joy when ye fall into divers temptations; knowing this, that the trying of your faith worketh patience. But let patience have her perfect work, that ye may be perfect and entire, wanting nothing."

EVERY one would wish, naturally, to live without trials, or,

* This sermon was preached at a special Service at Guilsborough,

if that may not be, without *severe* trials. But God gives no sanction to such a wish. On the contrary, He warns us, in the plainest terms, that trials are our portion; that we must make our account for them; that we must not hope to reach heaven, or to glorify God, or do good service to our fellow-men without them. And it is of great consequence that we should steadfastly look this truth in the face; that we should reckon upon trials, and expect them. By so doing, we shall the better prepare ourselves to meet them, when they come. And though the prospect may at first sight seem dark and dreary, yet in truth, it has its lights as well as its shadows, its encouragements as well as its discouragements. The very trials which we have to encounter, if met as God would have us meet them, are means in God's hands of advancing us to a higher stage of Christian progress than we could have reached without them, and so of fitting us, as we could not otherwise have been fitted, for the enjoyment of that rest which remaineth for the people of God, where trials and conflicts are at an end for ever.

It is to this bright and cheering part of the prospect that St. James directs our attention, when he bids us "count it all joy when we fall into divers temptations." It is likely indeed, that the "temptations," which he had more especially in view, were the afflictions to which the early Christians were exposed from persecution. But the word which he uses applies to trials of every description, and there is nothing in the exhortation which he couples with it, to restrict it to that one kind to the exclusion of others. There are no trials in which the Christian may not, and ought not to rejoice, inasmuch as there are no trials which, rightly met, may not contribute, by exercising and increasing his patience, to his eventual success in the great work, or in any particular department of the great work, in which he is engaged.

Even in things pertaining to the present life, it is an established law that trials rightly met, so far from being hindrances, are helps to those who are exercised by them. They make proof of the material, so to speak, of which a man is composed.

Northamptonshire, on the 1st Oct. 1862, being the second Anniversary of the Farewell Service at Canterbury.

If, indeed, he is indolent, wavering, irresolute, wanting in courage and perseverance, they crush and overwhelm him. If he is of an opposite character, like a keen atmosphere (which, while it kills the weakly, invigorates the strong), they brace and strengthen him, and draw forth a fund of latent energy, which, but for them, would probably never have been brought to light. Many of those who have risen to eminence, in spite (as we are used to say) of early difficulties and disadvantages, have owed their eminence in reality to those very difficulties and disadvantages. Had their course been smoother at the outset, the world possibly would never have heard of them or of their achievements.

And the same law holds in spiritual matters. Whatever advantages arise to us from trials in the things of this life, the same, and on the same principle, arise to us in the things of the next. All the eminent Saints of Scripture had great and severe trials to encounter, and doubtless, even in the way of natural cause and effect, these trials contributed exceedingly to their eminence. Only we must remember that the Christian character is somewhat more than the effect produced by natural causes working out natural effects in matters spiritual. The servant of God has all the advantages in trials which the man of the world has; but he has others over and above, and is these no stranger intermeddler with his joy.

Trials first make him sensible of his weakness, and then turn his weakness into strength by sending him to the Source of all strength. They promote his communion with God, assure him of God's love, and draw forth his own affections towards God in return. They endear to him the thought of that adorable Saviour, through Whom he has deliverance from all the trials to which his earthly state is subject. They endear to him the anticipation of that blessed land where trials are unknown; and in so doing, make his desire for it more fervent, and his efforts to attain it more earnest and more persevering. Thus they call forth energies which otherwise would have lain dormant, they brace and strengthen him with a wholesome discipline, and they advance him to a higher pitch, both of holiness and usefulness here, and of happiness hereafter, than he could have reached without them.

Surely there is reason enough why, in the midst of the pain and sorrow which trials may cause, we should still count it all joy when we fall into them.

Let this suffice for the general application of St. James's words. I will not longer detain your thoughts from their application to those particular trials and those particular consolations which claim our attention to-day. Let us view the subject, then, as it bears upon the present circumstances of the Central African Mission, our common interest in which has brought us together in this House of Prayer.

That Mission, as we all know, is at this moment passing through troubled waters. The goodly vessel which but two short years since left our shores, amid prayers and aspirations and fond hopes, is now tossed with tempest, its pilot swept overboard, its mariners astonished, and only not despairing, because their faith describes One in the midst of them, Whose word can hush the storm to silence and bid the wild waves be still.

And truly, though we could hardly have foreseen the precise kind of trials which have come upon the Mission, or, if we could, were perhaps too sanguine to anticipate them, yet that trials of some kind were in store for it we might have been certain from the first; and we were unwise if we did not make our account for them. And it is not difficult to see how, in various ways, the trials in question may, with God's blessing, contribute to advance the work which, at first sight, they threatened to obstruct, and so doing may be a just occasion of rejoicing.

1. First, they have awakened the sympathy of Churchmen in the Mission, to an extent to which otherwise perhaps it would hardly have been aroused. It is true that when the undertaking was first projected, it was cordially and extensively taken up. Dr. Livingstone's stirring appeal to the Universities, the response of the Universities to that appeal, the co-operation of those great bodies in the work, the idea of a Mission to be carried out on a plan more strictly in accordance with ecclesiastical order than we had been accustomed to, with a Bishop at its head, and a staff of clergy subordinate to him from the first,—these circumstances had all contributed to create a lively and extensive interest in the work. But that

interest, if I mistake not, had latterly begun to flag. Perhaps it was scarcely to have been expected, considering what human nature is, that it would be fully sustained. Indeed, the anticipation of such a result led some of the earliest supporters of the Mission to desire that provision should, if possible, be made for its being placed eventually in connection with one of our great societies, such as the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts, whose stability and persistence could be more certainly relied upon.

For the present, however, the severe trial which has befallen the mission in the tragical deaths of Bishop Mackenzie and his companion has resuscitated, and more than resuscitated, the interest which was originally felt; and if the good Bishop could speak to us from his grave by the African river's side, we may well imagine him adopting St. Paul's words,—“I would ye should understand, brethren, that the things which have happened unto me have fallen out rather unto the furtherance of the Gospel.” God's servants have not laboured in vain, nor spent their strength for nought, even though their plans have been frustrated, or though they have been removed from their work, before the seed which they have sown has sprung up.

2. Another benefit resulting from the trials which have befallen the Mission in this early stage of its progress, is that they have given occasion for a more careful consideration of the course which has been pursued hitherto in carrying it out, than possibly might have been accorded to it otherwise; and though it is not to be supposed that, in our most imperfect acquaintance with a country and a people so diverse from anything that we have had experience of, we, here in England, are competent judges, yet it is something, that those, who go forth to join the Mission in future should be already familiar with the conclusions which thoughtful and pious men have come to on important points of conduct. One of these, the question how far circumstances may justify the missionaries in any case in taking part in the wars of the native tribes, has been much discussed, and there has been a general agreement on the subject, though perhaps with scarcely a sufficient appreciation in some instances of the difficulties of the position in which the missionaries have been placed. If the trials to which the

Mission has been subjected, have drawn attention to this and perhaps some other points which they would scarcely have received otherwise even in this respect they will not have been in vain.

3. One other benefit resulting from the trials through which the Mission has had to pass, is that they have served, it is to be hoped, as a wholesome discipline to those connected with the undertaking, teaching them to look for support to the true Source of strength, and exercising those graces of trust in God's Fatherly Love, and devotedness to His service, constancy, patience, and perseverance, which are essential to success. That they had wrought such effects in the missionaries themselves, even before the late severest and most stunning trial fell upon them, their letters and journals testify. "One can almost see the growth of spirituality in his mind," the Bishop of Capetown remarked, of the impression produced upon himself by reading those of the late Bishop, especially his private letters to his own family. "Nothing," he added, "has touched me more in many of his expressions, just as death was approaching (without his being conscious that he was on the eve of death) than the apparent growth of spirituality of mind. 'The very last account of him, the very last entry in his journal, the passage, 'I am persuaded that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from the love of God which is in Christ Jesus our Lord,' will come home to every Christian mind.'"

Such was the effect of that wholesome discipline of trial upon the head of the Mission, and there is good reason to believe that a like benefit has been produced upon those who were associated with him. I could read from a letter of one of the party, whose name many of you doubtless remember, a very touching testimony to the grace bestowed upon some of the members of that little band, if time allowed.*

* "To speak sufficiently of Dickinson is beyond my power. He is beloved by all, and his angelic spirit of love for the poorest object of humanity (we have them with us!) is as valuable to God's cause, as it is personally to ourselves to emulate and to copy. Clark is an

Suffice it to say, that having no human arm on which to lean, they seem, one and all, to have leaned with a more simple child-like trust on God. And the result has been a more instinctive recourse to God in prayer, increased love to Christ, more entire devotedness to his service, together with more abundant love towards one another, which has drawn out their affections towards one another in a way, in which nothing can so effectually do as community in suffering. If these, then, and such as these, have been the effects produced by the trials through which the Mission has had to pass, most truly are those trials occasions of rejoicing, however, for a season, those who are called to pass through them may be in heaviness; and we may well acknowledge the applicability of the Apostle's exhortation to this particular case, when he bids us "count it all joy when we fall into divers temptations.

There are two cautions, however, to be borne in mind, if we would fully enter into that exhortation; and these, as they apply to temptations or trials in general, so do they to those connected with our present circumstances in particular. First, the trials must not be of our own seeking. Secondly, they must be encountered rightly. He who strives in this contest is not crowned except he strive lawfully.

1. As to the former, if men thrust themselves of their own accord upon trials,—if, for example, they place themselves in the way of temptation, or if they rush into situations to which God in his providence has not called them, they will have little reason to rejoice in the troubles which they bring upon themselves. God may indeed of his mercy make a way for them to

admirable fellow: he gives such a healthy, cheerful, and religious tone to those he works with, we cannot be sufficiently thankful for his coming out. The older stagers are still the good fellows we found them at first." (Mr. Waller's letter of March 25th, 1862). See also the account of the escape of Proctor and Scudamore; and note especially their instinctive recourse to prayer in the moment of their extreme danger,—“In a minute or two they stopped, deliberated, and prayed for guidance, and then set off homewards,”—and connected with this, the brethren, ignorant of their fate, “joining together in their temporary church in prayer for them” (‘Occasional Paper,’ pp. 23, 22). One is reminded of St. Peter's History, Acts xii, 5, &c.

escape, but this is more than they have a right to look for, and if he does, it will in all probability be a way of stern discipline and heavy sorrow.

But it is another matter, where the trials which we have to encounter come upon us in the way of duty, or in the ordinary course of God's providence. In such a case, whatever be the nature of them, we may well enter upon them without anxiety or alarm. God, who has suffered them to come upon us, will without doubt make a way for us to escape, if only we will avail ourselves of that way. Those cheering words, which he spoke to his people of old, are left on record for the consolation and encouragement of his people in every age, "When thou passest through the waters I will be with thee, and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee: when thou walkest through the fire thou shalt not be burned, neither shall the flame kindle upon thee."

And surely we may take to ourselves the full comfort of these words, as regards the work in which we are interested. That work was not work to which we were not called. Our Lord's command to his Apostles has descended from them to his Church at this day—"Go ye into all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature;" and it is plainly the Church's duty to enter in, wherever a door is opened to her. And a door had been opened to her in this instance, through the discoveries of Dr. Livingstone, though some may have thought it scarcely prudent to venture through that door into a country so far removed from the prestige and protection of British or other European influence. But it is to be considered that what was done in this respect was done advisedly, with the express approval of the persons of all others best acquainted with the country and best capable of forming an opinion,—Dr. Livingstone, the Bishop of Capetown, and Sir George Grey. The judgment of such persons at least exempts the Society from the charge of rashness and inconsiderateness in the choice of its field of labour. And certainly the country itself, in the abject misery into which the trade in slaves has plunged it, over and beyond the ordinary evils of heathenism, calls loudly to Christians for help; indeed the more so, because Christian traders (sad that the name of Christian should

be so profaned), [are the instigators of these devilish atrocities.

So much for the description of trials to which the Apostle's exhortation and encouragement apply. Then as to the way in which they are to be met:—

1. There must be an absence of a presumptuous spirit. There must be a humble consciousness of our own weakness and insufficiency, and yet, combined with this, an assured trust in the strength and sufficiency of that God whose work we have in hand. We cannot, indeed, enter into the trials which we may be called to encounter, whether in this or in any other matter, too hopefully, too cheerfully, too confidently, provided only that our hope, and cheerfulness, and confidence, spring from the right Source. We *are* strong, and we ought to know and feel that we are, when we are “strong in the Lord and in the power of His might.”

2. In saying this, I am anticipating a second point to be borne in mind. If we are to avoid a presumptuous spirit on the one hand, we are to avoid a desponding spirit on the other. We owe it to the Mission *not to despair* of it.

And it is encouraging to know that the missionaries themselves, in the midst of their deep distress, as well as others, who, from their personal knowledge of their circumstances and of the country, are most competent to form a judgment (Dr. Livingstone among them), do not despair of it. There is reason enough indeed *apparent*, why, so far from being cast down by the trials which have befallen the Mission, we should *rejoice* in them; and even if there were none *apparent*, we ought still to believe that there is reason, on the authority of the Apostle in the text; those trials having come upon it when it was in the way of duty, and being encountered in a right spirit. One way or other, we may be sure good will come out of the evil. It may not be in the way that we reckon upon, or at the season that we reckon upon, but it *will* come. Ours is the sowing time,—a sowing time of tears. It may be, we may not live to reap what we have sown. Others, possibly a generation yet unborn, may enter in and reap; yet even we, ourselves, shall reap in one sense, and reap in joy. Christ will own and accept our work, if only it has been wrought

with a single eye to His glory, if we have had an unfeigned zeal for His cause, a sincere desire for the salvation of those souls whom He bought with His blood.

3. One other point to be borne in mind, if we would meet the trials which have come upon us in a right spirit, is, we must confront them manfully. There will be small joy to us if we turn back the moment we find ourselves in difficulties. This is not the way that great deeds have been wrought, or great characters formed. In the Christian warfare generally, the crown of life which is held out before us as our reward, is promised to those only who "*endure temptation*,"—endure to the end, or, as we have the same promise expressed elsewhere, are "*faithful unto death*." And here truly lies the great difficulty of the work. It is easy comparatively to wind up ourselves for a single effort, but it is another thing to pursue the same unswerving course day after day, in little matters as well as in great, in cases where no eye but God's is witness to our exertions, as well as in others where we are conscious that men are looking on with interest to observe how we acquit ourselves. And if this holds of the Christian life generally, it holds equally of its several departments. It is not enough to have taken in hand this or any other work which has for its object the glory of God and the welfare of our fellow-men. We must persevere in our exertions, and if trials come, and things do not turn out as we had wished and hoped, we must understand that our constancy and steadfastness are being put to the proof. God and men also are taking account of what stuff we are made. If we abandon our design, it is plain that we were not the men for the work. We began, but we were not able to finish. If we hold on, if difficulties and disappointments only call forth fresh energy, and quicken our determination to proceed, we may rest assured that we have in us the elements of success, a success which, in a fitting cause, will crown us with lasting honour.

And what cause can be more worthy of our sustained interest and persevering exertions than one which has for its object the diffusion of Christianity, with its humanizing influence, over the dark places and cruel habitations of a land, which would seem to exceed all others in darkness and cruelty?

To adopt Dr. Livingstone's appeal, written from the country in which the Mission is labouring, and with the trials and sorrows of our bereaved brethren fresh in his mind, "Is it not as inspiriting to be at the beginning of things, as to be related to a splendid past; to sow that others may reap, as to enter into the labours of those who have sown? Is it not a noble object to endeavour to mould a nation to our religious faith, and plant a power which may influence an important progeny continuously till our Saviour comes again?" (Letter to the Hon. Sec., March 25, 1862.)

One word in conclusion. It is a reflection which must occur to every one, that the little band, of which the Mission consists, has a claim to our liveliest sympathy. Let us not forget them amid the comforts of those English homes, which they have left for Christ and the love of souls, and which to them, doubtless, are now ten times dearer than ever they were, when they possessed them. They too, we may be sure, have met this morning, as we are meeting now, to commemorate their departure from England. Sadly must they have glanced back to their meeting on this day last year, when, with their Bishop at their head, they held their Services, and then proceeded to fix the first post of the chancel of a Church which they hoped to build, but which they have since been obliged to abandon. And how different their circumstances from ours! We journeying to this House of Prayer, through a district where every sight and sound bespeak security and peace; they assembled within view of villages blackened with fire, and fields laid waste, and saturated with the blood of those who tilled them, and within hearing, possibly, of the defiant yells of savage men who are carrying the women and children whom they have spared into the captivity, to procure victims for which they have wrought these horrors. Add to this, their lonely and isolated condition, cut off from all personal intercourse with Christian men, their opportunities of communication, even by letter, with the friends whom they have left, rare and uncertain. Surely never was there a stronger claim upon our sympathy and our prayers. Let us not withhold from them the boon which they so greatly need. Let us remember them now, when we kneel before God at His table.

Let us remember them in our prayers in private, beseeching God to sustain and strengthen them in their hours of loneliness and weariness, and to cheer them with the abundant consolations of His Spirit, and to increase their faith exceedingly, so that patience may in them have her perfect work, that they may be perfect and entire, wanting nothing, and that having endured temptation, and endured to the end, they may eventually receive the Crown of Life, which the Lord hath promised to them that love Him.

The use of the following Prayer has been sanctioned by the Lord Bishop of OXFORD, the Chairman of the General Committee.

“Oh, Thou Great Lord of the Harvest, we pray to Thee for Thy servants whom Thy voice hath called and sent forth to gather in the harvest of dark and distant Africa, especially for ——. Be Thou, O Lord, ever with them; guard them from the arrow that flieth by day, and the pestilence which walketh at the midnight. Give them peace and sure confidence in Thee. Pour out upon them abundantly Thy Holy Spirit, and prosper mightily the work of their hands: send unto them, according to their need, faithful and true fellow-labourers, and give them a rich increase here, and a blessed reward hereafter, for the sake of JESUS CHRIST our Lord and Saviour. *Amen.*”

MISSION LIFE.

CENTRAL AFRICAN MISSION.

GOOD accounts continue to be received from Bishop Tozer. He writes again, urging strongly that steps should be taken to secure the assistance of more clergy. Mr Drayton, formerly a student of St Augustine's, who was with the Bishop on the Zambesi, was ordained on Trinity Sunday by the Bishop of Oxford, and will have sailed for Zanzibar before these pages can be printed. The circumstances which for the present, at any rate, have prevented another clergyman who proposed to go out from doing so, are explained in a letter in another part of the Magazine.

It is only natural that many persons should be disappointed, if not discouraged, at the difficulty of finding clergymen to go out and undertake the important work of forming a station on the mainland, but the time of waiting, we must remember, is not being wasted, the two great preparatory branches of Mission work, the mastering of languages and the education of children, is being actively carried on, whilst in England numerous arrangements are now being made for an increased number of students being maintained at St Augustine's, with the view of their eventually joining Bishop Tozer.

At a meeting recently held at Lincoln, Colonel Playfair mentioned some important facts in connexion with the slave trade, showing that if it is to be put down at all it must be by introduc-

ing Christianity and civilisation on the plan contemplated by the Mission. On the west coast the trade is carried on in large vessels, which can seldom escape the British squadron. But on the east coast innumerable small craft or dhows are used, which readily elude the utmost vigilance of our cruisers. Another circumstance shows that the evil must be met in the interior rather than on the coast. There are no beasts of burden in the country, so that when the Arab traders have bought their ivory, they have to buy slaves to carry it to the coast, and then, as it is not worth their while to send them back, they sell them for anything they will fetch, generally about £2 or £3 a-piece. The conclusion of Colonel Playfair's speech we give in his own words, as reported in the "Lincolnshire Chronicle" (June 8th):—

"Bishop Tozer's mission has now been at Zanzibar about two years, and during that time I have been in daily intercourse with him, and I must say that those two years have been the happiest period of my life. There is a large school in which twenty-five or twenty-six boys and girls are being educated. Some of them were presented by the Sultan—an act of liberality on the part of a Mohammedan which was almost unprecedented. I do not think there is any spot on the coast which possesses such advantages for a mission station as Zanzibar. It is the great centre of trade, and trade is one of our best missionaries. From it streams of caravans go into Central Africa, thus affording an easy and the only practicable route into the interior. There the missionaries will become acclimatised and learn the language, without which any efforts must be useless, and educate native youths to prosecute the work. There can be no doubt that the evangelisation of Africa must, to a great extent, be accomplished by Africans, and I am satisfied from what I have seen, that they are capable of being fitted for the work by education."

HOME WORK.

We have alluded in both the former numbers of this Magazine to the financial position of the Mission. We are obliged to do so again. The income of the Mission is chiefly derived from the Universities, and the interest on a small capital. The subscriptions for last year from the Universities did not amount altogether to £200. It is clear, therefore, that greatly increased

efforts must be made, both at the Universities and elsewhere, or the already insufficient capital must be quickly reduced.

One thousand pounds have been sold out within the last few weeks, reducing the only reliable permanent income of the Society from £640 to £600. No prudent person with the interest of the Mission at heart, and knowing the extent of the work which lies before it, and what a long period of waiting and consequent discouragement it may even yet have to tide over before its labours are blessed with success, will be satisfied with this state of things.

A few of the most tried friends of the work have most kindly undertaken to do their best to awaken fresh interest in it in different parts of the country. The Bishop of Lincoln, besides presiding at a meeting held at Lincoln, has arranged to preach in two different places later in the year. The Archbishop of Dublin has preached at a special service at Winchester, and Archdeacon Denison at Peterborough; and the Bishop of Oxford promises, if the necessary arrangements should be made, to visit Dublin in the autumn. It is no small cause for thankfulness that such men are willing to give up, even at great personal inconvenience, their time and energies to forward the Mission; we cannot doubt that they will, by their example, stir up others to show the same practical interest in it.

The accompanying list will show that renewed interest is already beginning to be excited, and that there are not wanting those who are ready to set a good example if others will but follow it:—

List of Contributions received between April 23d and June 15th 1866.

New Contributions are marked thus *

OXFORD LIST.

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Brancker, Rev. T.....	1	0	0	Lady at Yarmouth	10	18	0
Burrows, Professor	5	0	0	Leighton, Rev. Dr.	5	0	0
Do for 1865	5	0	0	Macfarlane, Rev. W. C. ...	2	2	0
Clerke, Ven. Arch.	5	0	0	Morrell, Rev. G. K., D.C.L.	2	2	0
Codrington, Rev. R. H. ...	1	0	0	Oriel Coll., Provost of.....	10	0	0
Cooke, Rev. G. T.	1	1	0	Palmer, Rev. E.	5	0	0
Cure, Rev. E. C.	1	0	0	Risley, Rev. H. C.	1	0	0
Dimock, Rev. N.	2	2	0	Rigaud, Colonel	1	0	0
Egerton, Rev. P. R.	1	1	0	Rigaud, Rev. J.	1	1	0
Horne, Rev. J.	0	10	0	Rivington, Rev. L.	1	1	0
Hussey, Rev. A. L.	1	0	0	Robinson, Rev. F.	1	1	0
				Smith, Rev. Prof. Payne...	1	1	0

	£	s.	d.
Turner, Rev. E. T.	1	1	0
Undergraduates' Committee, Magdalen Hall	1	10	6
Merton College.....	0	10	0
Wigan, Miss	0	10	0
Wigan, Miss A.	0	10	0
Wingfield, Rev. C. L.	1	1	0
Woodhouse, Rev. P. C. ...	1	1	0
Christ Church, Alms at Offertery	3	19	6

CAMBRIDGE LIST.

Bonney, Rev. T. G.....	1	1	0
Boutflower, Rev. D. J.....	1	1	0
Chapman, Rev. John	1	1	0
Du Port, Rev. J. M.	2	2	0
Gilbert, Rev. T. M. ... Don.	5	0	0
Hodgson, Rev. W. C., Don.	0	10	6
Kerrich, Rev. R. E.....	2	2	0
Lofty, Rev. F. F.....	1	1	0
Powell, Rev. E. A.	3	0	0
Raikes, Rev. F. Don.	1	1	0
Thrupp, Rev. J. F.... Don.	5	0	0
Wood, Rev. J. S.	1	1	0

DUBLIN LIST.

Brougham, Rev. J. R.....	0	5	0
* Brougham, Miss	0	5	0
* Brougham, Mrs. H.....	0	5	0
Burkitt, Rev. R.	0	5	0
Butcher, Rev. Dr.	1	0	0
Churchill, F. Esq., M.D....	2	0	0
Crocker, C. P., Esq., M.D..	1	0	0
* Dawson, Rev. A., for 5 years	2	0	0
Derry Chapel of Ease Anon. Don.	0	5	0
Dobbs, C. E., Esq., for 1865	1	0	0
Gwynn, Rev. John	3	0	0
Harvey, Professor, M.D....	1	0	0
Do. 1865	1	0	0
Lloyd, Rev. Dr.	2	0	0
Do. 1865	2	0	0
Moore, Very Rev. Dean ...	1	0	0
Ringwood, Rev. F. H.....	1	1	0
Salmon, Rev. Dr.....	2	0	0
Smith, Rev. R. T.	1	1	0
Williamson, B., Esq., by Rev. F. Fitzgerald	1	0	0

BATH LIST, per Rev. E. SMITH,
Hon. Sec.

Kennedy, Miss	0	5	0
Meade, Rev. De Courcy ...	1	0	0
Minnet, Miss.....	0	4	6
Tudor, Mrs	1	0	0

CHICHESTER DIOCESE, per Rev.

R. R. KIRBY, Hon. Dioc. Sec.

Barchard, F., Esq.	5	0	0
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Corbett, Miss	1865	2	2	0
Cowley, Mr	Don.	0	4	0
Cutler, Mrs	Don.	0	5	0
Freeman, Miss		0	10	0
Goodall, Miss	Don.	0	4	0
Haviland, Rev. G.....		1	1	0
Kirby, Rev. R. R.....		0	5	0
Ley, Rev. J.		1	1	0
Moorsom, Colonel		1	0	0
Do. 1865		1	0	0
Nepean, Miss	Don.	0	2	6
Rickards, Miss		0	10	0
S., Miss	Don.	0	10	0
Smedley, Miss A. M., Don.		0	10	0
Stacey, Miss		0	5	0
Stacey, Miss Mary		0	5	0
Staunton, Miss, Sale of Work.....		0	3	0
Thompson, Rev. Sir H. ...		1	0	0
Toynbee, Mrs		1	1	0
Do., Collecting Box...		1	4	0
Treherne, Miss.....	Don.	0	5	0
Tuffnell, Miss	Don.	1	1	0
Windle, Miss	Don.	1	1	0
Hadlow Down, collected for the maintenance of a native boy, to be chosen by Bishop Tozer		2	0	0
Hayward's Heath, collec- tion		2	10	0

EDINBURGH.

Forbes, Miss, (final).....	2	2	0
Lindsay, Donald, Esq., 1864	2	2	0
Do.1865	2	2	0
Do.1866	2	2	0
Montgomery, Rev. J. F. 1864	0	10	0
Do.1865	0	10	0
Do.1866	0	10	0
Stewart, Mrs.....1863	0	10	0
Do.1864	0	10	0
Do.1865	0	10	0
Do.Don.	0	10	0

HALIFAX, per Rev. J. HOPE,
Hon. Sec.

Dennison, Mrs	0	5	0
Ingham, Miss	0	5	0

TRENTHAM, per Rev. E. J.
EDWARDS, Hon. Sec.

Edwards, Rev. E. J....1864	1	1	0
Fenton, Mr	„	0	5 0
Fleming, Mrs	„	0	10 0
Fleming, Miss	„	0	2 6
Hollins, M. D., Esq. ..	„	1	0 0
Hutchinson, Rev. W. ..	„	0	10 0
Llewellyn, T., Esq.	„	0	10 0
Stephens, Mrs	„	0	10 0

LINCOLN DIOCESAN ASSOCIA-

TION, per Rev. ALBERT S. WILDE,			
Hon. Dioc. Secretary.			
Lincoln, S. Peter's at Arches,	£	s.	d.
Sermon	9	11	3
Do., Meeting.....	19	12	8

GENERAL LIST.

* Agatha and Little Alice, for Children at Zanzibar.....	0	1	0
Alington, Miss, Collecting Box	0	9	8
* Anon., by Rev. J. P. Gell, Don.	0	8	0
* Anon, by Rev. J. J. Hal- combe	0	2	6
Barnes, R., Esq.1861	10	0	0
Do.1862	10	0	0
Do.1863	10	0	0
Do.1864	10	0	0
* Beaufort, Miss.....Don.	1	0	0
* Beaurain, G. A., Esq.	0	10	0
* Do., by friend	0	1	0
Birley, Rev. R., <i>Manchester</i> <i>List</i>	5	0	0
* Boddington, Mrs R.....	1	1	0
* Boulger, Rev. J.Don.	1	1	0
* Burdett, Miss	0	5	0
* Butler, Rev. Pierce.....	1	1	0
* C. S. B.....Don.	0	2	6
* Carlotta, by Miss Macken- zie	0	1	0
Cator, Rev. W. L. B. Bal- ance of Subs. to C. A. M. Union.....	5	2	3
Do., Collecting Box.....	1	0	0
Cator, Miss, do.....	0	13	6
Chambers, Rev. W. F.....	1	1	0
* Cholmeley, the Misses	0	10	0
* Churchill, Miss Spencer, Don.	0	5	0
* Claxton, Miss	0	10	0
* Do. Collected by	0	3	0
* Collis, Mrs and the Misses, collected by, for mainten- ance of child at Zanzibar	6	0	0
Collis, the Misses.....	3	0	0
* Do., by Friend.....	0	5	0
Crawford, Carleton, Esq....	1	1	0
Crawford, Mrs Carleton Don.	1	1	0
Dakin, T. Esq.	0	10	6
Do.1865	0	10	6
Devon, Rev. E. B.....Don.	0	10	6
* Dodds, Rev. H. L.....	1	0	0
* Elgie, Rev. W. F.....Don.	1	0	0
* Elliott, Mrs	0	10	0
Everest, Rev W. F.....	1	0	0
* Farley, Mrs	0	5	0

	£	s.	d.
* Fenton, Rev. T., Collecting Box	0	7	6
Filleul, Rev. P.....1864	0	10	0
Do.1865	0	10	0
* Geron, Miss	0	10	0
Goldie, Rev. C. D.....	1	0	0
Gordon, Miss	1	0	0
Do.1865	1	0	0
Green, Mrs, Children of, Don.	1	2	0
* Gruggen, Rev. G. S...Don.	1	0	0
* Hall, Miss.....	0	10	0
* Hayes, Rev. T., Collected by	0	17	5
* Heslop, Mrs	1	1	0
* Hudson, Rev. W.....	1	1	0
Jelf, Rev. Dr.....	5	0	0
* M. M.....	1	0	0
Martin, Rev. F.....	1	1	0
* Melvill, Rev. Canon...Don.	10	10	0
* N. J. E., Half-Sub.	0	5	0
* Nunes, Miss S. B.....Don.	0	5	0
* Nunn, Mrs.....	0	5	0
Oldrini, Rev. T. J.....	0	10	6
* Otley, Rev. C. B.....Don.	0	10	0
Packe, C., Esq.....	1	0	0
Do.1865	1	0	0
Parr, Rev. R. Henning ...	3	0	0
Payne, Mrs. E.....	0	5	0
Percival, Rev. J. S.....	1	0	0
* Pettitt, Miss.....	0	5	0
* Phillipps, Miss.....	0	5	0
* Phillipps, Miss Isabella....	0	4	0
Procter, Rev. T.....	0	10	6
* Rose, Miss K.....	0	5	0
Russell, Mrs.....	1	1	0
Sargent, Rev. W. St. G....	0	5	0
* Selfe, Mrs.....	0	5	0
Sharpe, Miss A., by Miss Alington	0	5	0
* Sheppard, Miss E. T.....	1	1	0
* Simeon, Miss E. J.....	0	10	0
* Do.Don.	1	0	0
* Smith, Miss Norton	0	10	0
* Smith, Mrs Charles	0	5	0
Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, received by	9	14	0
* Sparkes, Mrs.....	1	0	0
* Do., Collected by	0	16	0
* Steele, Mrs	0	5	0
* Stevens, Miss G. E.....	0	5	0
* Subscriber, Collected by, for maintenance of a child at Zanzibar, viz., At G. Cottam's.....	0	13	4
At Widow Hill's	0	6	4
At Illidge's	0	7	1
At R. Weston's.....	0	9	8
* "Thank Offering" ...Don.	0	10	0

	£	s.	d.	GENERAL COLLECTIONS.		
Tozer, Miss	1	0	0			
Tremenheere, H. S., Esq..	2	2	0	Bicton	4	11 0
* Tuffnell, Miss L., by Miss Mackenzie.....Don.	1	1	0	Wykeham Offertory.....	1	3 0
* Turner, Rev. T. R., Two Quarters' Subscriptions	0	5	0	S. AUGUSTINE'S FUND.		
Watson, Miss.....	0	2	6	Chapman, Miss.....	0	5 0
* Williams, Mrs	1	0	0	* Groom, Miss.....Don.	5	0 0
* Wilson, Mrs	0	5	0	King, Miss.....	0	5 0
* Younge, Miss A. B.....	0	5	0	Knight, Rev. D. T.....	0	5 0
				Tozer, Miss	0	5 0

In our last number we printed a letter under the head of a "Good Suggestion." The following is from the same writer :—

June 12th, 1866.

MY DEAR SIR,—I send you the money result of our first quarter's contribution to the Central African Mission Fund. It will be as well, perhaps, to let it appear in this form (see above under word "Subscriber.")

I have made special inquiries in each place, whether the contributions were quite freely made; and the answer has been the same in all, that they are given most cheerfully. As far as I am able to judge, it has been in every case a perfectly spontaneous and hearty offering. The contributors are, as you are aware, simply the poor, a few of whom meet at the several places mentioned to hear a plain and familiar exposition of Scripture truths.

And now we should be glad if the Bishop would kindly send some one of the poor rescued children, whom he has taken under his care, to be maintained at our cost, so as, when baptized, to bear the name of our parish. Of course, no absolute security can be given for the continuance of our contributions; but, as long as I am spared, I may venture to say there is a moral certainty of one child being thus maintained by us, at the estimated cost of £6 a-year.

We shall be glad to hear that our humble undertaking is favourably entertained by Bishop Tozer, and believe me to be,

Yours very faithfully,

AN OLD SUBSCRIBER.

It is difficult to say why something of the same sort might not be done for one Missionary Society or another by every clergyman, or, at least, in every parish. Many laymen would gladly

undertake to conduct "readings" which could hardly fail to result in a greatly increased interest in the Mission work of the Church, and could be conducted with little or no expense. Will any of our readers try the experiment?



THE MAGAZINE.

Two numbers of *Mission Life* have been sent free of cost to subscribers and friends of the Central African Mission. The result has been in many ways very encouraging; but a change is now being made in the hope of securing the same or a greater result *at less cost*. The Magazine will in future be published monthly, and, if possible, be made self-supporting, being circulated by sale only. It will give information about other missions on the plan hitherto adopted in the case of the African Mission, which will thus be brought before persons not previously interested in it.

A VISIT TO THE SULTAN OF ZANZIBAR.

AUGUST 18th, 1865.—Now, I must tell you about my first royal visits. Last week I sent round to the Bibis, the four sisters of the Sultan, to say I would call on them on Wednesday, if agreeable, and they would fix an hour; so a message came with many salaams to fix five o'clock P.M., at which hour Mrs Seward and I started forth, taking Miss Jones with us; an escort of six black men, in long white kamsus, with long sticks, three before and three behind us, to serve as an escort. In this state we proceeded down the narrow paved ways to the palace, which has a grand frontage, as you may see in Goodwin's pictures, and is an imposing-looking building, very white and large. At the foot of the flight of steps, two slaves motioned us up with salaams and deep reverence; and at the top we were received by a party of nobles, all so picturesque in such beautiful costumes. I shook hands with all I knew, and was introduced to others; one a very handsome, venerable old man, the heir to the throne, accompanied us up the first steps, where another crowd of slaves waited, and then a little higher I was met by His Highness, who is, as you know, a most perfect and polished gentleman: this, however, all the Arabs are. I was presented by Mrs Seward, and shook hands, half overpowered by the amount of scent exhaled on all sides; for all Arabs use perfume to an extent you cannot conceive in England, and the Sultan, of course, has the best and finest otto of roses. He insisted on our walking first; and thus closely followed by His Highness, we proceeded through a vestibule lined with slaves to the audience chamber, a beautiful room paved with large slabs of white marble, two rows of chairs its only furniture, save at the top, for us, a scarlet sofa and two scarlet chairs were placed. To these the Sultan led me. Mrs Seward seated herself by me, and the Sultan took a chair at my side. The old gentleman, Abdullah ben Syed, seated himself a few chairs off; and then the Sultan presented two of his little brothers, pretty white boys about eight and ten. They came up to us and shook hands, and the conversation then began by His Highness asking if we were all quite in health, and how

the Bishop was. Mutual compliments passed, the interpreter standing in front and speaking Arabic to His Highness, and Hindostanee to Mrs Seward, who translated for me from English, so that it went through three tongues. The room, you must know, was thronged with nobles and slaves all standing near the door. I then asked how soon His Highness was leaving for Bombay. He held up his fingers and answered in Suaheli, "Siku kumi na enna." So then I determined to go on in Suaheli as far as I knew, and take the conversation into my own hands. I said, "I am sorry not to be able to speak more to the Sultan. After many days, when longer taught, I shall rejoice myself in that pleasure; meanwhile His Highness speaks English?" "A little," with a bow and a smile. "When you shall return from Bombay, the Sultan will speak English well." He laughed and said, "Engemma," (good.) "How long will the Sultan stay?" Then he turned to the interpreter, and said he was in the hands of the Governor, whose guest he was to be, and had no will of his own: "he believed, six weeks or two months." "We shall indeed be desolate, left without the Sultan or our Consul; the time will seem long." His Highness "hoped to profit much in health; he was now very ill." "I break my heart to hear of it; but if health results from the visit, then we shall rejoice ourselves, and bear the absence with equanimity and hope." His Highness wished to send "salaam sana" (much much greeting) to the Bishop, and say he had looked forward to calling before he sailed, but was too ill. On his return, the first visit would be paid to His Lordship's presence." "Bishop will rejoice much." "Are the Sultan's ships ready?" "They are ready." "How many takes His Highness?" "I take three." "There are great things to be seen in Bombay." "So I am told." It is impossible to describe the graceful, elegant way in which he gave me his whole attention, bending forward to catch every word, and when not understanding turning quickly to the interpreter. He looked very languid; but when he laughed, as he often did at my attempts at Arabic, all his face brightened. By this time four chairs were placed in front, and trays of refreshments brought, of which he invited us to partake. Sherbet was poured in rose-coloured glasses, of which I drank, of course, and

took sweatmeats. Every time we stopped eating, His Highness waved with his hand towards the tray, as if begging us to go on. Then came coffee in gold filagree cups. All this time we talked. I asked for his "matoto," and a dozen slaves rushed from the room. In a minute, a lovely child came gracefully in. She was dressed in a scarlet kamsu which reached to the slender ankles, showing the bangles with which they were loaded. Her dress was quite plain, and indescribably graceful after the horrid European crinolines. Her little wrists had armlets of gold, but the sweet little face and large soft eyes were the attractions to me. The darkness and size of her eyes were increased by lines of colour about the lid. Her long, dark hair hung loose behind in little twists, all gathered at the end into a golden crescent which swayed about when she walked. She came straight to her father's side, and he drew her on to me. The child was not shy, and yet she seemed half reluctant. She is not quite our colour, but a pretty olive complexion. She wore a little band or coronet of silk round the head, coming rather low on the brow: and from each ear hung six ear-rings of a large size, one in the lobe, the rest hanging one above the other all the way up the ear, which is thus pierced on purpose. A similar ornament hung under her chin, attached to a string round the head. A more lovely, engaging child I have seldom seen. I turned to His Highness: "Does the Sultan take the child with him?" "I do not." "Then give her to me," I said earnestly. He laughed, and said, "Engemma," (good.) I do not suppose he will, but he afterwards promised to let her come and see me. I then praised our house, its size and decorations. He said the situation was so healthy. I now asked for the Bibis, if I might see them. A dozen messengers flew, and the room was cleared of all the men except two attendants, who stood at the door on either side. Abdullah and the children sat still. After a pause, two ladies entered, their costume a long kamsu made of large-patterned English calico instead of their own soft beautiful fabrics, and a profusion of chains, bracelets, and anklets. They wore masks, and a scarlet shawl over the head. Not exactly knowing the etiquette, I rose and stood still; but when they also stood, I went to meet them, shook hands, and said "Yambo" (welcome.)

They answered in a low tone, "Yambo sana" (very welcome.) The Sultan then told them to sit down, took me by the hand, and led me back to the sofa. I began by asking His Highness their names. "The Bibi Kadhui and the Bibi Asher." I bowed. "Tell them it is a rich pleasure to see them, and I have longed for it many days." They thanked me for coming. I hoped they were in good health. Bibi Kadhui, the favourite sister, replied, "No, she was afflicted day by day with fever." I recommended "darwa." She took darwa twice a day. I turned to His Highness and said I was a good doctor, I knew all about fevers and agues, and begged permission to send the Princess a medicine which would cure her if she would faithfully drink it. He bowed and smiled, and gave permission; on which I made her promise to drink it the moment it came, telling her, doctors were angry if the patient drank not of what was sent, and so should I be. Again she said she would drink every drop. I thought I must talk on, though I seemed to have the conversation all to myself; but as His Highness appeared to understand me and like it, we prolonged our visit, talked of the sea, and on my remarking that I found Zanzibar exceedingly hot, he spoke a word and the windows were all thrown open. Such politeness, and all so elegant, you cannot picture. At last, I asked the interpreter to say that, having greatly enjoyed our visit, we now proposed to depart, and should take leave of him and the Bibis until the next time: if they would come at night to see me, the Bishop and Dr Steere would, I could promise them, leave the house.

Permission was asked and given, and some day, I suppose, they will come up at night, when only Arab women are allowed to go out.

After a due pause, I rose, and so did all; but though I shook hands with the children and the Bibis, His Highness declined, and said he should escort me down. Against this I protested; but he accompanied us along the corridor, through the crowd of attendants, and down some steps. Then I protested again that he should come no farther, and we shook hands and said, "Kua heri," (be happy.) I received salaams for the Bishop, and we went down, accompanied by the nobles and chief men, with whom we

parted in the vestibule with salaams no end. Our train we found swelled, and with some before and some behind we set off for the Bibi Hali's house. We came up into a room carpeted like an English one—mirrors, pictures, clocks, and a piano. She was dressed exactly like her sisters. Here we three sat on chairs, and she on the floor in front of us, and sherbet was handed. I saw a beautiful Greek woman without a veil, the mother of the pretty boy "Shaire," the Sultan's little brother, whose acquaintance I made when I first came, and who came in here to see me, as they could not find him at the palace, though several slaves had hastened to look for him on my asking to see him. This Greek woman, they say, was stolen from Greece for Syed Syed, father of Syed Majid. She is very pretty certainly, and fair as a lily. After a short visit we went on to Bibi Asher, the third sister, where fruit, coffee, sherbet, &c., were handed. I forgot to say, the final ceremony is pouring scent on your handkerchief; and my room is already scented with the otto of roses which I had at the Sultan's.

Though it was daylight when we left Bibi Asher's house, the stars were out when I reached home. Next day I made up some bark medicine for Princess Kadhui, and made Salim write a long Arabic sentence on it; and despatched it to the palace. I received in return "Salaam sana sana," and some day I mean to send a toy to the dear little girl.

LIFE IN ZANZIBAR.

(Continued from page 62.)

SEPTEMBER 3d, 1865.—The others walk nearly every day, or rather evening, but I am now a poor hand at a walk, though I do go sometimes. To-morrow evening we go with several of them to visit a rich Arab who came to invite me yesterday, Abdullah ben Suliman by name. He has a beautiful garden, from whence we get flowers for our decorations. I wish you could have seen the chapel decked for our nine baptisms on St Bartholomew's Day,

and been with us afterwards to French Island for a picnic. The "Pantaloen" is one of the nicest ships on the station. They do everything for us so kindly. We now want to build a chapel on French Island, and enclose our cemetery; and the Bishop wants all the ships to help, which they are all quite willing. "Lyra" gave him £15; "Pantaloen," £16; the others have not yet sent in their contributions. We have such a nice boat, and are going to have our boys as a crew; then we can get to the Shamba without fatigue, and have air and exercise too. The breeze is now quite cold! I wake in the night quite shivering, and the Bishop sleeps under a blanket. It is hot, certainly, but I am often *too cold*; and though one perspires profusely, I don't think one suffers from heat as in England. It is such fun at two o'clock; we begin work. All the girls sit in a row stitching away: they work quite nicely now. We all sit on mats by Mrs S—— and Annie J——. Sometimes I read aloud, and sometimes say my Suaheli to Mrs S. I am getting on. The housekeeping now is all in my hands, and the Arabic figures are enough to drive me wild. It is a morning's work to count over 3000 pice, for instance, that Asami brings me in change; and dirty work too. Luckily Asami, our head man in the house, speaks French, or I know not what I should do. But our head man out of the house is pure Arab; he knows a dozen English words, which he makes a strangely good use of. This sort of conversation goes on. He comes in at my door with his hands before his face. "Madam salaam." "Salaam, Salim." He seats himself, (they never stand a minute, and this is perfectly respectful.) "Madam want rice—you speak—me go—this man come—plenty rice." "One bag, Salim." "All right—madam wish cocoa nuts—me think 300—two reall—me go—this man come—plenty cocoa—two dollars." "Very well, Salim; bring 300." "Me go—you speak—this man come; madam see—madam no like—all right, this man go;" meaning it is to come up for my approval. In half an hour, Salim appears with a stick in his hand, driving in a crowd of blacks, who with shrill cries bring their burdens to my door and lay them down. I go out, and sit down and bargain. Salim buys that I like; what I reject he sends off in a magnificent way with a wave of his hand—"Nenda," (go.)

I give the bearers a pice each, with which they are quite content. There are 132 pice in a dollar, and eight pice is a day's wages. We have eight young ladies always employed in bringing in sweet water from the Shamba, two miles off. We pay them eight pice a day; and if we want more on washing days, we send out into the bazaar and buy ten or twelve jars at a pice each. The slaves are a most happy, light-hearted race; they are always singing and dancing, and playing cards, and seem to have no cares or trouble. The whole of last night hundreds of the black population kept up a sort of carnival, with yells and screams and horrible noises under our windows: some one was married, and there was full moon. I believe our service at six P.M. on Sundays answers to yours at four, or at half-past three. We cannot be more than two hours and a-half apart, I think. The stars are not so grand as I expected; the Southern Cross not so distinct. We see the Great Bear, and Cassiopeia, and the belt of Orion.

September 19th.—Rain incessant, and the day as bad as a Devonshire one; hot, "muggy," and close, and everything you touch feeling wet, even your clothes.

September 20th.—Twelve o'clock; just dinner time. Such torrents of rain this morning, again! My room was in a swim in about two minutes. Our windows are recesses boarded up about two feet, and then there are iron bars: in the middle is a hole to let the water run out, so when this hole happens, as it was to-day, to be choked, the water flows naturally all over the room; our arrangements would certainly make you at home hold up your hands in utter astonishment. The children all look piteous to-day, and are complaining and shivering; it is chilly from the damp, feeling like a Devonshire day, the glass down at 76°, so the Bishop has some excuse for longing for a fire, and putting on an additional blanket. He says I shall be just the same when I have been out a year. It is true, I only complete my first quarter to-day, but it does not look like it so far. My maid Sukajua has just brought me a cocoa-nut, at this moment pouring the water into a glass: they so wonderfully pierce and break the nuts, a process it takes me about an hour to accomplish. I can't tell how they do it, but it is with an instrument called a buzi, and our cook

gets one ready in about three minutes. I am sorry to say we still affect the English custom of eating it raw.

September 23d.—No news of a ship yet, though every one is on the tip-toe of expectation ; and whenever you look out townwards, you see men on their housetops looking through telescopes anxiously. Captain D—— and Mr M—— spend most of their time there now. Last night, to our great joy, the “Vigilant” took a dhow, or early this morning. One or two boats, I think, went off after this abominable dhow. We have heard no particulars, but there she lies safe close in shore. The laws about the disposal of slavers are most intricate and involved. I hope we may get some of them, but it depends on the spot where she was taken, in a great degree. Ten P.M.—The whole day we have been in a state of excitement about this dhow. The last precedent, when the “Wasp” took the “Betele” with 300 slaves, tells in favour of our getting this ; but only fancy, the forty-eight slaves on board are not stolen, *not one*, but sent up either as presents or investments by all the chief Arabs here. What an *exposé* ! Only they don’t care, or, at least, only care for losing their slaves. The captain gave me a pitiful account of the poor creatures to-day. Nearly all young children and two women were so terribly manacled that they had been all the morning getting off their irons. He left the men still sawing at the fetters. He said they were all covered with disease and filth. They have plenty to eat now that the sailors are in charge of them.

September 24th, 8 A.M.—Every one on the roof looking for ships. Dr Steere, just come down, reports three large dhows on the horizon, (South Passage.) They will come in most likely while we are in chapel, with muskets firing, and shouting and yelling like fiends.

Our Arab friend, Suliman ben Abdullah, is continually sending us presents, huge sun-flowers torn up by the roots. I see these some five feet high coming along the corridor. The slave approaches, lays them at my feet, covers his face with his hands, and says, “Salaam sana sana,” on which, of course, I bend forward, place my hand over my face, and say “Beebe Salaam sana Suliman ben Abdullah,” and the slave retires. He is a shy, quiet man,

always seems too shy to speak. Now and then he sends me papais, but I don't deserve his kindness, for the two lovely little papai trees which he sent me, and I planted down below, were both eaten off by the ruthless pundas who strayed in at our ever open door. So now Harry has made a little swing gate, which every one is adjured to shut. The water carriers, who come all day in a stream, gravely open and shut this gate with elaborate care. The Bishop is gone on board the "Vigilant" to give them a service. I see the awnings all up, and the service flag is flying, in token they are not to be disturbed.

September 25th.—The "Penguin" arrived at eleven, and the consulate boat brought in the mails, which, Dr Seward being ill, Dr Steere and I had to open. I sat down on a box close to him. The servants turned out the bags one by one. The room was crowded, all the Europeans and numbers of Arabs and native servants waiting for letters. My own share was large, and the Bishop's many more, and I had to get help. Bag after bag was turned out. After this, I made tea for Mrs. S——, and then fled away to the Mission-house to share my joy with the Bishop. You cannot conceive what the coming in of a mail is! The "Penguin" and "Wasp" arrived together. The "Penguin" had taken two dhows, and is a most lucky as well as gallant ship. It is settled, the "Vigilant" sails on the 4th (Oct.) taking, alas! the Seward's for three months. What we shall do I cannot think; miss them beyond expression. Dr O. B. (of the "Wasp") before sailing, most kindly gave me quite a code of instructions as to the treatment in fever, and it has been particularly useful to me, for I feel, now Dr Seward is going, I shall have my entire household thrown on my medical care. We perceive most clearly that it will be necessary to have a spare hand in every department; for if one knocks up, how is it possible for the other to do double work and nurse too? So we look anxiously for Miss D——'s arrival. You may be sure sickness must come some day, though now, thank God, we are so well and strong. It is such a happy life, but there is no time for the siesta in which every other house indulges, but which we find impossible. One child, "Amana," came back last week, after seven weeks' absence, and no fresh case has appeared.

You will like to hear that an Arab came last Sunday to church. The first open demonstration. He staid with great decorum as far as the middle of the Psalms, and then quietly left. Next day, he called to say how much he liked our prayers; "they were good, very good;" and to assure the "Great Priest, the head of all religion," that he had not left from weariness—but the *sun set*, and then what could he do but go to say his own prayers at the mosque? It was, as we would see easily, a case of necessity, sun-set gun fired and Arab must pray. These "heathen dogs and idolaters" set us Christians now and then a quiet example.

This week there are prayers in all the mosques for the cessation of the small-pox. Rich Arabs have been recommended further to give largely to the poor as a means of self-abasement and token of earnestness, not very unlike a rude idea of some notions of our own. When the Sultan sailed, prayers were put up for him in every mosque, and still are offered. We also pray for His Highness every day.

The Mohammedans think religion an essentially manly need, and are never ashamed of it, but consider it either too exalted or unnecessary for their women.

I have taken refuge under my mosquito nets; it is a delicious night, a breeze blowing from the open doors and windows outside. A low humming and cooing tells that the girls are gradually sinking to "kulala" all in their mats, while from the opposite corridor come laughing, talking, and singing, and general merriment from the boys, who will, in ten minutes, rush at the sound of the Bishop's bell to their prayers, after which they turn into their hammocks.

When we come up from chapel at half-past nine, the house is always quiet, all our treasures fast asleep, and a strange peace settled on all. Mendelssohn is sounding sweetly in the distance, for Harry Goodwin always goes to the harmonium after eight o'clock. He is so steady, so gentlemanly and clever, he meets with much kindness, and he is continually being called upon to show his new sketches.

Sunday, October 1st.—Such a delicious morning; the bell is just beginning for church. Some poor creatures outside have got

a black lace jacket ; it must be an old one of Mrs S.'s thrown away ; and the happy possessor is the centre of an admiring crowd of friends. They are such simpletons about dress. However, we find our girls have gradually thrown away their beads and bangles, and are by force of example growing to imitate us.

This morning I have made a pudding and biscuits for dinner, and Annie a grand cake for tea. We certainly improve in our cooking. Before three, when Dr S—— and I were talking, came a party of Arabs ; it seems they had come to service. Most strange is it not ? I sat by Abdullah ben Ali, and talked a long time ; and finally took him down and deposited him in chapel. I confess I was glad the Arabs should see our little congregation of thirty-three, boys and girls included, all on their knees. They staid as before to sunset and then left. It is most curious, and very striking it seems to me. After service the children all crowded round a new black girl in the vestibule. She selected Aliango to notice most, whether from being of the same tribe or because she is of higher rank, I don't know, but we often suspect Aliango to be a great lady ; she is the only one who had her ears pierced all the way round, as the Bebees do. The greeting attracted the notice of those present, and Dr Steere came back in his surplice in the kindest way to shake hands with black Annie, on this her first appearance at chapel. After tea, we went on the roof, such a glowing night, as bright as day, with a soft breeze blowing.

We can never get our children to speak of the past. They have a horror of the mainland, and the threat of sending them back would make a naughty one good at once. They are sold by their chiefs, relations, and even parents.

October 9th.—Last night, as usual, we had a tea-party. Several of the "Penguin's" crew came, she being the only ship in harbour.

The "Vigilant" sailed on Saturday, carrying away, alas, for us, our kind Dr and Mrs Seward. He has been ill with fever, that three months at Malié is necessary. My responsibilities are great, for I am left "sole medical officer in charge of the English community."

I wish you could look in on us and see our happy, most happy life, you would be surprised at some things. I find house-keeping

hard work ; one cannot get any materials one is accustomed to. My American stove is a great comfort and success ; about twice in the week we use it, and then do a great batch of cooking. On Saturday afternoon about four, we begin to cook as soon as the sun is off the galley in my corridor, you see it is all in the open air, though we have a sort of verandah over our heads. Miss Jones makes a cake, no butter, only ghee, which is odious stuff. Lemons we have for the picking up at our own Shamba ; eggs very small, about thirty for a shilling, but a third are always bad. Having left Miss Jones at one end of the table to her cake-making, with two damsels to wait upon her, I begin my pudding. One of my troubles is, that everything, meat, fowls, cooked rice, must be eaten the same day as made ; this is ruin to cooking, for we can't cook daily, so puddings we can only get the two days the galley is lighted. We have so little change of diet that I am sure we ought to have as much meat as we can. We have one piece daily, about ten pounds, sometimes goat, oftener beef, but so small are the cows, at first I took them for goats, nothing larger than a big calf in Lincolnshire. If any is left from dinner it comes out at breakfast next morning, unless the wild cats or rats, or even a civet cat or hyæna, have got in during the night and carried it off bodily. We drink coffee for dinner, never wine or beer, which most Europeans here think necessary, but we do not find it so. Having no butter I make marmalade, as I think the men do not eat sufficient bread.

The most amusing thing is the admiration we excite in the Arab mind. They are so surprised at us English ladies appearing, and as charmed to find we can talk, and work, and read, and think us a perfect wonder because I can speak Suaheli and a few Arabic words.

October 22d.—Since writing my other sheet I have had the Bishop laid up with fever, but my remedies happily subdued it, only leaving him very weak. We spent the 18th, St Luke's Day, (always a festival in our family, being the birthday of two of us,) most happily. The "Penguin" came in for the evening, all hands, and we had music ; she was to sail next morning. The Bishop was not well, looked red and hot, and had eaten nothing for days ;

so I was more shocked than surprised when Dr Steere came to my room on the 19th at six A.M., to say they were going to weigh anchor unless I liked to see their doctor, in which case they would wait another day. This I thankfully accepted, and Dr D—— came in at once, but he could not suggest better treatment than mine. I am thankful to say he is much better to-day. This morning, the "Penguin" sailed, now we are left without a man-of-war at all, and cannot expect one until November. It seems long to wait, but there is no communication with Mahé. During this monsoon the heat is very great, not so much in temperature, for the glass is rarely above 80°, but we have no longer the breeze which used to keep us so cool morning and night. The Bishop often complains of cold, and sleeps under a blanket.

We have small-pox raging all round us, but not another case in our house since the return of the eldest girl after eight weeks' seclusion. This disease is so fatal to natives, who are in few instances vaccinated, nor can we procure them this advantage, all our lymph turning bad in the Red Sea. All the ships' doctors have tried in vain, and now we have hundreds of children, all British subjects under the Indian government, waiting for vaccination, which we cannot give them.

The youngest child we have to bring up is a dear little black boy of two-and-a-half years old. His name is "Baraka," (blessing;) but we call him Malaitra, which is Arabic for baby, or angel, the two words being synonymous. His Baba (nurse) is 'Mkono, our Malagasy boy.

The Bishop has written to King Abdullah, of Johanna, a very fast friend of ours, asking boldly for his little son to educate; the "Penguin" has carried the embassage. He told him the King of Hawaii had entrusted the Crown Prince to his brother, the Bishop of Honolulu, so that he hoped His Majesty Abdullah would feel it a duty to do the same, &c., &c. This may, if acceded to, be the beginning of our mission in Comoro. We hope to start a mission at Lamoo before long; we are now going to send an invitation to a good Wesleyan Missionary in that country, who, we hear, has just failed in an endeavour to reach the Gallas, and I hope he may come to us. But no one at home can judge of our difficulties.

October 27th.—I can talk enough now to make myself understood, though not very fluently. French, German, Portuguese, and Arabic are all wanted here; so without Dr Steere we *should be lost—he speaks all*.

December 19th, 1865.—On the return of the Sultan from his state visit to the Governor of Bombay, he brought with him a brass band, and two carriages, which, as we have neither streets nor roads of sufficient width, must remain in the palace, like the Vicar of Wakefield's large family picture, which never could be got out of the kitchen.

A steam yacht, the gift of the Bombay Governor, is expected daily. We hope that this visit may produce fruit in many ways, and lead to many improvements, and the introduction of more civilisation.

THE MAORI RACE AND NEW ZEALAND MISSIONS.

OF all the uncivilised races with which the Missionary work of the Church has brought us into contact, the inhabitants of New Zealand are, perhaps, the most interesting. The Polynesian race occupies almost innumerable groups of islands scattered through the boundless ocean which extends from the shores of India to the south of New Zealand. Originally, no doubt, of Malay origin, it has spread by a gradual emigration through the groups referred to, carrying with it one language, which, with mere varieties of dialect, is used by the various tribes of which the whole race is composed, so that at this day, after many hundred years of separation, the native of the Sandwich Islands in the Northern Pacific, and the native of the Tonga groups in the Central Pacific, can understand and make themselves understood by the inhabitants of New Zealand.

The race wherever met with, presents the same leading characteristics. Agriculturists, on a soil whose fertility makes the employment of the farmer not a drudgery, but a light and healthful exercise—the dressing and keeping of a garden; navigators of necessity by reason of their insular position, but in

the least tempestuous and stormy of seas ; warriors who have lived in the excitement of continuous hostilities, they have developed into a people of very high and most remarkably uniform energy, physical and mental. Their faculties in both respects would seem to have arrived at almost the highest pitch to which human nature, apart from the training processes of civilisation, could reach ; and they have a certain elasticity and freshness about them in both particulars, which is lost or obscured in races which have been brought under the discipline of regular organisation, and the bonds of that "social compact" (if there be such a thing) which lies at the foundation of civilised government and national progress.

But with a great uniformity of character in these respects, there are in their physical and mental constitution, as in their language, varieties arising from circumstances of position, of climate, of occupation, or of food, which distinguish the different sections of the race. The inhabitants of the central groups of the Pacific Islands have been likened with Italians, Greeks, and other inhabitants of Southern Europe ; while the New Zealander, living in a more variable, more stimulating atmosphere, compelled to bestow more labour on the production of food, and sailing or paddling in his war-canoe through more tempestuous seas, more closely resembles the Norman, Saxon, and Celtic inhabitants of our British isles. And, as with us, there is an intermixture of those three bloods, so the New Zealanders seem in their wanderings to have formed alliances with nations of a type different from the Malay race, which was most probably the original fount from which they flowed. Whether by contact with the inhabitants of New Guinea, or with what other race will probably never be known, they have acquired a strong "strain" of the Negro blood, carrying with it the usual peculiarities, both of body and temper, by which that race is distinguished, to such an extent, that some think they can by the features and hair of any particular New Zealander define his character, and his general tastes and habits, to the extent of predicating whether he will be a quiet and industrious labourer of the Negro temperament, or a

rash, impetuous, and headstrong rover of the Malay cast. Interesting, therefore, as the Polynesian race is wherever met, the New Zealand or Maori section of it is the most calculated to attract English sympathies; and could it have been rescued from the extinction which we fear too surely awaits it, it might have grown into a civilised people more closely resembling ourselves than, perhaps, any other community not of our own blood.

Missionary labour among this most interesting people commenced about the year 1814, by a brief visit of six weeks paid by two lay Missionaries of the Church Missionary Society, Messrs Hall and Kendall, and immediately afterwards by the Rev. Samuel Marsden, a Church of England Chaplain of the New South Wales Government—a man of large and catholic views, of untiring zeal and great physical energy, with whom the first idea of a New Zealand Mission originated. Through his intervention, the work took an organised shape, a regular Mission being established by the Church Missionary Society in 1814. After several years of long and patient waiting, and much labour on the part of the little body of faithful men thus sent to the uttermost parts of the earth, Christianity seemed all at once to take root, and in a few years the whole nation, with very small exception, had accepted the Gospel, and outwardly, at least, become converts to its faith. The real result was most encouraging, while the apparent success, measured by external conformity, was triumphant beyond all precedent. It is sad to have to record that, after the lapse of a few more years, this great work has to a melancholy extent broken down, and that the building which seemed to stand so strong, has under fiery trial proved in a great degree to have been but “wood, hay, stubble.” A large part of the Maori race, who had been apparently converted to Christianity, who were organised into self-supporting churches, ministered to in part by ordained teachers of their own race, has within the last four years apostatised, denounced the Bible as a collection of cunningly-devised fables, and rushed headlong into a superstition more foul, sensual, and devilish, if possible, than the old creed of their Paganism.

It is not our intention to write a history of the New Zealand

Missions. That work has been already performed by the authors of the interesting *Life of Marsden*, and the little volume called the "*Southern Cross and Southern Crown*." The latter of these contains a very carefully-compiled account of the work of the Church of England Missions among the New Zealanders, though it is disfigured by much of that high colouring and spirit of exaggeration which indicate the sanguine advocate rather than the impartial historian of events. Our object is not to go over the same ground as has been traversed by these writers, but only to refer to the history of Missionary work in New Zealand, so far as to enable the reader to understand its present position, to trace the causes which have led to it, and, if possible, to throw some light on the probable future and the best means of meeting its emergencies. With this view, in the two or three short papers we hope to write, we propose to treat the subject in the following order:—1. What the Maori was before Christianity came to him. 2. How it came. 3. What it made him. 4. How he abandoned it. 5. The present prospect of its restoration. 6. The probable future of the race.

WHAT THE MAORI WAS BEFORE CHRISTIANITY CAME TO HIM.

Some writers, such as Rousseau and Herman Melville, have described savage life as a state of Arcadian simplicity, distinguished by virtues of which civilisation has deprived the rest of the world, and diversified by a perpetual round of enjoyments. But for some small drawbacks, it would rival, if not surpass, the condition of our first parents; and it is difficult to read their descriptions of untutored man basking in the morning sun, sheltering himself in fragrant groves from its midday heat, banqueting on delicious fruits, or disporting himself in the refreshing stream or snowy surf, without feeling misgivings whether we have not made a mistake in surrounding ourselves with social systems such as we live in, and adopting habits so greatly at variance with and so entirely destructive of the charming condition of life with which nature has blessed the savage.

Those, however, who have really known what savage life is who have studied its ordinary condition, who have made them-

selves familiar with its characteristic features, and have no object in romancing about it, view it in a very different aspect. It is a state full of misery, wretchedness, filth, violence, strife, bloodshed, revenge, indulgence in every vice and every evil passion; at one time gorged with food, and at another plunged in destitution and perishing with want; while the entire disregard of human life and the absence of all security for property destroy the possibility of social progress, or of elevation above that lowest of all low conditions to which the savage has fallen. Covetous and rapacious, gratitude is unknown among them: "The word 'thank' exists not in their language," says one of the New Zealand missionaries. On the other hand, profuse and reckless, they will consume at a single feast the stored food prepared for an entire winter. They do not even enjoy that immunity from disease which their supposed simplicity of life ought to ensure; but so thoroughly decayed is the constitution of large tribes, that, as we shall hereafter see, extinction seems inevitable and at hand. These are but a few of the features which characterise savage life wherever met with, fully justifying that description of the natural state of unconverted man which St Paul has given us in the first chapter of his Epistle to the Romans.

The Maori, before Christianity, exhibited to the extremest degree all the features of savage life to which we have alluded. Composed of such fundamental elements, his aspirations found their highest development in incessant wars, and what has been not inaptly termed "a weasel-like taste for blood." Cannibalism appears to have been, not, as some have imagined, an occasional act of revenge over an enemy, but an habitual indulgence, and a very ordinary method of procuring what, in the absence of all quadrupeds, was the only animal food within reach. The great numbers that were killed in their battles, and the certain destination of the slain, to say nothing of the frequent immolation of slaves for the entertainment of a friend or guest, leave little doubt of the fact that the taste for human flesh was general, and universally indulged whenever opportunity offered or could be found—and that was almost constantly. Although the act of cannibalism was very often concealed from the early missionaries

in consequence of the repugnance which they manifested towards it, their early records are full of instances of its perpetration on a large scale, and with a frightful frequency of repetition. A few extracts will illustrate the extent of their wars and the frightful character of the atrocities practised by them:—"Their favourite pursuit was war," writes Miss Jackson, (the compiler of the "Southern Cross and Southern Crown"); "nothing else seemed worthy of their energies; and the custom of demanding a payment in human life for any insult or injury, real or supposed, of however remote a date, was always at hand to supply them with a pretext for attacking a weaker tribe, and indulging the spirit of revenge that lay deep within their breasts. There were instances in which forty years had elapsed since the offence was committed."—"Destruction and devastation followed every battle; the victorious party laid waste the country, burnt the villages, destroyed the plantations, and dragged away the women into perpetual bondage. The treatment of the prisoners and the captives was most barbarous. Hard work, hunger, and contempt were the everyday portions of these unhappy slaves; the slightest offence was punished with stripes; and their sufferings, whether of body or mind, were the subject of merriment and derision. The life of a slave was held more cheap than that of a dog; and a fit of passion or some sudden impulse was often sufficient to lift the hatchet of a chief against the man who had, perhaps, long and faithfully served him, but who was now doomed not only to death, but to satisfy the unnatural appetite of his master." Mr Hursthouse, describing the great battle between Hongi (after his return from England) and Hinaki, a neighbouring chief, says,—“In the first battle between them, Hinaki was shot, when Hongi scooped out the eye of the dying man, swallowed it, then stabbed him in the neck and drank his blood. About 1000 natives were slaughtered in this one fight, and about 300 cooked and eaten. On Hongi's triumphant return to the Bay of Islands, he had twenty captives in his own canoe, whom he had picked out for slaves; but his daughter, who had lost her husband in the fight, seizing the sword presented to her father by George the Fourth's own hand, jumped on board and smote off several of their

heads. Twenty more of the wretched prisoners were killed and eaten." Another event recorded by the same writer is as follows:—"Some time previous to 1833, a fishing canoe of the Waikato was driven ashore at Waitara, in the beautiful Taranki country, when most of the crew were cruelly murdered and eaten by the Ngatiawa tribe then dwelling there. In revenge for this, Te Potatau, a great chief of the Waikato, and the native who was afterwards chosen for the first Maori king by the present rebels, made a fell swoop upon the Ngatiawas; stormed their fortress; pitched over the cliff, tomahawked, and slew some 1100 men, women, and children, picked out about 200 for slaves; and then marched back with many baskets of flesh, leaving the place such a shambles that the air for miles round was tainted." A fugitive branch of this tribe afterwards succeeded in reaching the Chatham Islands, on the coast of the Southern Island, when, in their turn, they defeated the resident Maories, 2000 in number, and have since treated them with the greatest barbarity, which has reduced their number to less than 150 souls, miserable, down-trodden slaves of cruel and inexorable masters.

And while war, the great pursuit of their life, exhibited such repulsive features, their domestic condition was little more attractive. Every description of impurity existed among them. Their conversation and their songs were equally unfit for decent ears; and we have known instances of children, so young that they could not yet speak plainly, having to be sent away from Mission schools because the little they could speak was too vile to be listened to. Whole families, and even all the inhabitants of a village, old and young, male and female, married and single, would sleep close packed on the floor of one hut, (the nharré puni;) heated to a suffocating degree, and literally swarming with fleas and other vermin. "Neither men nor women, boys nor girls," writes Mrs Williams, the wife of a missionary, "seemed to have the slightest sense of propriety or decency; and their persons and habits were so dirty and disgusting, that to be brought into daily and hourly contact with them required an amount of self-denial scarcely to be appreciated in a civilised community." Children of tender years were utterly neglected, and thousands died yearly from ne-

glect ; while infanticide, particularly of female children, (who were useless in war, and costly to maintain in times of scarcity,) was so general, that at this day the proportion of women to men is seldom higher in any district than seven to ten ; a disproportion which, tested by natural laws, can be accounted for by no other possible reason than the destruction in infancy of a large proportion of the sex. Of those who survived, the great majority were corrupted in their earliest years. As they grew up, labour of the severest sort, all the drudgery of the field and of the home, was laid upon them, causing them soon to lose all traces of the beautiful or the graceful, in which they were not deficient for the short term of life which passes before they are crushed by hard work or degraded by harsh usage. The redeeming feature of their domestic life was the cooking of their food, which was generally cleanly and thoroughly performed ; but it was eaten with little comfort, all the household plunging their unwashed hands into the common mess, served up in a basket often not over-clean ; for they were without dishes, plates, cups, or any other article of domestic convenience—even chairs or tables on which or at which to discuss their homely meal. The scenes which occurred at their cannibal feasts were not entitled to the small praise bestowed on their ordinary meals, but were, as may be supposed, as horrible and disgusting as the circumstances with which they were surrounded.

Their religion was of a very indefinite sort, and embraced few items of definite belief. A good deity, "Atua," and an evil one, "Typo," represented their theocracy ; though the spirits of some of their great chiefs, even a woman in one instance, seem to have been elevated to the rank of demigods. But the practical influence of their faith took effect chiefly in their submission to their tohungas, or priests, who seem to have ruled solely by superstitious terror, and not by any appeal to creeds, which they did not possess, nor to reasoning faculties, which were too dark to be ever exercised on religious subjects. A sort of "cordon sanitaire" was proclaimed by the priest around whatever person or property he chose to operate upon, and its infringement was punished by supernatural penalties of the severest order, usually death or

defeat in war. The priests also exercised the function of foretelling events by the light of omens, and attained by it power over the great chiefs and their political action. Christianity deposed these impostors; and it is probable that it was by their exertions, and in order to regain their influence, that the recent superstition which has caused so wide an apostacy was devised. Witchcraft and an evil eye were also believed in, and might be exercised by others than the priests, and even in other countries calling themselves civilised, by the old women of the tribe.

It may fairly be asked, whether the moral regeneration of a people sunk so low was not beyond the power of any system of philosophy, of deism, or of natural religion? And if it be supposed that any such system contains within itself the antidote for such corruption, yet where could the teachers be found, fortified with the zeal, courage, and patience requisite for the task of successfully instilling their creed into the darkened minds of such a race, and triumphantly drawing over a large portion of it to a genuine adoption of its truths, and a still larger to a nominal adherence to its outward symbols? Could it have been done by the philosopher of ancient Greece, or by the sceptic of modern days? The question may be answered emphatically in the negative. One philosophy only—one faith—was equal to the work. And when we reflect on the utter corruption of the Maori, the long centuries during which he had been graduating in every species of wickedness, we must admit that the power of Christianity was never more efficiently exhibited than when it checked the downward progress of the race, and turned it into new paths of truth, of civilisation, of social elevation, and of religious truth. If the work was not complete—if it has since in a great degree broken down—it is no more than may be said of the work of moral regeneration everywhere: that the real and counterfeit go together, and that the tide of social progress ebbs and flows like that of the great sea, while its permanent aggression on the opposing coast is sure though gradual. How that work was effected, and what it amounted to, we shall have to narrate and estimate.

(To be continued.)

A MONTH AT SEYCHELLES.

OUR readers who have taken an interest in the native school founded by Bishop Tozer in Zanzibar will be interested in the following account of the manner in which the pupils were first placed under the care of the Central African Mission. It is extracted from the private letters of Miss A. Jones, who for the past year has been assisting the Bishop and Miss Tozer in the work of the school:—

“LES SEYCHELLES,

“*May 25th, 1865, (Ascension Day.)*

“These are the most glorious islands. The mountains, the mountain streams, the granite interspersed with bright orange and scarlet sand, vegetation of every description—tree ferns, palms, spices, rosewood, teak and maple, together with glorious flowering shrubs—the bay, to which Naples is moonshine—render Seychelles a very dreamland of delight; an artist would be in rapture. The houses are all built of white coral, with just the roughness sawn off; they have high-pitched roofs, and gables with alcoved windows. The little town called “Fort Victoria” lies at the foot of the highlands, and extends about three-quarters of a mile along the bay; there are picturesque little residences perched in all parts of the mountain. This is the principal island, about thirty miles long and four or five broad. There are two enterprising Englishmen here, and one Frenchmen; the inhabitants are Creole, Mauritians, and liberated slaves, in all about seven thousand.

“We arrived here on Sunday, 21st May; very glad were we to be again on shore. The hospitality here is so primitive and charming, my only fear is it may spoil us for Zanzibar. On Sunday I stayed at the Doctor’s; I am now living in a garden-house, where Dr and Mrs Seward are staying; these last are over for a ten days’ cruise from Zanzibar.

“One sees here clever, well-bred people, cooking and washing their own clothes: the refinements of life are kept up without the nonsense.

"On Monday, May 25th, we dined at the Government House. Mr — is picturesque in his costume: white shoes, scarlet stockings, white knickerbockers, white shirt, scarlet silk shawl round the waist, white or dark blue coat, and pith helmet with a scarlet or white turban. Dr — dresses in white from head to foot, and the costume of the naval officers on shore is magnificent. Yesterday was the Queen's birthday, and we should really go to the colonies to learn loyalty; we heard the officers talking much of dressing the ship, but did not expect such a day.

"There was a British and a French ship of war at anchor; at 8 A.M. the gun fired, and all flags hoisted; then the French captain went on board the English ship to congratulate the English captain on her Majesty having attained another birthday. All the Creole inhabitants of the town go up first to the Government House, and then to the smaller houses for rum. We talked to them in bad French, and worse Creole, asking why they came. The ugly old creatures, some of them said to be one hundred years old, all knew it to be the feast of 'la Reine d'Angleterre.' At 10 A.M. the Governor held a levee; all the officers and recent comers went up to make their salaam, and partake of a *déjeûner*. This lasted some time; and in the evening there was a dinner-party. We all dined at the Doctor's. But I should have said, that in the morning a man-of-war had been seen from the other side of the island, but at so great a distance that no one could make her out. About 4 P.M. she came in sight of the port, and all the 'Lyra's' officers were on the *qui vive*; owing to Mr Seward's hospitality, glasses were in great requisition. Eventually she turned out to be the 'Wasp.' Captain Bowden had captured a dhow with 283 slaves on board, some of them men and women, but for the most part children from five years to fourteen. There had been a terrible engagement with the Arab crew; the dhow was boarded by a small boat from the ship. The following is extracted from the official account of the engagement:—

Her Majesty's ship "Wasp," Seychelles,
May 26th, 1865.

SIR,—I have the honour to report, that on the night of the 12th

May, an Arab dhow was captured by the pinnace and cutter of this ship, under the charge of Lieutenant Charles C. Rising, at a distance of from eight to ten miles from the port of Zanzibar, with 283 slaves on board.

She had a large crew of northern Arabs, who made a desperate resistance; but owing to the gallantry displayed by the officers and their boats' crews, the vessel was carried, the Arabs taking to the sea and to a boat they cut from the stern, but leaving three dead and thirteen prisoners.

I regret to say that John New, (coxswain of pinnace,) the first to board, was killed, and three officers and eight men wounded.

I cannot speak too highly of the judicious way in which the attack was conducted, and the gallantry displayed by Lieutenant Rising, who has received three very severe wounds.

Lieutenant Theobald received a severe wound at the onset, but, notwithstanding, boarded, and afterwards remained in charge.

By the prisoners' statement, there were seventy Arabs on board at the time of the attack.

(Signed) W. BOWDEN, Captain.

Her Majesty's Ship "Wasp," Seychelles,
May 26th, 1865.

SIR—In obedience to your orders of the 12th May, I proceeded with the pinnace and first cutter, manned and armed, to endeavour to intercept a dhow which was to sail from Zanzibar the same evening.

On leaving the ship, I at once sent Lieutenant Charles B. Theobald, in the pinnace, down to Chapney Island, giving him direction to look out for the dhow, and also for me in the cutter. I then went in to where the dhow was at anchor, at sunset, but found that she had sailed. On inquiring on board another small dhow, I heard that she had sailed about half an hour with only part of her slaves on board, and that the rest had gone after her in three large canoes. I immediately proceeded to pick up the pinnace; and having come to the conclusion that she must have anchored somewhere close in-shore to receive those slaves, I proceeded in company with the pinnace to search the shore, intending to go down to Cokotoni if we did not find her in our way, the pinnace being about a mile from the shore, and the cutter about half a mile.

After proceeding about two miles, I observed a canoe in-shore of me, and immediately chased her. As soon as she saw me, she made for the shore, and on reaching it all the crew ran into the bush. I searched the canoe, and found in it several baskets of yams and a copper kettle; and from what the interpreter said, I had no doubt she was one of the three canoes. I took her in tow, and shoved off; and just as I hoisted the sail, I observed a sail coming round the point, and stood off towards her. As I closed her, I saw that it was a large dhow with her sail half hoisted, apparently looking for something. When I was within 200 yards of her, she appeared to make me out, and hoisted her sail, at the

same time firing at me. I at once chased and commenced firing at her ; she returned it, and finding that the cutter was sailing faster than the dhow, I kept about eighty yards astern of her, intending to wait for the pinnace. After chasing her about half a mile, I observed the pinnace commence firing on her from some distance a head, and at once got the oars out. About ten minutes after, I saw the pinnace close to the dhow, and almost immediately she boarded her on the port bow. I at once boarded with the cutter on the starboard quarter ; and after about ten minutes' severe fighting, we succeeded in capturing her, many of her



A SLAVE DHOW.

crew jumping overboard, and, owing to the darkness, succeeded in cutting the boat away from the stern of the dhow, and escaping in her.

I must leave Lieutenant Theobald to finish this report, as I regret to say I became insensible from loss of blood, and on coming to I found myself in the cutter with several wounded men, on our way to the ship, which we reached at 7.30 A.M. on the 13th.

I have now only to say that it is my firm conviction we should never have captured her if Lieutenant Theobald had not at once stood across to cut her off on seeing the firing, and then without hesitation boarded. I wish also to bring to your notice the manner in which Mr W. Wilson, midshipman, John Williams, able seaman, and coxswain of the cutter, and Charles Proudley, yeoman of store-rooms, behaved—the latter saved my life, when, owing to loss of blood and my sword being broken, I was hardly able to defend myself.

(Signed)

CHARLES C. RISING.

In consideration of this service, Lieutenants Rising and Theobald

have been ordered to be promoted to the rank of commander as soon as they are respectively eligible ; and the names of the other officers and of the men mentioned in the despatch have been favourably noticed.

“The first lieutenant is still in danger of his life from lock-jaw ; he has lost three fingers and half of his right hand, has received a frightful sword wound at the back of his neck, and several spear wounds ; five have died, and ten others are severely wounded ; some of the slaves have received horrible spear wounds. It was beautiful to see the kindness of officers and men, especially to the poor children ; they carried the little ones and sick on shore as tenderly as any mother would ; prepared their food, washed, and attended upon them. The Zanzibar Consul being here, they would all be brought here for liberation.

“With this ship came Bishop Tozer, not expecting his sister for some time, and your humble servant not at all ; at 9 P.M., after dinner, all the Government House party came down to the Dr’s house.

“I have had a glorious walk every day this week ; the other ladies here never walk at all. This morning I went with the Bishop to see some of the little Africans, our future pupils at Zanzibar. Every one had foretold that there never would be any girls to be had, when here were seventy-six at once. We could only take eight or nine girls and five boys, as the consideration was how they were to be maintained. There are some 250 in the station, close to the house ; don’t they make a noise !

“I think I have mentioned most things of interest during the voyage except the phosphorescent light at sea. In the Mediterranean we often had it in flashes in the water at night ; here, in the Indian Ocean, we often float in a sea of stars. The stars above are so bright that they are often reflected as small moons.

“I have just had a specimen of one of those wonderful leaf insects brought here upon a nutmeg branch ; they are either bright green or like a leaf turning yellow ; but the feelers are all bright green, with a touch of crimson round the outer edge.

“May 28th, 1865.—In all probability we shall not leave this island for two or three weeks, as the captors of the slaver are

to remain here until convalescent. Captain Bowden came ashore for us in his gig soon after 8 A.M. We five pilgrims and Mrs Seward were in readiness. Mrs Brooks had a beautiful bouquet ready to take to the sick folk; and Miss Tozer some fine fruit. The ships lay nearly two miles from the shore, on account of the long sandy beach and coral reefs. Of course ladies are not usual on board a man-of-war, so the preparations were very different from those on board an ordinary steamer. The Captain here has a charming room, in which we breakfasted; then all hands rigged for church; a boat had brought Dr Brooks' harmonium; the muster was called; and at half-past ten we had service, the Bishop officiating. Then the ladies went to visit the sick, who have an hospital upon deck. Mr Rising, the officer who was so severely wounded by the Arabs in the slave capture, was sitting up with his head in a frame, his arm in a sling, his leg in a splint, and a wound on his right shoulder. He is quite a hero, having charged the Arabs single-handed with his sword, which broke in the encounter. After luncheon the Captain of the 'Lyra' came on board to make a call; we returned to shore in the Captain's gig. At 3 P.M. there was service on shore in the church, and a very good congregation present. The Padre was charmed, and begged to have the harmonium in the evening; the sermon was in French, but the Bishop gave the blessing. Miss Tozer played. Captain Bowden is always laughing at the rate at which I walk; in six months' time, he tells me, I shall never think of taking a walk, but just go up upon the roof for some few minutes in the evening, to take the air; I hope, however, I may exist in such a state as to belie his prophecy.

"May 29th.—I went to the girls' school here this morning, but not being well-up in creole French, it was slow work with the children; they are taught English and French, but not being their home dialect they are not apt at either; there were forty in all, with an English teacher from Mauritius, and a native assistant. I heard them all read or say their letters. I likewise went to see our little slaves; they are looking sickly, and one has fever. I have become quite accustomed to the dark faces about me; yes, and to 'no cloths' too. I hope our few children will soon get

over their present skin disease ; some of them have horrible sores on the legs, like white scales.

"Yesterday was our first day of housekeeping. One's knowledge of cooking is rather astray here, in a land of no fire-places, and fruits and vegetables quite unknown in our climate. I dare say the way to do things will be picked up as one goes along ; our beginning has been rather a 'dash.' The hours kept here by the inhabitants are just starvation to English habits. Up 6 A.M. ; take a bath and a cup of tea ; breakfast somewhere between 10 and 11 ; fruit and wine for tiffin at 3 P.M. ; dinner, 7 P.M. ; and a cup of strong tea at 9 ; bed about 10. The tea keeps one tossing about for hours. We determined to try English hours ; so this morning I called Miss Tozer before 6. We then went to the bazaar and bought fruit and vegetables, and hired a boy to bring us water : bathed, dressed, and breakfasted at eight ; walked, returned home about 1 P.M. ; dined, walked, and tried to sleep. My whole journey here was accomplished with but one mosquito bite upon my wrist ; but the ants on board from Aden teased me dreadfully. This week the mosquitoes have attacked my ankles and round my knees terribly. The heat is beyond description ; the prickly heat has affected my fingers ; the backs of them are skinning as if from scarlet fever.

"I have sent every readable book to the sick on board, there being a great drought of novelty just now."

"June 2d.—I have just been trying to cook some bananas in claret, by way of pudding. It has been infinite trouble to get the lad to understand how to make a fire in a brazier, and to bring it into our rooms. It has turned out well. My *gimlets* are in use now, and the swing-tray has become a bread basket. I have screwed the gimlet some ten feet high, between the doors, and hung it thereon, to prevent the ants from purloining our bread and making nests in it ; it has proved a success. I have not tasted butter since leaving Malta. I believe I shall become an orange eater.

"June 4th, Whitsunday.—This morning there has been a mixed Holy Communion service, the Bishop using English, and Dr Follett reading the Epistle and Gospel in French. We cannot go

to the sermon on board to-day, so must endure sixty minutes of a French sermon in the heat of the morning.

"June 6th.—The Bishop, Governor, and Captain have been off for a two days' expedition by sea and land. It has rained torrents the greater part of the time, so we devoted ourselves to reaccommodating the naval and episcopal wardrobe. They have just returned, and been in to tell us of their adventures, which were many. They have been carried across creeks, waded mountain torrents, put up in a boat-house, then arrived at a Frenchman's, where they had a broken slop-basin to bathe in, after being chest-high in muddy water.

"June 12th.—I have not yet been done up with the heat since I left the vessel; of course, one has to be careful in the middle of the day; and then there are no evenings. At half-past six it is quite dark, except when the moon shines. The moonlight is glorious; but I only manage to see it coming home from dining out, unless I take my chair under the verandah. To-morrow we dine at the Government House. These parties are always pleasant, as Mrs Ward is so good-natured; and anything you admire or wish for in flowers she always gives you directly, although it is the only garden laid out in the place. On Sunday we strolled all round it, after service, and also through the cemetery; such an odd mixture as the latter is of French affectation and sentiment; anti-macassars on the wooden crosses; and bottles with flowers in them.

"June 8th.—After two days' rain it is getting tremendously hot, and I must bring this letter to a close."

Writing a few months later from Zanzibar, Miss Jones says: "My children here are getting on very fairly. I must not expect too much from their intellectual capacities; they are improving in their English very rapidly, and seldom misunderstand me when I speak to them. I wish I could send a specimen of their needle-work; for the short time they have been taught, and never seeing either needles or cotton before, I think it wonderful. I begin to fear daily that my supply of needles will not last until a fresh supply arrives; this is, however, one of the minor griefs of a far

away land ; but these trifles make me understand of what importance very small things are to us. Our dear little boys are already beginning to sing nicely ; they know the Evening Hymn, Keble, and St Leonards, and a few other tunes, besides plenty of chants."

CORRESPONDENCE.

MISSIONARY CLERGY AND MISSIONARY PUPIL TEACHERS.

(*To the Editor of Mission Life.*)

MY DEAR SIR,—Will you allow me space in *Mission Life* for a few remarks on these two heads? My name was mentioned in your last number in connexion with the Central African Mission. Had you printed my first letter as well as my last, your readers would have seen that I had offered my services to the Mission, "provided that on the acceptance of my offer by the Committee, the Bishop of the diocese would give me leave of non-residence for five years." It was the more important that this condition should have been mentioned, as the Bishop's permission had not been obtained when you went to press, and the statement, as it appeared, led many to suppose that I intended to resign my Incumbency. It is necessary for me to state that I had no such intention ; and those who are acquainted with this parish will not accuse me of looking back after putting my hand to the plough, because I do not see my way to relinquish my connexion with this growing place, until its parochial organisation is more complete and self-supporting. I wrote to the Committee under the impression that there would be no difficulty in obtaining leave of non-residence for five years. The Bishop, however, has declined to grant my request, and to his decision I must bow. I certainly thought when I received Bishop Tozer's letter of November 10th, 1865, which was published in your last number, coming as it did directly after I had written to the Committee, that I was not acting after my own mind in the resolution I had formed. The

strange coincidence between Bishop Tozer's suggestions and the proposal I had made to the Committee confirmed me in this belief. Perhaps the time will come. At present my work must be at home.

It seems to me a point worthy of discussion whether the beneficed clergy should have leave or not to go out for a season on Foreign Missions. An opinion I have long entertained is, that the Church has a strong claim on the beneficed clergy to take their turns in the distant parts of the Lord's vineyard. The need of labourers is universally acknowledged. The question is ever being agitated, Who are to go? The answer generally is this, Let the poor curate go, who has no chance of preferment at home. Let the man who has no family ties and no home connexions go. If he dies, he will not be missed. This can hardly be the true answer. Well, then, should the rector and the vicar leave their rectories and vicarages for a few short years, and share in the present struggles of the Church to win fresh kingdoms for her Lord, and then return to the bosom of their families and the enjoyment of their parsonages? At least, should not those go who have something to fall back upon—a home to which to return—rather than the man who has neither benefice nor private means, and no other prospect should health fail?

I am aware that in saying this I leave untouched the relation of the beneficed clergy to their flocks. But it presents a side of the question which deserves consideration, especially with reference to the working of missions in tropical countries, where a long-continued stay must undermine the European constitution without a change to a certain climate.

In a letter I have by me written by the late Bishop Mackenzie in 1860, though it is right I should add with reference to an *unbeneficed* clergyman with whom he was in correspondence, he says:—

“This is a cry from a country where there are no Christians to a land professing Christianity, and divided into parishes, and having her 18,000 clergymen; not *all* real Christians who profess—not *all* hard-working earnest men who hold her benefices. Still, having a very great amount of life, and truth, and energy. *There*, there is not one minister of the Gospel. Surely, when a

young man is free to go, and willing, it is not right to put obstacles in his way. How many men there are—I know very many—who *would* go and work well, but *cannot*. Some family tie, or some ailment, prevents them. Those who *can* must be allowed to go. You do not imagine I want only those who would not be missed. The Church at home must go on in faith, training the spirits of her sons to go anywhere, and do anything for their Master; losing some in the body, but gaining by the exhibition of their willingness to devote themselves to foreign work."

We are all agreed that the Church of England ought to be a missionary Church. We are agreed that the Church of England is not doing what she might for the conversion of the heathen. What we want is more agreement as to the measure of responsibility which rests upon the ordained ministers of Christ, to make her what she ought to be in this respect. "Whom shall I send? and who will go for us?" is the question ever being uttered by the voice of the Eternal Spirit. Who are they that should be ready to respond to the call? Ought we the clergy, as officers in the army of the Church militant, or ought we not, to be ready to go wherever our services are required?

Next, let me say a word on the subject of associating with our missionaries young men who have been trained in England as pupil teachers. Bishop Tozer's letter contained a very valuable suggestion on this point. I confess I do not expect to see the missionary power of the Church receive any large increase of strength from the ranks of the present clergy. But the general adoption of some such scheme as Bishop Tozer suggests for his own Mission, would open a new mine which, if properly worked, would yield a most profitable return of missionary clergy. No doubt, great caution ought to be used in associating any *in statu papillari* with a new mission to an uncivilised people, lest we should take with us some whose characters would be lowered by contact with heathenism. I suppose that we in this country are unable to realise the deadening influences to which a small Christian community is subjected in a heathen land, when cut off from all Christian associations. It must need all the counter influences of daily worship, and weekly communion, at least,

and strict rules of holy living, and the bond of sincere and mutual attachment between its members, to keep them true and faithful witnesses of the Gospel which they are sent to preach. On this account, a pupil teacher should have been well bred at home before he is made our companion in such a mission.

In missions of a more settled character there is not the same danger; and I am surprised that no attempt should have been made by either of our great societies to associate trained lads with their missionaries. Is it not a fact that at this moment half our missionaries are employed in work which could be done quite as efficiently, if not more so, by a trained pupil teacher? The hope of our missions lies in the education of the rising generation in the truths of the Christian religion, and it is right that the priest in charge of the mission should throw himself heartily into this work. But the home experience of every clergyman must be the same, that the mechanical part of teaching is done far better by a pupil teacher than by himself. I am aware that many missions have their organised schools. But there are many in which the priest is left alone, and would find the help of a young man who was preparing for the ministry of incalculable service. The energies of a clergyman must become cramped, and his real work impeded, when he has no one to whom he can delegate the more mechanical work of the school and mission. With such a helper he would be able to devote a much larger portion of his time to the higher works of translating the Scriptures, the study of the language, and visiting the people in their homes. I conceive that it would be the greatest relief at this moment to Bishop Tozer if he had some one to instruct his boys in their A B C, and to Dr Steere to have some one to do his printing.

The immense value of the pupil teacher system to the Church at home seems to call for the adoption of some similar scheme in our Foreign Missions. That system is a standing witness at how very early an age the Church can engage the services of her children. Why should not their services be employed abroad as well as at home? Apart from their immediate usefulness, the employment of trained youths, who should be associated with our missionary clergy, in the relation in which our pupil teachers

now stand to the parochial clergy, would at once furnish a supply of candidates for the ministry among the heathen. If openings could be found for youths about sixteen or seventeen years of age, who could be sent out with a proper maintenance, and the promise of a coming home for the course of study at St Augustine's College, to qualify them for entering the ministry, I believe there would be no lack of candidates.

I am not up in the statistics of the Privy Council Office, but the number of pupil teachers yearly indentured, though less than it used to be, must still be double at least that of the Queen's scholarships which are annually made. Consequently, a large number of youths who have received a sound elementary education, and been in direct contact with the Church's work at home, are being constantly drafted off into other spheres of labour. I am far from saying that all of these would be fitted for missionary service. But I believe that many would gladly avail themselves of such an opening. The indenture of a pupil teacher under the present code is terminable at any period by a written notice of six months, and among those who have no intention of competing for the Queen's scholarships, it would be strange if we did not find candidates for missionary work. All difficulties in giving up their pupil teacherships, before their indenture had expired, would be met by not requiring them to leave for their respective stations till six months after their appointment. The renewed life and energy which is now everywhere visible in the Church, and is nowhere more strikingly manifested than among the boys and young men who compose our choirs, guilds, and fraternities, convinced me that the scheme I propose is no visionary idea.

But it may fairly be urged, if the case is as I represent it, how comes it that the ranks of our pupil teachers have not supplied our missionary student associations with candidates for St Augustine's College? It is a fact that they have not. And it is not difficult to show the reason why. These associations are nearly all fettered by a rule not to give more than £35 per annum to any one student; that is, they offer to pay a young man's battels at St Augustine's, leaving him to defray his own personal and

travelling expenses, which the most self-denying of youths can scarcely keep under £25 per annum, when he has to include the necessary purchase of books. There are very few pupil teachers whose parents are in a position to pay £25 per annum for their son's education after their term of service in school is ended. Consequently, by what I must describe as "penny wise and pound foolish" policy, instead of being able to select the best from among a number of candidates, the committees of these associations often find the greatest difficulty in hunting up a candidate at all, and are obliged to be satisfied with very inferior material. Let our missionary associations extend their operations so as to offer £60 per annum instead of £35, and I am persuaded that they would not only find the number of candidates increase, but the *quality* would be better.

This is a bold assertion, which will not probably meet with general assent. For it is evident the candidates would be drawn from a lower grade of society than that from which it was expected that the candidates for these studentships would mostly come. It was thought that many who could not afford to give their sons a public school and university education, would gladly avail themselves of the opening thus afforded them to enter the ministry through St Augustine's College. But amongst those who might be glad of such an opening for their sons, and able to bear the expenses of their maintenance at St Augustine's, how few there are who could also keep their sons at school until they are of an age to be received at the missionary college. It is found necessary for them to seek for some employment after they are sixteen or seventeen; and if their attention had ever been drawn towards the missions of the Church, we cannot be surprised that all thought in that direction should be banished from their minds before they are twenty. This is the cause why our missionary associations have had so few candidates for their studentships, and those for the most part men who have been away from their books for three or four years at least.

But it is objected that, if the associations should provide for the entire maintenance of a student during his course at college, men of an inferior stamp would offer themselves, and the ad-

mission of the sons of mechanics into the ministry would tend to lower the status of the English clergy. The objection, I believe, is purely imaginary, unless it is supposed that evil would ensue from admitting within the gates of St Augustine's men of the same stamp and social position as our national schoolmasters, who form as earnest and devoted a body of men as any within the Church. It would be impossible for men of no education to become candidates for the studentships; they could only offer themselves to be rejected. But we should find candidates coming forward from amongst our pupil teachers, who have been receiving an uninterrupted education up to the time of their application.

For my own part, I should rejoice to see the sons of our mechanics thus enabled to press into the ranks of the missionary clergy. So long as the standard of attainments required in all who are admitted to holy orders is not lowered, their admission will not lower the position of the clergy. I would go all lengths with those who are jealous of the intrusion of uneducated men into the ministry. It is much to be deplored that any should have been ordained who cannot construe their Greek Testament and scarcely write a line of Latin. The clergyman ought to be a scholar and a gentleman. But in these days, when the old aristocracy of the country is being fast pushed from its place by a plutocracy, and wealth is taking precedence of both and education, it is not safe to make the depth of a man's purse, or even the circle in which he moves, the measure either of his scholarship or his gentlemanly bearing. So long as the standard of examination for holy orders is not lowered to meet the capacities of a lower order of minds, the Church cannot suffer by the admission of men from a lower grade of society into her ministry.

The discipline and instruction of a good school will be found to impart to the pupil teacher the high tone of feeling and the courteous deportment which are the unmistakeable results of a sound education. He grows up free from those false notions of manliness, and those airs of the would-be-a-gentleman which are so often fostered under the wings of first-class academies, amongst those who look down upon the humbler origin of the pupil teacher. The pupil teacher may not have a penny he can

call his own; but I repeat, that the principles in which he is brought up—the discipline and training to which he has been subject—constitute him by far the best candidate we are likely to find for our missionary studentships.

Perhaps it is too much to expect that our missionary associations will so increase their finances as to offer their students their entire maintenance at St Augustine's. But I believe in every deanery one clergyman at least could be found who would gladly make his school the nursery of the missionary association, giving his pupil-teachership to boys in whom he discerned a missionary spirit, and at the same time promising to provide for their personal expenses during their stay at St Augustine's. If unable to do this himself, there ought to be no difficulty in finding a few friends of missions to aid him in collecting the required sum of £25 per annum. At the risk of being thought egotistical, I cannot conclude without stating that the great comfort I have found in having one or more young men working in the schools who are looking forward to go to St Augustine's hereafter, the excellent spirit in which they work, and the thousand and one ways in which they are of service, first led me to think of the advantage of their employment in mission work abroad.

I have thus shown the reason why our pupil-teachers have not come forward as candidates for missionary studentships. It furnishes no ground for supposing that they would not be ready to go out on foreign service. I have stated that those who went out should be promised a return to England, and a free course of study at St Augustine's, to enable them to take holy orders. At the same time, there would be no reason why those who preferred it should not remain at the mission in a lay capacity. The early missions sent out from Italy, to which we are indebted for the conversion of our Saxon forefathers, combined with great advantage the lay and clerical elements. Much may be learned from a careful study of those missionary efforts. Our own missions would, no doubt, be more efficient if they were brought into closer resemblance to them. But this is a fresh subject, upon which I must not enter, at the end of this long letter. But you must let me mention one little incident in the

mission at Jarrow, in Northumberland, which may fan the latent spark of missionary zeal in the heart of some boy who reads it. It reminds us that the sorrows and trials of the missionaries to our shores were not less than those which the Central African Mission has endured. "In the year 686, England was visited by another pestilence, which devastated the monastery of which Bede was an inmate. It swept away every monk instructed in the choral service with the exception of the abbot and *one little boy*, who still continued, in the midst of his tears and sorrows, to chant the canonical hours." That little boy became the Venerable Bede.

ALFRED WILLIS.

NEW BROMPTON, CHATHAM,

May 18th, 1866.

GRAFTON AND ARMIDALE.

It is not quite eighty years ago that the site of the present town of Sydney was fixed upon for the head-quarters of a penal settlement then established in New South Wales; and it is little more than fifty years ago that a passage was effected over the Blue Mountains, a range so precipitous that it was considered to present an impenetrable barrier to the advance of the colonists into the interior. In the course of these few years, Australia has become one of the chief dependencies of the British Empire. The convict system has for some years been abolished, and free emigration, stimulated by the discovery of gold and other causes, has been going on so rapidly that it is difficult to follow the progress made year by year on that vast continent. Sydney, which in the year 1810 was little better than an irregular village of houses, cottages, and bark-covered huts, is now a noble town exhibiting all the marks of wealth and prosperity, and enriched by the commerce for which its magnificent harbour makes so ample provision. The number of the original settlers (including convicts) was 1030, with one chaplain to supply their spiritual wants; and we have on record the emotions of one who witnessed "the stillness and tranquillity of that thick wood, which had then,

for the first time since the Creation, been interrupted by the rude sound of the labourer's axe, and the downfall of its ancient inhabitants; a stillness and tranquillity which were from that day to give place to the noise of labour, the confusion of camps and towns, and the busy hum of its new possessors." Such was the foundation of the colony and of the Church of New South Wales. I do not undertake to trace the progress or to write the history of the colony. As the number of settlers increased, additional chaplains were from time to time appointed, with somewhat, it must be confessed, of that slowness which has too often been shown by our Government of the day to provide for the spiritual wants of those under its care. In 1824, an Archdeacon was appointed for the first time—Archdeacon Scott, who was succeeded in 1829 by Archdeacon Broughton, under whom, being appointed Bishop in 1836, the Church of New South Wales at length acquired its complete organisation. This was at that time the only bishopric in Australia; and the limits of the diocese may be supposed to have been coincident with that of the continent itself.

The erection of the See of Tasmania, in 1842, ought perhaps to be mentioned, on account of the vicinity of Van Diemen's Land and Norfolk Island to Australia. But it was in the year 1847 that a marked step was made in advance, and the limits of dioceses began to be defined in this quarter of the world. In this year were erected the new Sees of Adelaide, Melbourne, and Newcastle; and the boundaries of the Diocese of Sydney were defined by Melbourne on the south, and by Newcastle on the north. It is to this northern portion of New South Wales that I have to direct the attention of the reader. The Rev. Dr Tyrell was consecrated Bishop of this See on St Peter's Day, A.D. 1847. The northern boundary was defined by the twenty-first parallel of south latitude, the western by the 141st degree of east longitude, the coast line being 860 miles, and the breadth of the area more than 800. Large tracts of this area were, of course, at that time, and considerable portions yet remain unsettled; and in a country like New South Wales it is difficult to determine the exact limits of occupation. The way in which the soil is

taken possession of is, in general, by individuals of energy and wealth acquiring tracts of land, parts of which near the water-courses are usually purchased of the Government.

On these they pasture large flocks of sheep, herds of cattle and horses : one owner possesses from 10,000 or 15,000 sheep to 50,000 or more. The cattle and horses require branding and mustering at times ; and the stock-keeper rides frequently over the "runs" to see that their cattle have not strayed off the unfenced land, and that the cattle of other owners are not trespassing among theirs. But cattle and horses do not require such close attention as sheep. Two flocks, with 1000 in each, are placed at one station, with a shepherd over each, whose business it is to walk out with them for a mile or two every day, and to bring them back to be put in the sheep-yard at night. If the men are unmarried, a third is placed with them as hut-keeper, to prepare the food, and clean the huts and the sheep-yards. If one is married, his wife discharges these duties. Hence the shepherd population, thinly scattered over the country, needs the especial care of the clergyman as he rides "through the bush" on his mission : he must look out for Christ's scattered sheep, they cannot ordinarily come to the places when he celebrates Divine Service. At the head station resides the owner or his superintendent. There is the shearing shed, to which, once a year, all the flocks are brought to be shorn. There is the "store" of flour, tea, salt beef, and the various necessities, which are sent out once a week by the "ration cars" to the scattered shepherds' or stock-keepers' huts belonging to the establishment. At the central station, therefore, a little congregation may be always gathered, and generally the visits of the clergyman are cordially welcomed. As stations and settlers are multiplied, towns are gradually formed, while stations more and more extend themselves into the unoccupied land.

The discovery of gold in New South Wales, in May 1851, and afterwards in large quantities in the colony of Victoria, caused a large influx of population from Europe. Men of all classes came to dig gold, many of whom, not succeeding in their direct object, became absorbed in the more ordinary occupations of the colo-

nies. And thus the large increase of wealth and the continual immigration gave a stimulus to New South Wales, which has kept its towns and villages and its bush population increasing in all directions. To meet this increase more clergymen and schoolmasters have been added; more than thirty churches have been built, besides those in the now separated diocese of Brisbane; and new schools and parsonages have been built in many places. It will be easily seen that, if at any time the diocese of Newcastle could have been adequately attended to by one bishop, this possibility would soon pass away. Therefore, Bishop Tyrrell had not long been in his diocese before he directed his thoughts to its subdivision. The erection of the colony of Queen's Land secured one step. The See of Brisbane was created in 1859, and the eastern boundary of the See of Newcastle was fixed a little below the twenty-eighth parallel of south latitude. By this time the southern portion of the diocese included settlements of no inconsiderable magnitude—the port of Newcastle, with its two churches of Christ Church and St John's; West Maitland, with its churches of St Mary's and St Paul's; East Maitland, Morpeth, Singleton, and Muswell Brook, to which last town the railway to Newcastle is nearly completed, and is having the usual effect in largely increasing the population. The rich flats in the valley of the Haute are dotted over with agriculturists and graziers, while in the neighbourhood of Brisbane Water the timber-cutters carry on a trade with Sydney.

Here the Bishop of Newcastle may find an ample sphere of labour. The northern part is less peopled, considerable portions of it consisting of grazing districts. Just, then, as Newcastle was separated from the more settled Sydney, there is now need of a separation from the more settled Newcastle. This is the basis of the proposal of a new See of Grafton and Armidale, which is to take off the northern portion (about two-thirds of the area) of the present diocese of Newcastle. Grafton is a town on the Clarence River, not far from the sea-coast; Armidale is inland, in the more distinctly agricultural district. The new bishop of this extended diocese, with its scattered population, will require all the vigour

which Bishop Tyrrell possessed eighteen years ago. Besides the superintendence of the clergy, he will himself have arduous missionary duties to perform. Each year he must ride hundreds of miles. He must visit stations here and there, call together the scattered labourers who belong to each station, confirm the children, ratify and strengthen the work of such clergymen as have visited it, encourage all to hold fast by their profession, and show that their Church has not omitted to supply all her ministrations to her sons, however far removed from the common haunts of men. Bishop Tyrrell, who has so devotedly watched over his flock, not having once quitted his post since the day of his taking possession of his see, calls earnestly for the completion of this great work. He has himself from his own resources contributed £1000 to the endowment of the new see; the colonists themselves have raised £5000; the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge and the Colonial Bishopric's Council have given ready and liberal help. There yet remains to be provided for the endowment £2500, of which £1000 has been raised within the last few months. It will be interesting to my readers to know that the late Rev. John Keble was one of the members of the committee formed for the purpose of raising this sum. It may be confidently expected that they who desire to build up our Church after the Apostolic manner will interest themselves in this undertaking. The Bishop of Newcastle considers £10,000 as the least sum required in order to provide a moderate endowment. As soon as this sum is secured, the Archbishop of Canterbury is ready to recommend a clergyman for the appointment. But until the remaining £1500 is secured, the accomplishment of the work must be delayed. May the Lord of the Church prosper our endeavours, and make them conduce to the advancement of His kingdom upon earth, to the glory of His name, and to the salvation of souls!

REVIEW.

The Zambesi and its Tributaries. By David and Charles Livingstone.

IN Dr Livingstone's former volume of travels in Africa, there were elements of popularity which it would be unreasonable to expect to find in any succeeding work. As a record of a geographical feat, never surpassed if ever equalled, it at once commanded a world-wide attention. The boldness of the conception of the undertaking, on the successful accomplishment of which his fame must ever mainly rest, the hardihood which without any chance of aid in case of failure or accident could face the perils of such a journey, the high motives which suggested the enterprise, the indomitable perseverance which surmounted so many difficulties, the strange incidents, the startling novelties, the amount and variety of information obtained on subjects which had so long been matters of dispute or conjecture, and more than all, perhaps, the previous history of the hero of the story, all combined to place it out of the category of ordinary books of travel. The present work, on the other hand, is a record of continued disappointments, and at last of comparative failure.

In saying this, however, we do not mean to imply that this second contribution to our still very imperfect knowledge of Africa is unimportant, or the work itself uninteresting; on the contrary, a more readable book it would be difficult to find. We only mean that the reader must be on his guard against estimating it by a false standard to which it cannot come up.

The Zambesi expedition was suggested by the results which had followed from the efforts of our Government to suppress the slave trade on the West Coast. Speaking of these results, Dr Livingstone says :—

“When proceeding to the West Coast, in order to find a path to the sea by which lawful commerce might be introduced to aid Missionary operations, it was quite striking to observe, several hundreds of miles from the ocean, the very decided influence of that which is known as Lord Palmerston's policy. Piracy had been abolished, and the slave trade so far suppressed, that it was spoken of by Portuguese, who had themselves been slave-traders, as a thing of the past. Lawful commerce had increased from an annual total of £20,000 in ivory and gold-dust, to between two and three millions, of which one million was in palm-oil to our own country. Over twenty Missions had been established, with schools, in which more than twelve thousand pupils

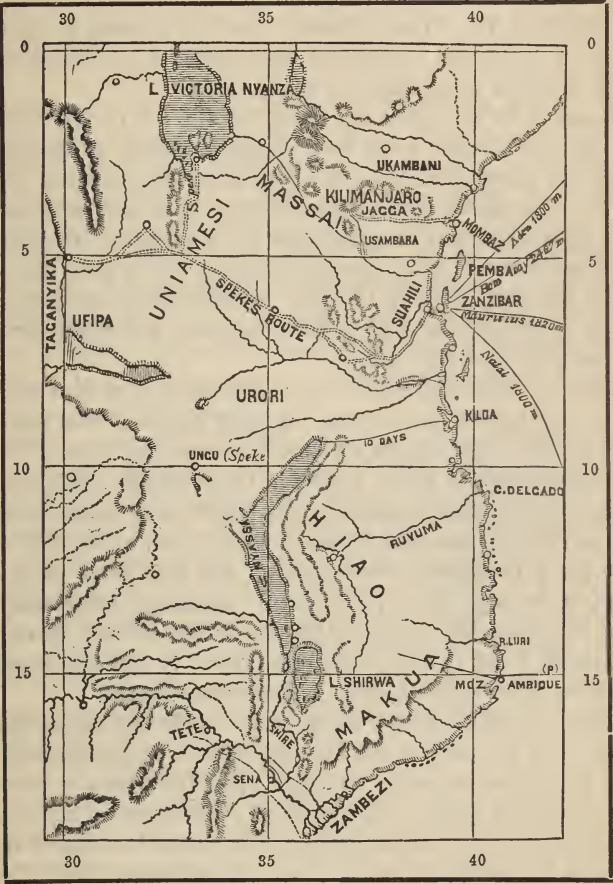
were taught. Life and property were rendered secure on the coast, and comparative peace imparted to millions of people in the interior, and all this at a time when, by the speeches of influential men in England, the world was given to understand that the English cruisers had done nothing but aggravate the evils of the slave trade."

It was argued that if the East Coast could be more fully explored, and a way opened through it for the operations of Christian Missions, and for lawful commerce, similar results would follow. The Expedition was undertaken at the expense of the Government, and successively authorised by Lord Clarendon, Lord Malmesbury, and Lord Russell. It consisted of Dr Livingstone, and his brother, Mr Charles Livingstone, Dr Kirk, Mr Richard Thornton, and the officers and crew of a small steamer which accompanied them.

The journeyings to and fro, which are recorded in the present volume, will be best understood by the following dates, and a reference to the accompanying section of the map of the East Coast of Africa. It will be observed how often the same country is traversed :—

May,	1858	...	Reached mouth of the Zambesi.
September,	"	...	Reached Tette.
January,	1859	...	Returned to the Shire.
April,	"	...	Discovered Lake Shirwa.
June,	"	...	Returned to Tette.
August,	"	...	Returned to mouth of Zambesi.
September,	"	...	Discovered Lake Nyassa.
November,	"	...	Returned to the mouth of the Zambesi.
February,	1860	...	Returned to Tette.
March,	"	...	Back to mouth of the Zambesi.
April,	"	...	Returned to Tette.
August,	"	...	Reached Victoria Falls.
September,	"	...	Reached Makalolo country.
January,	1861	...	Met Bishop Mackenzie at mouth of the Zambesi.
July,	"	...	Reached Magomero.
October,	"	...	Explored Lake Nyassa.
February,	1862	...	Back to mouth of Zambesi.
August,	"	...	Visited Johanna.
October,	"	...	Explored the Rovuma.
August,	1863	...	Revisited Lake Nyassa.
April,	1864	...	Quitted the Zambesi.

From the first the great difficulty which had to be contended with was the difficulty of navigating either the Zambesi or the Shire with the steamers provided for the purpose. The steamers, in fact, seem to have been the bane of the expedition. The "Ma-Robert" (so named, according to the native custom, after Mrs Livingstone, "Ma" equalling mother of, and Robert being the name of her eldest son) was soon



SECTION OF THE EAST COAST OF AFRICA, AND INTERIOR LATELY EXPLORED.

rendered useless, partly from a defect in the material used in her, and partly from the continuous strain of being hauled by main force over one sandbank after another. Owing to some neglect or misunderstanding of the directions sent home, the second steamer, the "Pioneer," proved to be of even deeper draught than the one it was to supersede; whilst the third, the "Lady Nyassa," even when taken to pieces, was too heavy to be carried up without the greatest difficulty and delay to the lake on which it was intended to ply.

It is easy to be wise after the event, but there is no doubt that had either native or English boats been employed instead of steamers, the work of four years might have been done in as many months. By these means the distance has been performed more than once in three weeks for the up voyage, and as many days for the return. Of course the chief difficulty was to get a steamer at all up to the great inland sea, the Lake Nyassa. As it had to pass the Murchison cataracts, it was necessary in any case for it to be taken to pieces and transported overland when it reached that point.

The delays may indeed have been unavoidable, or at least the necessary price of gaining experience, but they are none the less to be regretted when happening to an expedition coasting some £30,000 a year, nearly enough to endow a Mission in perpetuity. When we consider that all the actual results obtained might, as it proved, have been secured in infinitely less time without any such cost, we certainly cannot endorse Dr Livingstone's own review of the first three years of his work when he says that it had been "eminently successful;" and judging only from his own narrative, we should certainly have placed the "turning point of his prosperous career" in his last expedition, much nearer than he does himself to its commencement.

The result of all these early delays and unproductive expenditure was that just when the prize of his long toil was to be grasped, when the steamer which was to make its home upon the waters of the much talked-of lake was within a few miles of its destination, a peremptory recall came from the Foreign Office, and a notice that under any circumstances the salaries of all the crew and officers of the "Pioneer" were in any case to cease by a given date.

By far the most interesting part of the present work is the account of the journey from Tette, undertaken by Dr Livingstone for the purpose of accompanying his former fellow-travellers, the Makololo, who had remained there patiently awaiting his return from England, back to their own country, a distance of some 400 miles.

In this part of the volume we have an account of the causes which

led to the melancholy termination of the effort of the London Missionary Society to establish a mission station in the Makololo country. The death of Mr Helmore and his companions was attributed at the time, as our readers will remember, to a well used by the missionaries being poisoned. Dr Livingstone shows that such a supposition was entirely without foundation, and that the fever of the country, in the absence of any proper medicines or knowledge of the proper method of treating it, was the sole cause of the disaster. In illustration of the friendly feelings of the natives, he instances numerous acts of kindness and good feeling towards himself and other travellers, and more especially the fact of their looking forward to his own return as evidenced by the great care which had been taken of a waggon and numerous stores which he had left in their care, and which he found in perfect safety. Not the least painful part of the narrative is the statement that amongst these very stores, which were within a few hundred yards of the spot where the party perished, was a medicine chest, of the existence of which they were of course ignorant, but which, had they been able to avail themselves of its contents, would in all human probability have saved their lives.

We must pass rapidly over the part which Dr Livingstone took in reference to the Universities' Mission. One fact it is only right to mention, viz., that to the casual reader, if not to every reader, Dr Livingstone's account of the conflicts which took place with the natives hardly conveys an accurate impression of the true facts of the case. He quotes the advice which he gave the Bishop, not to engage in any hostilities with the natives after his departure; and he argues from it that the Mission party were solely responsible for the proceedings which so excited people's minds in England. He forgets to point out that the conflicts, of which the fullest accounts were given at the time, were those in which *he himself took an active part*. It is true that he says "up to this point (that is, of his departure) we cheerfully bear all responsibility," but in his account of events up to this point no one would suppose that there was *anything to be responsible for*, and most readers would certainly conclude that all the fighting which had attracted public attention was to be laid solely at the door of the Missionaries. Without, then, pressing the point that, before giving the advice he quotes, he had made it almost impossible to follow it, and that he had more than negatived his precepts by his example, we are bound to point out that the responsibility of commencing hostilities and of carrying them on to a certain point belongs to him.

We should not have drawn attention to this subject if it were the

only instance which the present work presents of this method of dealing with facts.

As we read the chapters in which more recent events in the Zambesi are treated of, we are inclined to think that the African climate must have had as prejudicial an effect upon Dr Livingstone's memory as it evidently has had upon his temper. We will give his account of one event on which he dwells at some length, and then supply the missing links in his narrative.

Speaking of his last journey down the Shire and through the marshes near Mount Morambala, he says, "We tarried in the foul and blackening emanations from the marsh because we had agreed to receive on board about thirty poor orphan boys and girls, and the helpless widows whom Bishop Mackenzie had attached to his mission. The boys and girls who were only from seven to twelve years of age, and orphans, without any one to help them, could not be abandoned without bringing odium upon the English name. We believed that we ought to leave the English name in the same good repute amongst the natives that we had found.

"Bishop Tozer had already left for Quillimane when we took these people and the last of the Universities' missionaries on board."

Now, if all this means anything, it means that Dr Livingstone brought away a number of people whom Bishop Tozer had heartlessly deserted; whereas the fact was, that the taking them to the Cape or Natal was Bishop Tozer's own suggestion, for the carrying out of which he had made an unlimited offer of funds from his private means, and their being left was the result of previous arrangement with Dr Livingstone, he having means of transit for them at his disposal which the Bishop had not. All this is summed up in the narrative before us in the words "we had agreed,"—words which, taken with the rest of the statement, have simply no meaning at all; taken literally, they hardly shelter the writer from a charge of making a positively false statement.

We will only consider one more of Dr Livingstone's statements. Uttering as he believes "the sentiments of many devout members of different sections of Christians," (who they may be or what they can know about the matter we are not told,) and expressing his regret that the Mission should have been "abandoned," he says, "It would have been no more than fair that Bishop Tozer, before winding up the affairs of the Mission, should actually have examined the highlands of the Upper Shire; he would thus have gratified the associates of his predecessor, who believed that the highlands had never had a fair trial, and he would have gained from personal observation a more accurate

knowledge of the country and the people than he could possibly have become possessed of by information gathered chiefly on the coast." There are two assertions made here; that Bishop Tozer abandoned the highlands of the Shire without having taken any steps to obtain accurate information about them, and that the information which he ultimately acted upon was gained on the coast. Both are incorrect.

We will state the facts as they occurred. Bishop Tozer felt on his arrival at Chibisas that there was a pressing necessity for removing the Mission, without a day's delay, from a locality which had proved so deadly. The only question was, what he should do whilst he made up his mind as to his future course of action? He knew the highlands were more or less depopulated, (a fact which Dr Livingstone quietly ignores,) and that nothing could be done there until a tribe living further north had come down and occupied the country; at the same time he could not go up the country to survey it without risking a prolonged residence of several of the party at Chibisas, and without putting those whom he had left nearer the coast to the greatest inconvenience by the delay. He therefore decided to fall back upon the nearest healthy spot between Chibisas and the coast, a course which had the additional advantage of bringing him nearer to his supplies. He chose a high hill at the mouth of the Shire: from this point he could reach Chibisas in a week, and could form his plans at leisure—at the same time he hoped that the post itself would be permanently tenable as a Sanatorium, and possibly as a school and as a halfway station on the river journey, should he decide upon reoccupying the old ground; but though Dr Livingstone is literally correct in saying that Bishop Tozer did not go to the Shire highlands himself, he suppresses the fact that one of the Bishop's party, the Rev. C. A. Alington, went for him, and that too before the station at Chibisas was finally broken up, and discovered that the country was even more depopulated than had been previously imagined.

In a letter written by Mr Alington to the school children of the parish which he had left in England, the following passage occurs, and applies to this survey:—

"I have had a long journey in a boat up the river. All this country has been desolated by war and famine, hundreds and hundreds of people have died of starvation—I have walked through village after village of ruined huts; all the cooking gear and small property of the people is lying about, and a little heap of white bones shows you what has become of the owners. The hyænas have grown fat upon the dead bodies of the poor people who have been starved."

Such was the information upon which Bishop Tozer acted. We must add that Dr Livingstone was aware of these facts. *In another part of his work he actually states that, had it been possible to imagine such an entire depopulation of a country, he would not have gone up the river Shire, (p. 456.)*

Dr Livingstone concludes his remarks by observing, "that on the West Coast of Africa upwards of forty missionaries had succumbed to the climate" before any success appeared at the Mission stations.

Now, Bishop Tozer's decision scarcely turned at all upon the question of health—all his letters show this. Had there been any prospect of establishing a Mission on the highlands, there is no reason whatever for supposing that he would not have unhesitatingly given them a fair trial. When, therefore, Dr Livingstone goes on to infer from this that the Universities' Mission, "though representing all that is brave, and good, and manly, in the chief seats of English learning," must appear to great disadvantage when contrasted with other Missions, and that it affords the first instance of a Protestant Mission "having been abandoned without being driven away," we do not think that any excuse can be made for such language.

With regard to the removal of the Mission, we will only add a few words spoken lately by the Bishop of Lincoln at a public meeting:—

"When the time came for Bishop Tozer to leave England, the instructions given him were to consider himself a perfectly free agent, and if he found when he arrived there that the site on which the Mission was fixed offered no good hope that the Mission could be carried on successfully in that place, he was perfectly at liberty to change it. No doubt it was a great and most unpleasant responsibility to be laid on any one in his position, and I remember saying at the time that it required far less real courage to live and die there on the spot than to undertake the responsibility, after all that had passed, of removing the Mission to another place. When the Mission party arrived there they were greeted first of all with the intelligence of the two deaths I last mentioned—Mr Scudamore and Dr Dickinson, and also another belonging to Dr Livingstone's party, Mr Thornton the geologist; and they found all the members of the Mission suffering more or less severely from the effects of the climate, and three of the party had to be sent home. Under these circumstances, and after careful consideration, the Bishop decided, in the first instance, to move the Mission to very high ground as a post of observation from which he might be able to see what opening there was in other parts of the country. He finally decided to move the Mission from the interior. The circumstances were the same as when the former party and himself had arrived. Still, there was the great distance from the only place from which supplies could be procured; still, the great difficulty of navigation and difficul-

ties arising from war and famine, and from the occupation of the mouths of the river by the Portuguese; and *then there were these additional circumstances*—a despatch from Lord Russell removing Dr Livingstone from his official position there, and on his assistance and his vessel the Mission had depended for supplies, and it was believed, and turned out to be true, that the squadron, some vessels of which were usually at the mouth of the Zambesi, were likely to be withdrawn. Under these circumstances, with great hesitation, with much doubt as to what his duty was, the Bishop determined that to the best of his judgment, and the duty he owed both to the Mission there and to those who had planned it at home, his duty clearly was to withdraw it from the spot where he himself saw no prospect of success. I have said that it required more courage to do this than to remain and die on the spot. He knew perfectly well that it would be the cause of deep disappointment, especially to the original founders of the Mission, and would subject him to severe criticism and misapprehension in the minds of those whose opinion he most deeply valued. So, no doubt, it has been, and this feeling found expression in a chapter in the last book of travels of Dr Livingstone, which has probably met the eyes of many here present—a chapter which I think I am justified in saying many of Dr Livingstone's best friends, as well as the friends of Bishop Tozer, regretted he allowed himself to put into that very interesting book. However, I do not in the least complain of Dr Livingstone finding fault with the removal of the Mission. It was quite natural he should do so. It was his own plan—one on which he had set his heart. It was his own child, as it were, and it would be unlike human nature if he could have seen the withdrawal of the Mission without finding fault. All I can say on that subject is this—that having had the opportunity of an hour's conversation with Dr Livingstone, in company with the Bishop of Oxford, when at Nottingham, some time ago, and having heard him fully explain his views on the subject, both the Bishop of Oxford and I came away convinced that the maintenance of the Mission in the valley of the Zambesi and Shire was not practicable—at any rate was extremely perilous.

“I do not at all complain of Dr Livingstone or anybody else either forming his own opinions or expressing them, but I think it should be done in such a way as to make the whole of the circumstances known, so that others could form their opinion on the whole of the facts.”

We are much mistaken if public opinion does not in the end endorse the opinion thus temperately expressed.

The statements which Dr Livingstone has put forth have been copied into half the newspapers and reviews in the country, and the impression created by them has made it absolutely necessary to take this notice of them.

We shall hope to give some further extracts from the book in a future number.

CHRIST'S POVERTY MAN'S RICHES.

(Sermon by His Grace the ARCHBISHOP OF DUBLIN, preached at a Special Service in aid of the Central African Mission, held in Winchester Cathedral, on June 24th, 1866.)

2 CORINTHIANS VIII. 9.

“Ye know the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, who, though He was rich, yet for your sakes He made himself poor, that ye through His poverty might be rich.”

It was but recently that these Corinthians had known this grace of the Lord Jesus Christ, of which the Apostle here speaks; for it was he himself, the writer of these words, who had first brought to them the knowledge of that grace, who had found them, some the servants of vain idols, and some of a vain philosophy, or some, it might be, the servants of both at the same time, and, delivering them from these sinful and beggarly elements of this world, had imparted to them the knowledge of those unsearchable riches of Christ, whereof he here reminded them. And if you will observe the occasion on which, and the motive with which he utters these words, you will find them to be as follows: “The Church at Corinth was comparatively a wealthy one, above all wealthy if set beside the mother Church at Jerusalem. From some cause—various causes have been assigned—the poor saints at Jerusalem continually needed the assistance of their richer brethren throughout the world, and St Paul is here urging the Christians at Corinth to a liberal contribution on their behalf. And this Apostle, who loves ever to appeal to the highest motives, to go back to the ultimate ground of things, sets before them in these words of my text why it was their duty to open their hands and their hearts widely, to respond cheerfully and largely to his appeal. Ye profess to be (and with all their sins and their shortcomings St Paul acknowledged of them that in large part they were)—you profess to be the servants and followers of the Lord Jesus Christ—you desire to walk in His footsteps, to take Him for a pattern and example; and you know what that pattern and example was—what His grace towards us was: rich, He became poor for us, that we, through His poverty, might be rich. Shall we refuse to follow, though it be at an infinite distance, in His footsteps? How infinite this distance is and must always continue, and at the same time how constraining the motive which we may here find for acts of self-sacrifice and self-denial, be they small or be they great;

will appear most plainly when we have a little more closely studied these memorable words : "Ye know the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, who being rich He made himself poor." Being rich, or though He was rich, to what do these words refer ? What were the riches which He had, and which, for our sakes, He renounced ? No doubt the riches of His glory and pre-eminence in heaven, in His pre-existent subsistence—the glory which He had with His Father before the foundations of the world were laid. All attempts to explain away these words as though they expressed less, as though anything short of this would exhaust and satisfy their meaning, must at once be rejected, and set aside as idle and futile. He was rich : what words of ours can express, for, indeed, what thoughts of ours can conceive, the riches which were His ! He was in the form of God, the first-born of every creature, in the bosom of the Father, sharing with the Father and the Holy Ghost the inconceivable bliss of Deity, (for He thought it not robbery to be equal with God ; did not account, that is, that He was snatching anything which was not His own.) And Him the angels, a living circle of light around the throne, worshipped evermore ; and when the four living creatures gave glory and honour and thanks to Him that sat on the throne, who liveth for ever and ever, it was to Him, to the Son, the image of the invisible God, that this glory and honour and these thanks were rendered. But being rich, He made Himself poor ! Here, again, what comparison drawn from earthly things would make even a remote approximation to this making of Himself poor on the part of the Son of God ? Truly it immeasurably transcends them all. We count it a great descent if a king, by some turn of Fortune's wheel, comes down to a private man's estate ; but a far greater fall is this : let him exchange his royal robes for beggar's weeds, his sceptre for a staff, to go forth an outcast and an exile over the earth. That, too, were nothing ; that would but feebly help to show forth what we are contemplating here ; for such a change, great as no doubt it would be, would yet find place altogether within fixed and in some respects very narrow limits—that is, within the limits and condition of our humanity. That king who left his home—he was but a man at the highest, subject, therefore, to all the infirmities of our nature, to sorrow, to sickness, to accidents, to death, dwelling in a house of clay—he continues a man at the lowest ; he has but changed his outward garb and trappings, not the essentials of his existence. A rich man to become a poor man, or a great man a small, or a king a beggar ; what is it, after all ?—wherein does it even remotely approach the change which St Paul speaks of here ? God to become man, not to cease from being God, for that it

was impossible for Him to do ; God could never cease to be God ; but to abdicate and renounce for the time all the actings of Deity—to empty Himself of all these ; to take upon Him man's nature, with all its inherent weaknesses and infirmities, with all the conditions which cling to it, except, indeed, its sin—which is only its miserable accident and not its essence—to take upon Him the form of a servant ; and as lowest, and last, and least, to walk this painful earth of ours, hungry and thirsty, having not where to lay His head, enduring the contradiction of sinners, and at length paying the things which He never took ; stripped of all ; undergoing the extreme penalty of our sin—tasting death and the bitterness of death for every man. Truly He made Himself poor, and for our own sakes—a worm and no man. There was no poverty like His !

But His purpose in all this ? That we through His poverty should be rich. What a strange sound these words have—that the poverty of one should be the riches of many ! and yet it is indeed only another putting of the same wonderful paradox which runs through the whole Gospel, and through the whole of Christ's dealings with the children of men. Those dealings were throughout a giving and a taking, a wondrous exchange, such as it could only have entered into the heart of God to conceive ; He everywhere taking from us whatever was poorest, meanest, saddest, most painful, most ignominious, and giving to us what was highest, noblest, choicest, best, and most glorious ; taking earth and giving heaven ; taking our poverty and giving to us His riches : but this is not all, taking our shame and giving to us His glory ; taking our cross and giving to us His crown ; taking our sin and giving to us His righteousness ; taking our curse and giving to us His blessing ; taking our death and giving to us His life. Truly He did make Himself poor, that we through His poverty might be rich.

But of what riches speaks the Apostle here ? not of silver and gold, corruptible things, of which if one have more, another must have less, which oftentimes corrupts those who have them, which at best perish in the using ; which leave us, or which we must leave. Not to make us rich in these, for He knew man's true life was not in them ; that a man abounding in these, rich in all which the world calls riches, might yet still be poor ; poor in all the elements of true happiness ; poor in time, and poor for eternity ; poor in time, having no joy in his life here ; for the fountains of joy even here are within a man and not without ; from above and not from beneath : how poor for eternity ! how bare, how naked, how miserable, when the world shall have passed away from him and the glory of it. This too often He knew as none of us can know, as

it is to be hoped we never shall know, as only that last and terrible day shall declare.

To make us rich in what?—rich in peace, rich in joy, rich in the grace, favour, and blessing of God; and oh how poor is man's life, how mean, how wretched, if it have not these, if it be lived without Christ and without God! Array your life outwardly with what gorgeous trappings you will; cover over and conceal the inner squalor and meanness of it; hide its loathsome sores under purple and gold; yet the inner meanness and poverty of it cannot effectually be hid, will make themselves felt, its sores refuse to be hidden, will break forth so that all may see them. There is hollowness at its heart, a want of sincerity in its joys; its mirth is madness, and its loudest laughter ever followed by a sigh. What good shall my life do me? is sooner or later the cry of the faded votary of pleasure. "He who thought to enjoy everything, in a little while enjoys nothing." Those were the very words of one gifted with all the external helps to happiness—a poet, one of the noble of the earth, gifted with genius, with all that wealth can command. Having laid himself out to enjoy everything, but without God, against God. This was the sad and forlorn confession which was wrung from his lips ere he had reached half the allotted years of man.

But that Saviour with whom we have to do makes the life of His people rich, brings them back to God, the one Fountain and Spring of all joy, reconciles them to Him in the blood of His cross, and in the same act reconciles them to themselves, healing the deep hurt of their spirit, and changing its discord into harmonies. The world in which they live, they behold it now as God's world, the work appointed to them to do is God's work, and this adds dignity and honour to the meanest task which may be allotted to them here.

Toil and labour, sorrow and suffering, all are transformed and transfigured from the moment that the light of heaven, the light of Christ's cross, has rested upon them. They are no longer mere heavy crushing burdens, under which our suffering humanity groans, as it staggers wearily to its grave. But these very things, seeming to be burdens, are indeed lightsome wings, lifting us heavenward; a Divine training and discipline appointed for the children of God, a ladder let down from heaven by which they may mount, painfully, it may be, and with bleeding feet, to the throne of God.

Surely the Apostle had good right to affirm that Jesus Christ became poorer that we through His poverty might be rich.

But was it only we? Did His purposes of grace reach only a few? Were Corinth and Jerusalem, and a few favoured spots of Greece and

Asia Minor, to be little spots of light, and all the rest of the world to remain black darkness as before?—or did not rather His counsels of grace and love embrace a world? Was it only some, or was it rather not all, whose poverty He would fain change into riches, and their sin into righteousness, their shame into glory, their despair into hope, and their death in life, into a life even in death? And this brings me to the especial matter which we have this day in hand. I observed just now how poor, how mean, how sordid, how wretched a thing is the life of man if it be lived without Christ; if lights from His cross and His throne do not fall on it; if Christ do not add a meaning, an honour, a dignity to it; if He be not present to light up the dark and gloomy walks which are often appointed for our teaching with light as from heaven. Take a man's living in a Christian land, but without a personal interest in a knowledge of the Saviour, and I say this is true concerning him: how fearfully, how awfully true, then, for the heathen, dwelling in the midst of the darkness of heathendom! That other man, dwelling in a Christian land, though, alas! he have not Christ in his own heart, how many benefits and blessings he owes to Christ, who is effectually working in the hearts of many around him! He may not himself be sanctified by the grace of the Holy Spirit, and yet from how many grosser forms of sin he is preserved by the force of good examples around him; he breathes unconsciously something of the Christian atmosphere in the midst of which he lives; for, indeed, in a Christian land, innumerable blessed fruits of Christ's Gospel teach even those who have not themselves come under the saving, sanctifying, elevating, and transforming influence of that blessed Gospel. Hardly any man can altogether escape these. Many derive probably a vast amount of moral good, even though they stop short of the highest good of all. The safety of the person, courtesy in the common intercourse of life, upright and truthful dealing in the main between men, respect for the weak and helpless, honour to the aged, reverence for women, the purity of family life—all these root themselves in the Gospel of Christ, and spring out of it; and in heathen lands where that Gospel is not known, or in nominally Christian lands where it fails to make itself felt, exist very feebly, or often exist not at all. We sometimes brood over the evils which are still to be found in the society around us, over the sin, only too powerful, which is still working in our own hearts, until we underrate or underestimate what Christian religion does for society, does for every soul that receives it in power, and for multitudes who do but receive the secondary influences of it; and because it has not done everything, there are moments when we are tempted to think that it has done nothing. But, oh! if we could have our habitation for a season in some heathen land, we should understand better what we owe to Him who made himself poor for our sakes; and what we owe to Him not merely in the inner sanctuary of the spirit, and as heirs of eternity, but owe to Him as denizens of earth, and in every region and province of our outward life. Such actual experience, however, can only be the portion of a few. Study in books, and not in the books of

missionaries only—for there might be a suspicion that they paint the picture in colours darker even than the reality ; but study in the works of travellers what the condition is of the tribes and nations on whom the Sun of Righteousness has never risen. Here in Christian Europe wars are miserably frequent ; but at all events they are the exception, and not the rule ; they are not chronic and perpetual. The horror of them is mitigated by the noble courtesies which honourable foes delight in observing to one another. Neither are they between district and district, between every village and its neighbour, as in some of the new-found islands of Melanesia, and to those central parts of Africa to which we would fain send the message of peace. Whatever of unholliness or impurity may be allowed or wrought among us, it is against our religion, in direct violation of its spirit and its letter ; it is not, as in the case of the impure rites of Hindostan itself, a part of the religion which we profess—a corrupting, defiling leaven mingling with that which ought to preserve all the rest of our lives from corruption and defilement.

I need not tell you the dark places of the earth are full of the habitations of cruelty, lust, and hate, twice born of hell, ever dwelling side by side, and playing fearfully into each other's hands. I need not speak of these things more ; indeed, I could not speak of them in particular.

You are invited, my Christian brethren, to assist in bringing to the tribes of Central Africa, now poor in every true blessing of this life, and of the life eternal, the knowledge of the grace of Christ by which you yourselves have been made rich. You doubtless know, if not in detail, yet in outline, the deeply interesting and pathetic history of the Mission—how it was at the first planted in the very heart of heathen Africa, far away from any but chance communications with the civilised world. I am persuaded now that this was a mistake, a noble mistake on their part, who were willing to accept a post of such exceeding hazard, but a mistake notwithstanding. It is, indeed, easy to be wise after the event ; but we can now plainly see that we should have taken into account the possibility of a land which, when Dr Livingstone visited it, was well ordered, flourishing, and seeming to invite missionary labours, being in a little while demoralised by the slave-hunter, devastated by hostile tribes, and desolated by famine, pestilence, and war. Such proved to be the case ; and God, who is well pleased that the work done for Him shall be work of faith, carried on under difficulty, disappointment, and defeat, sorely tried the faith of those who put their hands to His work. He that should have been the chief shepherd of the flock, to be gathered in early, past away—a faithful soldier of Christ, laying down his life on the battle-field ; and of that devoted band of labourers who accompanied or immediately followed him, hardly one or another is with us still. They, too, counted not their lives dear to them, if only the work to which they had set their hand might go forward. And now there has succeeded a serene hour. The work is going forward, but not at that fearful cost of life which

marked its commencement. At Zanzibar, where at least there is something of a settled Government, the work is proceeding. Another stands in Bishop Mackenzie's place, and walks in his steps; children, brought from tribes in the interior, are receiving a Christian education; the Scriptures are being translated into the language of Central Africa, and the way for another entrance into the heart of the land is being prepared.

It is to take your share in this work that I invite you to-day. I invite you, that is, to the performance of a plain duty. It is manifestly the will of God that men should be blest through men—that those who know the truth should impart it to others, that, as from a centre, the whole heaven should spread till it reach the outer circumference of the world, till all be leavened. That those whom Christ has made rich should make others rich in their turn. He whom all things obey might have chosen other ways to evangelise the earth. He might have spoken directly from heaven. Angels and not men, ten thousand times ten thousand, swift and strong, might have been the glorious ambassadors of His grace. As the lightning shineth from one end of heaven to the other, He might have made known His truth to all the world in one miraculous instant. He has not done so. He has chosen another way,—tedious, laborious, imperfect, as it seems to us, and yet the way, as we cannot doubt, of infinite wisdom and infinite love. Some reasons for His choice of this way we can plainly perceive. He will prove the faithfulness, the zeal, the devotion of those who call themselves by His name. He will prove at what rate they value their own blessings, measuring this by their forwardness to impart the same blessings to others. My Christian brethren, He is this day proving you. If Christ has made you rich, done for you what you feel no other could have done, taken you out of the mire, set your feet upon a rock, healed the deep hurt of your spirit, given to you peace with God, peace with your own selves, victory over sin, joy in tribulation, hope in death—if to you He is thus precious, you will not rest till you have done your part to make others inheritors of like precious faith with yourselves. But if, on the other hand, He is little or nothing more to you than another; if you see no beauty in Him that you should desire Him; if sin is to you no intolerable burden; if God is to you no supreme good, then, as you care little for Him who would have delivered you from your intolerable burden, who would have brought you into the presence of the Supreme Good, so you will care little to impart to others blessings which you so lightly esteem for yourselves, and thus your indifference will express itself in the scant and niggardly offering, or the offering altogether withholden from works such as this is, for the imparting of His unsearchable riches to the world.

My brethren, from the fulness of the heart the mouth speaketh. This is true; but not less true, that from the fulness of the heart the hand giveth.



THE VICTORIA FALLS.

MISSION LIFE.

CENTRAL AFRICAN MISSION.

HOME WORK.

THE chief event in the home work of the Mission during the past month has been the Special Service in the Cathedral at Manchester, on Wednesday evening, the 18th, when the Bishop of Lincoln preached. We shall not occupy much of our readers' time if we give the report of the service *in extenso* as we received it, "A good sermon—good congregation—good collection." Other services are being arranged for the autumn. Several further promises of parochial or school collections for the support of a student at the proposed Missionary College at Zanzibar have been received.

We would especially draw the attention of our readers to a letter printed in a review at the end of this number, in which reference is made to the work carried on at Codrington College, Barbadoes, where all who are now engaged in the Pongas Mission, both laymen and clergy, were educated, under Mr. Rawle, with whom the idea of the Pongas Mission originated.

List of Contributions received between June 15th and July 23rd, 1866.

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Ainslie, Miss A.	1	1	0	Hare, Mrs.	0	10	0
Anson, Rev. Canon	3	3	0	Howes, Rev. G. P.	0	10	6
Barnes, Miss	0	5	0	Humphreys, Mr. (Spilsby			
Browell, Miss	1	0	0	Account) Don.	0	2	6
Castleman, Rev. W. H. ...	1	1	0	Lock, Miss	0	5	0
Conesbrook, Mrs. Hobson				M. A. S.	0	5	0
Don.	2	0	0	*McHardy, Mrs. Graham ...	0	10	0
Festing, Mrs. R. G.	0	5	0	Percival, Rev. J. S.	1	0	0
Festing, Rev. J. W.	0	10	0	Pocock, Miss A. M.	0	5	0
*Freeman, T. A., Esq.	1	1	0	Poynder, Mrs.	1	1	0
Germon, Miss Don.	0	10	0	Tadman, R., Esq.	0	10	0
Greene, Miss M., Half-yearly				Thank Offering from a Far-			
Subscription	0	5	0	mer, by Rev. E. Lesh ...	0	10	0
Do., collected by	0	16	6	Wilkinson, J., Esq.	0	5	0

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Wilkinson, Rev. J.E...Don.	10	0	0	Manchester Cathedral,			
Do., collected for				Special Service	34	5	6
maintenance of a child				Do., Don. through			
at Zanzibar, viz.—				Canon Gibson	50	0	0
S. Speare	0	1	0	Wells Theological College,			
C. Bailey	0	1	0	Don. at Offertory	8	10	6
C. Daines and W. Denny	0	0	5	Winchester Cathedral	30	0	9
COLLECTIONS.				DURHAM LIST.			
Peterborough Cathedral,				Subscriptions, particulars of			
Special Service	6	7	5	which will appear next			
				month	26	14	6

THE MAGAZINE.

The Magazine, in its changed form, gives promise of soon obtaining a circulation which will make it self-supporting. Some persons who have expressed regret at the change which has been made seem not to realise sufficiently the great assistance which it must be to any special Mission to have a means of bringing its work and claims constantly, and without expense, before a large number of persons not previously interested in it.

FOREIGN WORK.

The following extracts from letters will speak for themselves. The first is from Bishop Tozer to a lady who, amongst many other good works undertaken for the Mission, has arranged to support two of the native children at Zanzibar :

“ZANZIBAR; February 2nd, 1866.

“Your two boys are very nice fellows. George is sulky-looking, but very quick and apt at learning, and exceedingly reliable. He is somewhat of a Turk, especially when any of his companions are the aggressors. I should say that, though by no means the tallest, yet that he is the one of all the boys who is the most of a man and most removed from childhood. I am, therefore, exceedingly pleased to find that there are no evidences of diminishing intelligence; he can read very nicely, knows his multiplication-table to perfection, works any sum in the four first rules, and writes small hand, as a copy-book will show which is gone home. His writing, however, is not his strong point, as he has not a sufficiently firm hold on his pen. There is not one of the fifteen who is, in his way, such a beau as George. His clothes are most beautifully washed, and kept with the greatest care; and this is a great point, when often you observe the utter carelessness which negroes exhibit. George can say his Catechism to the end of the “Duty towards God;” and knows, perhaps, more than any of the others his Old Testament History and the Life of our Lord. If not the most attractive of the boys in manner and look, he certainly is one on whom you can almost always depend, and I have never had any serious fault to find with him. Vincent is a very great contrast to George; much more of a child; a

dunce in most of his school-work; his reading very poor; quicker at arithmetic; and very ready at understanding all that is said. But of all sweet-tempered, fascinating little fellows, there is none to surpass him; always ready to run on an errand and nurse a sick boy, or to become "baba" (father) to a little one; but he is like all the Polynesian race, easily influenced, and nothing seems to sit on him at all heavily. There is not a better boy in the house than Vincent, or a kinder; and he is active and bright, and very much of a companion. I know you will be interested in these details. Five of the nine baptized come to evening service now at nine o'clock, and, of course, George is one of these. The others have prayers at 8.30, and then go to bed. I was exceedingly pleased with the way in which they read, yesterday morning, the 1st and 2nd Chapters of St. Matthew, omitting the genealogy.

"There is a large Indian population here, who claim us as fellow-subjects of the same Queen, and who sit loosely by their Mahometanism, and for these I am extremely anxious to do something. In colour they are as white as Europeans. They resemble us in their rejection of polygamy; and the women, unlike Arab mothers and sisters, occupy themselves in their family duties without any separation from the outer world. These people have considerable influence in Zanzibar, and the desire for an English education gives us an advantage over the French."

Writing early in the present year, H. Goodwin says—

"After a year's experience of African climate I have a decidedly favorable opinion of it; having fever once or twice is nothing more than one must expect from the change. I think I am quite as strong as when I came here, only I cannot keep up any violent exercise as I could in England. My duties as carpenter are getting tolerably light, little more than making picture-frames and practising wood carving, but the Bishop intends building a house at our Shamba soon, and then I shall be busy enough."

• Writing again on May 10th, 1866, he says—

"The organ has arrived at last, it came on Sunday week; two days after, five large boxes were brought on shore from the ship "Madagascar," and on Thursday we (*i. e.* I and the Bishop, who worked like a horse all the time) commenced putting it together. Before night we had got it up and the Principal tuned. There are five stops—Principal, Dulciana, Open Diapason, Stopped Diapason, and Claribella. The organ is so much larger than the Bishop expected that the space which had been allowed for it in the chapel was found to be six inches too small both in width and depth; so, as we could not possibly wait until it was made larger, we took the organ upstairs and put it up in the corridor. We worked with such zeal and energy that by Friday evening it was thoroughly tuned. Almost every day we have visits from distinguished Arabs, who request to hear the organ, and go away convinced that it is alive and in direct communication with evil spirits."

SCENE AT AN AFRICAN FUNERAL.

By the REV. J. L. PROCTOR.

HAVING understood that some details of the former experiences of the Universities' Mission might not be uninteresting to the readers of 'Mission Life,' I gladly offer to them the following account of an incident which occurred while we were living on the banks of the Shiré. The narrative of the brief labours of our late beloved Bishop Mackenzie, so admirably and touchingly written by his friend the Dean of Ely, will render any lengthy introduction unnecessary. I would only observe that while the incident will illustrate the many difficulties to be encountered by Missionaries in East Africa, arising from the superstitious feelings of the people, it will show that there is still sufficient encouragement, if we notice their simple, docile character, for the servant to rely on the Master's assurance, that even in regions where in darkness the work has hardly been begun, "we shall reap if we faint not."

And now to my story. It was on July 28th, 1862, that an event occurred as shocking in its commencement as it was happy and encouraging in its close. Some of the Achawa men then living with us had entered a Mang-anja village, of which the Chief, one Akum-tawa, had died about a week before. The funeral rites were going on, the people wailing over the corpse, which, according to their custom, was placed in a hut to decay before the interment took place, which is never until many days after death. Near the hut they found an Achawa woman, fastened up as I shall shortly describe, who, having been the slave of the deceased Chief, was so kept in order that she might be killed and buried with him, and thus, according to the native idea, serve him still in another life. Our men appeared to have been very much enraged at the situation and approaching fate of their countrywoman, and no doubt some altercation passed between them and the people of the village; they left the place, however, we were pleased to learn, without anything approaching to an act of violence, only saying they would go and tell their "Atati Ingurési" (English fathers) what the Mang-anja people were going to do. They accordingly came home and told William (one of the Cape men), who at once returned to the village to learn the particulars of the matter, but very wisely refused to take more than two of them back with him to show the way. On reaching the place, he found all the men on the outside and in the bush

around armed with their bows and arrows, and evidently expecting and prepared to resist an attack. Having expostulated with them, and explained his object in coming to their village, they were soon brought to see that no harm was intended by us, but that we should think, on the contrary, that our men had acted wrongly in using angry language and quarrelling with those we came to live among only as friends.

William then asked about the woman they had fastened up; and they declared that as she had already run away from the village three times, they were afraid that if they did not keep her secured she would very soon attempt to run away again. Thinking it highly probable from her position that this might be quite true, and still be only a part of the real truth, while even if the prospect of her approaching fate had not led her to seek an escape in flight, this very propensity was a reason why she should be given to the spirit of the dead Chief before it was too late, he asked if he might see the woman, and without the least hesitation they conducted him to the place where she was. He then questioned her as to the real reason why she was fastened up; but the poor creature was either too much afraid or too bewildered to make any reply, so he quietly left the village and came home to report his story to us. I heard something of the matter from one of our people early the next morning, and therefore anticipated his report by going to him with questions, from which I learned all that I have written above. Having agreed with Rowley that I would go with William after breakfast and see if I could prevail on the people to forego their terrible purpose, I directed William to be ready, and at the appointed time we set off together for the village.

After a walk of about two miles through the bush and jungle, we arrived at our destination, and found ourselves on the banks of the river Shiré, close to the spot where we had anchored a year before in the "Pioneer;" and I remembered the place at once as one which we had all passed together with the dear Bishop and Dr. Livingstone when we walked from the ship to pay our first visit to Chibisa's. Nor had any of us, if I remember right, been near it since, except Bishop Mackenzie when he passed down the river to die, and poor Burrup, when he returned from that lonely funeral only to be buried himself at Magomero. The last stranger eyes that had looked, no doubt, on the beautiful trees which fringe the bank at this point were those of the sister and young wife, hoping soon to

meet the loved ones they had followed so faithfully, but repassing after a few days alone and sorrow-stricken, with a deep gloom over their changed future—the one a widow, the other bereft of that brother for whom of all earthly beings she had cared most to live.

It was with saddened thoughts that I entered the village. Most of the people, in token of mourning for the dead, wore strips of dried palm-leaf (*misala*) round their temples, arms, breasts, and waists. Seeing two or three men sitting on mats under the shade of some trees at the farther end, we went up to them and asked for the Chief, who was, they said in answer, on the opposite island at that moment. They wished to know if they should send for him, because if we were passing through and could not stay, he would come only to find us gone. We requested that he might be called at once, as we had come on purpose to talk with him (*ku cheza*), and would sit down and wait for his arrival. Presently he made his appearance with another man—his headman—and proved to be one Chambo, a nice, pleasant old man, whom we had occasionally seen at the Mission Station. We began upon the object of our visit by assuring him that we had not come to hold a “*mirandu*,”* but only to have a friendly talk; and as we were not sufficiently at home with the language to speak without an interpreter, I directed William to assure him that we had no intention of doing him any harm, but that, on the contrary, we were much displeased with the conduct of our men, and were very sorry that it had occurred.

It is not customary here in beginning a talk to plunge into the matter at once; so William led up to my speech by repeating the story of what had happened, and then assuring Chambo that if he had any apprehensions with regard to our forcible interference, they were entirely groundless. Without being obsequious, the old man was deferential, and extremely pleasant and frank, and voluntarily assured William, in his turn, that he believed what he had told him the day before about our peaceful disposition; that the woman was not going to be killed, but should be set free at once if we wished it; and that after the dead Chief was buried they would bring her

* A “*mirandu*” is an assembly for the trial of criminals, or for the consideration of matters of business; but the word used under certain circumstances, like the present, has a secondary meaning, equivalent to our term “bringing an accusation or action.” A visit “*ku cheza*” is one of pure friendship; but one “*ku tenga mirandu*” implies that some offence has been given, and that either explanation must be made or satisfaction will be required.

to our village, to show us that she was still alive and safe. He said he was only afraid if he unfastened her then that she would run away, and that when they told us so we should think they had in reality killed her, and had made up this story as an excuse. My way was thus made smooth at the outset; and without admitting that I never believed the woman was intended to be killed—which I really did not at the time—I directed William to tell the Chief, and the assembly of about 100 people who had by this time gathered round us, that what Chambo had said was good. I had heard, however, that it was a custom among the Mang-anja to kill slaves and bury them with their Chiefs after they died, and that if so I had a word which I wanted to speak to them. William talked with them at some length upon this point. They admitted that the custom existed among the Mang-anja; nor did they now deny—somewhat to my surprise—that they were going to practise it, allowing that as soon as the Chief died they had for that very purpose fastened up this woman his slave! But they wished to know what desires of ours they could follow, and that I should not keep anything back from them, but speak out whatever was in my heart. William told me what I suspected, that they were afraid I should threaten war if they persisted in their murderous design, and so I hastened to explain what I really meant.

“Tell them, William, that the people in my country far away know that the Mang-anja are very ignorant about God (Mpambi), and have therefore sent us to come and tell them about Him; that He made them, that He loves and takes care of them while they live, and that when they die He wishes them to be with Him. The white people know a great deal about God; and they know that when He wishes it, people die. But they also know, and they wish the Mang-anja to know too, that He will only have those who are good to live with Him. He is displeased with those who steal and sell people for slaves, and is grievously angry when any one kills another and sends him into His Presence before He has called him away. And this is the reason I am so desirous that Chambo and his people should not kill this woman they have fastened up. It will only be displeasing ‘Mpambi,’ and we can tell them that it will do no good to the departed Chief.”

William repeated all this very well, and with considerable force and energy of manner. It was most delightful and encouraging to look at the group of fine men around me, and to mark the play and

change of their features—now laughing in surprise and half incredulity, and then suddenly serious where the point appeared to strike one or the other—as thus, for the first time, they listened to what was the will of their Creator. Every eye, as I looked round, was intently fixed on William's face, which was full of animation and vigour, and I felt how good it would have been could I have spoken so to them myself.

“And who do you think the white men are?” said William. “They have come down to us from above (ku'm wamba),” answered the chief, pointing reverentially upwards. And then William told them that it was not so; but that we were men like themselves, and that, sent by our countrymen who loved and cared for them, we had indeed come from far (ku tari), but not from above, to teach them better things. “Do you know where you go to when you die?” “I know not;” and then they were told that God takes the good to the Land above, from whence they are never seen to return; that when we die it is He who calls us, and that He alone has the right to do so. It is usual here for the persons addressed to repeat the substance of what has been said to them; and as I could tell the drift of all that William said as he went on, though many of the words were of course strange to me, so I could tell by the repetition of the head man, who often spoke for Chambo, that the whole, prefaced by the emphatic “Da mva” (I have heard), was really well understood.

“But the Mang-anja will very likely wonder how it is that the white people are acquainted with all these things,” I said, “and so tell them that the reason is this. They know that we have books, and can read and write; among our books we have one written by God Himself and given to us, and in this we read all that we have now told them, and very much more that we wish to tell them. We cannot yet speak their language well enough to tell them all that we have come among them to make known; but when we have learnt to talk a little better, we shall have a great deal to tell them about what God has done for us; and we wish to put the Bible (‘Carata a Mpambi,’ Book of God) into their tongue, and to teach them to read, that they may be able to learn all these things for themselves. And say, as a last word, that we do not wail for the dead, as they do, because we believe that we are only parted from them for a time, and shall see them again in another life.”

The old man replied to this: “We have heard all that you have said to us, and it is very good. You tell us that Mpambi is angry

with those who kill other people before He calls them away: we hear you; we will not kill this woman. We will do whatever you wish. If you desire it, we will set this woman free at once. The Mang-anja have no books; they know nothing; but they have seen the English making books," (here he imitated the act of writing,) "and they know that the books can talk; they would laugh in their hearts if they could make books (*ku panga carata*), and the books would talk to them; but they are poor and foolish, and God does not love them like He loves the white people, who are His own great children." He then added some words, having evidently misunderstood William to say that I did not wish them to mourn for the dead; upon which William interrupted him, and explained that I did not mean that, but only said that the English do not make a loud wailing, because they believe they will see the dead again. The Mang-anja, indeed, have some idea of a future state, but we have not yet been able to ascertain what is their exact belief regarding it, or what they hold the condition of the departed to be. From the scanty information we have hitherto obtained, the spirit, according to their view, wanders very often in a state of isolation, is devoid of any great amount of happiness, and appears to be much affected by the misfortunes of living friends, and, most of all, by any neglect of theirs in honouring his memory. After a little further talk, however, I told them that my heart was very joyful after hearing their determination; and that, as the Chief had offered it, I would ask them to let the woman go free at once, begging, at the same time, that they would allow me to see her. To this they assented very readily.

We then got up from the mats on which we had been sitting, and went towards the spot where the women were wailing, a little below us. In front of the hut in which the now wasted corpse was lying, a long shed, covered with grass, had been extended from the door, and under this the women were seated, uttering from time to time their mournful cries of lamentation. At the end of this shed was a wretched open hut, in which crouched the poor woman about whom we had been talking, squalid, dirty, and the very picture of misery and hopelessness; it seemed only too probable that she was well aware of the fate to which she had been doomed. She sat on the ground, with one of her feet fast in the block—a barbarous but most effectual mode of securing prisoners among these people. A hole about the length of the foot is cut quite through a large log of wood,

and the foot being then put through and pushed forward, leaving the lower edge of the hole resting on the instep, a strong peg is inserted crosswise behind the heel, so as effectually to prevent any attempt to escape, but compelling the poor captive to remain in a forced position.



One of the men came forward immediately and began to chop away the wood from the side of the log, the only way of allowing the foot to be freed from these rude African stocks—William meanwhile telling the woman that she must not run away, because we were sure the Mang-anja would now do her no harm, and the man protesting she would leave them as soon as he had let her loose. It then struck me that if she did so, as it seemed only the most probable thing she would, that what we had now done would be of little service to her, since she must be certain to fall into the hands of other and perhaps distant Mang-anja, and that my best plan was to request the Chief to allow her to come and live with us.

Acting on this idea, I went back and asked if he objected to give her up. William reminded him of what he had himself said at first, viz., that if the woman ran away we might suppose they had killed her, and put her flight forward as a subterfuge; but that if they now gave her up, they would prove themselves to be sincere, and we could

never have any further cause to be dissatisfied with them. In order to avoid any serious misunderstanding, however, he explained for me that even if the woman should run away we could not consider it a cause for war, because we hated war, and the woman certainly belonged to them; nor did we wish to have the woman for our slave, as she would be free as soon as she came amongst us—free to remain and free to come and go just as she pleased; we only wanted her to try and do her good. Chambo then went to the woman, but returned almost directly, saying that the women wished her to remain and help them wail. Thinking it best, however, that she should go back with us, I got William to talk to the Chief a little more, and he decided eventually that she should go with us at once, and one of the men was sent to fetch her. The proceeding was clearly not to the taste of the women, who, as soon as they saw the prisoner being taken away, came up to the men with faces of earnest inquiry, not having heard the determination that had just been come to. As we went out of the village, they set up a doleful wail, in evident disapprobation of the whole transaction, and no doubt dreading the anger of the departed Chief when he found that he was not to have his slave to wait upon him! I had invited Chambo and his headman to accompany us home, as a token of friendship, and they accordingly followed us in perfect good-humour. When we reached the outside of their village, I asked the woman whether she would remain at the place we had left, or go on and live with us. She was either afraid of the Mang-anja or doubtful about our intentions, and replied that she would rather remain. William therefore explained that if she went with us she would find a great many of her own countrywomen at our village, and that she would not only be free to live as she pleased, but that we should always pay her with cloth when she did any work for us. She then seemed to understand exactly what we meant, and her countenance brightening up from the dull heavy look it had worn before, she declared her readiness to go along with us, and we wended our way towards the Station, followed by several people from the village. It might easily be supposed that the Mang-anja would not all of them quite relish this proceeding on our part; but, whatever the women might feel, I am sure the men were perfectly satisfied both with what we had said and what we had done. They pronounced it good with every appearance of heartiness. As we were passing one village on our way, a man came running out, looking a little scared, and asked, when he reached our path, "Is it war?"

"Yes," said the headman, as he turned round laughing, at which we all kept him well in countenance, "War with the mouth!"

On reaching home I handed over the new-comer to some of our women who were standing by, and told them to explain to her how we lived here. They took her aside, and after a few words with them she was quite reassured. I gave Chambo and his headman a trifling present each, and sent them away very happy, if bright looks are any criterion.

Their intended victim corroborated what they said about her run-away tendencies, as she left us in a few weeks to join her countrymen.

THE MAORI RACE AND NEW ZEALAND MISSIONS.

(Continued from p. 141.)

We have now to consider—

2. HOW CHRISTIANITY CAME TO THE MAORI.

The Church of England Mission to the New Zealanders was founded by Samuel Marsden in 1814. A chaplain in the service of the Government of New South Wales, he was unable to take an active part in the work personally in New Zealand, beyond occasionally visiting it, encouraging the Missionaries by his presence, and providing a great part of the expense of its early years. But it was solely through his persevering intervention with the Church Missionary Society that the Mission was founded, and he continued its ever-watchful and earnest friend to the day of his death, in 1838. But for him, humanly speaking, the work would never have been undertaken; or if undertaken, would probably have been abandoned when it became involved in difficulties and perils. It is much to his credit, also, that the Wesleyan Mission, which was founded a few years later than that of his own church, received great encouragement and assistance at his hands.

The first missionaries were William Hall, a carpenter, and John King, a shoemaker. A Mr. Kendall was at first associated with them; but he did not long persevere, and is entitled to little of the credit of laying the foundation of

Christianity in New Zealand. Though they afterwards proved useful missionaries, Messrs. Hall and King do not appear at first to have formed a very high estimate of the character of the work on which they were engaged,—having at one time so far lost sight of the spirit of their calling as to sell muskets to the natives, knowing, of course, the destructive purpose for which they would be used, and never having organised prayer-meetings among themselves and families till after 1824, ten years subsequent to their arrival. In addition to this, they were at first totally ignorant of the Maori language, and appear to have acted on the idea that the introduction of civilised arts was their first duty, and the direct inculcation of religious knowledge only subordinate and collateral. ('Southern Cross,' &c., p. 40.) Still, even in these feeble hands the work made some progress, if it only amounted to what might result from the exercise of their leader, and the exhibition of moral and respectable lives, winning the respect of the natives for the pioneers of a faith to be afterwards developed by others. That they were earnest in their work so far as they understood it, and carried their lives in their hands in the true missionary spirit, persevering under very perilous circumstances,—in short, holding the field till more efficient workers arrived,—is the least praise to which they are entitled; and they may justly claim to have cleared the ground, if they did not lay the foundation-stone. In 1824, Richard Davis (of whom a very interesting memoir has lately been published by Nisbett and Co.) and George Clarke,—the former a farmer, and the latter a mechanic,—were added to the Mission; but it was not till August, 1823, that the first ordained missionary, the Rev. Henry Williams, now Arch-deacon of Waimate, arrived, accompanied by some other lay assistants. In 1826 he was joined by his brother, the Rev. William Williams, now the Bishop of Waiapu; and under direction of these two zealous and very able men, the Mission may be considered as having attained such an effective organisation as promised to lead to satisfactory results. In the subsequent history of the Mission they were joined by other ordained missionaries, to the number of twenty-four or twenty-five, who, as opportunity offered, were gradually located in

the midst of the several tribes of which the Maori family is composed.

Down to the arrival of the Williamses, the progress of the Mission work appears not to have extended beyond externals. Schools had been established, and a good many had been taught to read and write; but there was little interest in religious matters—not one convert had been made, and of course no baptism had taken place. “The Missionaries,” we are told, “mourned over the unfruitfulness of their labours.” In 1826, Mr. Davis writes—“The Mission is yet in an infant state, and has effected little. Secular concerns have hitherto been too much attended to.” Again—“Very little had been done to evangelize the Maories before our arrival (1824). Only one individual could speak intelligibly to the natives.” And, as late as 1831—“I fear the cause of our Master is making slow progress. In fact, the Missionaries are literally buried in secular concerns. Here is little else but hard work. I fear there is less stir and progress than heretofore.” Still the work of preparation was going on. In September, 1825, the first convert was baptized. In 1827, some portions of the Scriptures printed in Maori were circulated, and most eagerly sought after. Reading, writing, arithmetic, and Scripture were taught to 200 or 300 children and adults in the Mission schools. In February, 1830, two Chiefs and the wife of one were publicly baptized; and a month later, Mr. W. Williams writes—“The interest formerly manifested by a few in the Settlement has become almost general; and the cry, as soon as evening prayers are over, is, ‘May we not come to you and talk?’” In September, 1831, Mr. Davis writes—“The blessed Gospel is making progress here. The desire for religious knowledge is evidently increasing. The language of distant tribes is, ‘We want to hear what the Missionaries have to say.’” In April, 1834, he says—“The kingdom of Christ is taking root rapidly in New Zealand;” and shortly afterwards—“The cause of Christ rapidly extends in this country.” In March, 1834—“Wonderful is the alteration in these savage tribes. Twelve months ago they were perfect savages; now they are teachable and mild, and many are willing to sit at the feet of our Saviour. All seems changed for the better.”

"The natives follow us into the fields for instruction. Last Sunday nine adults and six children were baptized in this Settlement. Last night I met sixty persons, all anxious for the salvation of their souls."

From 1835 to 1845 may be looked upon as the palmy decade of the Mission. The work which it had commenced at the Bay of Islands, in the extreme north, had before the latter date, by its instrumentality and that of the Wesleyan Mission, been extended through the whole of the islands, and the bulk of the Maori people might be truly said to have been brought, by one Mission or the other, under the influence of Christianity direct or secondary. The Wesleyan Mission was founded shortly after that of the Church of England, and the two found a field amply large for both; by a division of which, the former taking the west coast, while the latter worked on the east, all chance of conflict, or even semblance of rivalry, was avoided. The Wesleyans at first met with perhaps even greater difficulties and discouragements than their brethren of the Church of England, and were at one time actually expelled from their districts, narrowly escaping with their lives. After an interval, however, they returned and continued their labour till they reaped their share of the great harvest which ultimately rewarded their patience and zeal.

3. WHAT CHRISTIANITY MADE THE MAORI.

In endeavouring to form an estimate of the result of the work of the period the events of which we have briefly sketched, and in stating our belief that it has been generally described in too glowing colours, we hope we shall not be supposed to be desirous of detracting from the merit due to the self-denying band of Missionaries to whose exertions, under the blessing of God, the result was attributable. It was not unnatural that they should over-estimate the progress made, and, elated at the wonderful success already attained, should overlook many obvious considerations which might have occurred to a simple looker-on. They saw and rejoiced at what Christianity had done for the heathen, for whose conversion they had laboured; but they appear to have shut their eyes in great degree to much that it had not yet achieved, and the

achievement of which involved further years, if not ages, of patient labour on their part, and steady growth and progress on that of their flocks. They appear to have thought that the newly-converted Maori people had jumped at once from their degraded state to a condition of real and pure Christianity far beyond that of the British nation, whose growth in the faith had been the gradual work of centuries, and whose "nominal profession," as exhibited by the colonists who were now fast flowing into the country, they lost no opportunity of contrasting in their letters and reports home with what they believed to be the more genuine and sincere life of their neophyte flocks. The real condition of the Maori race at this period we shall endeavour to delineate by pointing out what Christianity had effected and what it had failed to effect in changing the character of the people and their habits of life.

It had put an end to the habitual and incessant wars which for centuries probably had raged between the various tribes. It had extinguished the habit of cannibalism, the last instance of which is believed to have occurred at Tauranga in 1843, during a brief period of hostilities which occurred there. It had given them the Scriptures, of which they became most industrious readers, if not most discriminating students. It had taught them to read, to write, and to cipher. It had given them increasing habits of industry, and prepared their minds to receive enlightenment in the arts of agriculture and other crafts pursued by the Europeans. It had made life respected and property more secure, and had tacitly abolished slavery. There were no more famines caused by the plundering of hostile neighbours, and fewer originating in reckless waste or want of steady industry. It had organised churches all over the country; had gathered into them as professing believers a large majority of the Maori even; and had been the means of the genuine conversion of probably as large a proportion as has been ever gleaned from the aggregate of any body of professing Christians.

On the other hand, it had done little to elevate their domestic life or check the physical degeneration of the race. With a few bright exceptions, they continued (and do still continue) to live in a state of what we can only call "piggish com-

munism." The natives still neglected the nurture of their children and the sanitary condition of their own habitations; while, though among the comparatively few really converted a better state of things, no doubt, prevailed, the great social evils to which we have before alluded still continued and do still continue to exist with *little or no diminution* among the bulk of the people.

And as regards extent of the actual progress of Christianity, though a great part of the nation yielded an outward conformity in externals, yet even in this respect there were several of the wilder tribes who either opposed it altogether or held aloof; while those who received it too often retained a collateral belief in their old superstitions, and allowed witchcraft and the "Tchungas" practically to influence their actions. A very intelligent Chief, who had been a teacher and was still a professing Christian and member of the Church of England, expressed his conviction to the writer that the decrease of the race was owing to the neglect of the "Tapee" and the customs of their old superstitions. The ideas seemed curiously combined in his mind; he did not seem to doubt Christianity, he had deliberately chosen it in preference to his earlier belief; but he still looked on the latter as a reality, gave it a sort of personal existence, and evidently had faith in its power to punish those who had abandoned it.

And, lastly, the Missionaries had succeeded in teaching them, in a very imperfect degree (if at all), the Anglo-Saxon virtue of voluntary submission to law. The old impulse to obtain redress of wrongs by an appeal to force—to set the civil power at defiance when it interferes with individual liberty—still continued. We do not refer merely to British law. The feeling was never more strongly manifested than it was under the institutions (if such they might be called) of the Maori king, who, though his political position was admitted to a servile extent, found himself and his magistrates utterly powerless to enforce their laws; and they were continually set at defiance when they attempted to do it by individuals of no weight or position among them.

We are not at all surprised at these shortcomings. Those who did not expect or did not recognise their existence must

have believed that not only was a "nation born in a day," but, contrary to our experience of all God's work both of nature and of grace, had come to maturity in a day. Yet such was the apparent condition of belief of many of the newly-converted Maori race, if we may judge by the highly coloured pictures which from time to time have been presented to the public. When suddenly the picture is reversed, and a large part of the race is seen plunging back again into superstitions worse than its old Paganism, the disappointed spectator who has misunderstood the character of the case looks about in all directions but the right one for the causes which led to the sudden change. The real cause of the late defection we believe to have been nothing else than the imperfect and incomplete character of the conversion of the Maori people. It was the dog returning to his vomit. And in this view we are the more confirmed by the character of the atrocities to which the Maories resorted the moment that the impulse of their new superstition carried them away. If we can conceive the bulk of the British population suddenly apostatizing from the faith in which they have been growing up for eighteen centuries, we should hardly expect to find them at once retrograding to a point at which cannibalism and drinking the warm blood from the flowing veins of an enemy would be possible. But this the apostatizing New Zealander did not attain to in a day. The secret was, that he had but a very little way to go back. It was barely twenty years, not twenty centuries, since he had emerged from the blackness of night. Many of the race still sat under the gloom of its penumbra; and the very moment that this new impulse took them, they were back into its deepest shadows. We will make our sketch of that distressing and painful event as brief as possible.

4. HOW THE MAORI ABANDONED CHRISTIANITY.

This event, we must premise, does not embrace the whole Maori race. It is probable, however, that nearly two thirds of them—all, in fact, who have been engaged in the late rebellion—have become open adherents of the horrid and blasphemous superstition; while the portents and prodigies in which it deals, and the power of working miracles which it

claims to possess, are understood to have shaken the faith of many and terrified the inconstant minds of others who have not openly thrown off their allegiance to Christianity or gone into opposition to the government of the country.

We have not space to give in detail a full account of the "Pai Marire" superstition, as it is called from the watchword of its inventors, signifying the exact reverse of its character, "Peace and quiet." Those who wish to hear more of it we may refer to articles in the 'Good Words,' and in 'Fraser's Magazine' for the month of October, 1865, by the Presbyterian Chaplain to the Imperial troops in New Zealand, which contains a very intelligent account of this superstition and its results, as well as some interesting remarks on the religious progress and condition of the Maories. We are indebted for our briefer and more compendious outline to the recent volume on 'The War in New Zealand,' by Mr. Fen, "late the Colonial Secretary and Native Minister of this colony." We shall ourselves avoid entering into any discussion on the merits of the war, with which we have nothing to do; but it may be necessary to mention that it had been going on for great part of a year when this superstition appears to have made its first appearance, and that the influential tribes of Waikato, with whom the Queen's troops had been chiefly engaged, were to a great extent defeated, though they had made no submission, and were apparently only waiting a favorable opening for the renewal of the campaign. The superstition, however, did not originate with them, but with their allies and adherents at Taranaki or New Plymouth, on the west coast of the Northern Island. "A strong fighting pah called Kaitake, held by the rebels," says the author last mentioned, "about ten miles south of New Plymouth, was taken by Colonel Warre on the 24th March, 1864. The native works were taken possession of and occupied by a detachment of the 57th Regiment, under Captain Lloyd. A few days afterwards (4th April) that officer, with a force of 100 men, was scouring the spurs of the adjacent hills to see if there were any cultivations in that direction, with the view of destroying them if found. Having traversed a considerable distance without seeing any signs of natives on the move, his men appear to have got into loose order, when

they were suddenly set upon by a body of rebels, who came over a ridge, and completely defeated and routed, with a loss of seven killed and nine wounded. Captain Lloyd, who exhibited great gallantry, was among the killed. The rebels drank the blood of those who fell, and cut off their heads, burying, for the time, the heads and bodies in different places. A few days afterwards, according to the native account, the angel Gabriel appeared to those who had partaken of the blood, ordered his head to be exhumed, cured in their own way, and taken through the length and breadth of New Zealand, that from thenceforth this head should be the medium of man's communication with Jehovah. These injunctions were carefully obeyed; and immediately the head was taken up, it appointed Te Ua to be high priest, and Hepaniah and Rangitanira to be his assistants, and communicated to them, in the most solemn manner, the tenets of this new religion; namely—The followers to be called “Pai Marire.” The angel Gabriel with his legions will protect them from their enemies. The Virgin Mary will constantly be present with them. The religion of England as taught by the Scriptures is false. The Scriptures must all be burnt. All days are alike sacred, and no notice must be taken of the Christian sabbath. Men and women must live together promiscuously, so that their children must be as the sand of the sea-shore for multitude. The priests have superhuman power, and can obtain for their followers complete victories by simply uttering the word “Hau.” The people who adopt this religion will shortly drive the Europeans out of New Zealand. This is only prevented by the head not having completed its circuit of the whole land. Legions of angels await the bidding of the priests to aid the Maories in exterminating the Europeans. Immediately they are destroyed and driven away, men will be sent from heaven to teach the Maories the English language in one lesson, provided certain stipulations are carefully observed; the people to assemble at a certain time, in a certain position, near a flagstaff of a certain height, bearing a flag of certain colour.” Among the promises made to the deluded followers of this superstition was that of invulnerability by English bullets; and they were not long in testing it by an attack which they

made in open day on a redoubt near Taranaki, occupied by a party of British troops. They were defeated with heavy loss, Hepaniah, one of their prophets, being among the killed. Nothing daunted, however, they proceeded, in strong force, to attack the European settlement and garrison towns of Wanganui, but were encountered by a body of royal natives; again defeated, and almost entirely annihilated, with the loss of their second prophet, Matene. Still their fanaticism was not damped, but they proceeded to send emissaries through the country, preaching their new creed, till in a very few weeks they had converted nearly all the rebel party. How completely its followers adopted its horrid rites, and how entirely even organised churches discarded Christianity in its favour, was evidenced by the sad martyrdom of the Rev. C. S. Völkner. "Mr. Völkner," we are told, "was a Prussian by birth, and a Lutheran by profession. He came to New Zealand in connection with a Hamburg Society, but subsequently joined the English Church, and was ordained by Bishop Williams, of Waiapu. He was a man of remarkable simplicity of character, of the most single-minded and devoted piety, and an extremely conciliatory and kindly disposition. He had been placed five or six years ago at Opotiki, among some of the rudest tribes in New Zealand, who had had little or no intercourse with Europeans, and no religious instruction. He gradually won his way among them till he had gathered a considerable body of converts around him, who gave outward evidence of the effect of his teaching, by building him a comparatively handsome church and dwelling-house. * * * * During his absence at Auckland, in February, 1864, a party of fanatics from Taranaki arrived at Opotiki, carrying with them the cooked head of a European, and a soldier who had been taken prisoner and dragged through the country with them in great misery and wretchedness. On the 1st of March, Mr. Völkner, accompanied by the Rev. T. Grace, another missionary who was about to visit a neighbouring place, arrived at Opotiki in a small schooner called the "Eclipse." The vessel was no sooner inside the bar than she was boarded by a strong party of Maories, and the two Missionaries dragged ashore. It was soon announced to Mr.

Völckner that he was to be killed. Almost to the last, however, he refused to believe it; and there was apparently for a time a wavering among the natives, and a talk about ransom. A night of miserable suspense followed. The next morning Mr. Völckner busied himself in kind offices amongst his people, and executed some little commissions he had undertaken at Auckland. "I could not help noticing the calmness of his manner, and the beautiful smile that was on his face," writes his companion Mr. Grace. About 2 p.m., some twenty armed men came to the house where they were, and, after performing some ceremonies outside, called Mr. Völckner out, and took him away, locking in his companions, whom they would not allow to accompany him. He was taken first to his own church, where he was stripped of his coat and waistcoat; and then they led him away to a willow tree at a little distance where they had rigged up a block and tackle which they had got from the schooner. He knew now what they meant, and asked for time to pray. After a few minutes he rose up and said, "I am ready." While he was shaking hands with some of his people (consenting to his death), a rope was thrown over his neck, and he was run up to an arm of the tree. There he hung for an hour, when they cut him down. They then cut off his head, and a savage, called Kerope, tore out his eyes and swallowed them. They drank his blood and smeared their faces with it. Some of his old friends took part in this. The women were the worst, and scrambled for his blood as it dripped on the ground. His body was then thrown to the dogs and the pigs, but was taken away from them and afterwards buried by the captain of the schooner and some of the natives. His companion Mr. Grace remained in captivity, suspecting every day to be his last, till the 16th of March, when the arrival of a man-of-war on the coast afforded an opportunity for his escape, in which he was aided by Captain Levy, of the schooner before mentioned, at the imminent risk of his own life."

Other atrocities of a similar character followed, till after some months' delay a military force was despatched against the east-coast natives to put down the fanatic movement and punish the murderers. The latter were defeated in a series of

engagements, their fighting powers destroyed, and some hundreds were either made prisoners or surrendered, and were released on taking the oath of allegiance to the Queen; many of them at the same time declaring their abandonment of the superstition by which they had been deceived.

(*To be continued.*)

A TRUE FAITH THE MAINSPRING OF MISSIONARY EFFORTS.

(*A Sermon preached by the Ven. Archdeacon DENISON, on S. John the Baptist's Day, 1866, in Peterborough Cathedral, in aid of the Universities' Mission to Central Africa.*)

ST. MATTHEW XXVI, 64.

“Thou hast said.”

THERE was “a greater sin” than the sin of Pilate, when on the morning of the Crucifixion he brought Jesus forth, wearing the crown of thorns and the purple robe, and said, “Ecce Homo!”—Behold the man! Sins are relative to light and knowledge.

The “greater sin” was the sin of the Jews, who, rejecting Jesus as the Son of God, procured that He should be crucified as guilty of laying claim to an earthly kingdom. This was the pretence, the other was the reality. When they found the pretence failing them, they resorted to the reality. Pilate had been indifferent, but leaning to the side of mercy; now he was afraid, and could not find courage to proceed. It was by returning to the pretence under the form of a threat, that the Jews succeeded in bringing to its issue the “greater sin.”

The contrast between the position of the Jews and that of Pilate is marked by the different character of the questions put by them and by him to Jesus, and by His answer to them and to him respectively. In the first three Gospels it is one question put and answered before the High Priest. The Jew looked for “The Christ,” “The Son of the Blessed,” “The Son of God.” He came unto His own, not as they had taught them-

selves to expect, an earthly deliverer, and they "received Him not."

The Roman knew nothing of "The Christ," "The Son of the Blessed," "The Son of God," and his question to Jesus, and the answer of Jesus to him, are, as was to be expected, of a character wholly different. We read in St. Luke xxiii, 2, what is not found in St. Mark or St. Matthew,—that the Jews had put the question into Pilate's mouth. When we come to St. John's Gospel there is no corresponding question before the High Priest. There are questions and answers, but they are of a different kind. Before Pilate it is the same question. The answer of Jesus points to the distinction which He declares, ch. xix, 11, between the position of Pilate and that of the Jews, with the lesser and the "greater sin." Pilate, finding that the Jews would not have Jesus released unto them, as was the custom at the Passover, scourged Him, it would appear, with the hope that the suffering would satisfy them, and bringing Him forth, wearing the crown of thorns and the purple robe, he said, "Ecce Homo,"—Behold the man! It was after the suffering and the mockery in part inflicted—in part, it would seem, permitted by Pilate—that the Jews, fearing lest Jesus should escape death, pressed before Pilate the charge of blasphemy. What followed is best stated in the words of St. John, chap. xix, 8—11. So far as we may venture to interpret the mystery of verse 11, it would appear that the sin of Pilate,—than which, according to man's conception, there can be no greater sin—the sin of putting a man to death whom he believed and declared to be innocent,—is not to be compared with the sin of the Jews, against whom, sinning against light and against knowledge, rejecting the Godhead and therein the Manhood of Christ, the sentence of judicial blindness had gone forth: St. Luke xix, 42, and xxii, 67. (See St. John xii, 48, for the like sentence, *for all time*.)

Now what is the moral of all this, and why do I insist upon it upon an occasion such as is the occasion of this day? These are obvious questions, and natural ones, and I will give them what will, I hope, be a sufficient answer. The moral is this: that just as the rejection of the two natures of Christ in one Person, with all its consequences and dependent sins, was the

“greater sin” sinned by the Jews—sinned by the wise and learned among them (from whom in all ages have proceeded the springs and sources of heresy), stirring up the people to deny their own simpler and more childlike faith; so among ourselves, living in the full revelation of the Gospel, with the light of the Spirit shed upon us in all the abundance of the “last time,” to doubt of Christ’s Godhead and His perfect Manhood is a “greater sin” than the sin sinned by the Jews on the morning of the Crucifixion. But “greater sin” though it be, it is not, as you know, an uncommon sin; and this not only in the case of those who, while calling themselves Christians, deny openly Christ’s Godhead, but in the case of many others. There is a latent Socinianism, partly conscious, partly unconscious, in the bosom of the Church herself, and we need not seek any further for the true explication of the word “Anti-Christ.” That the “greater sin” has its source in “the pride of life,”—that is, in the special temptation of the devil,—the preference of the conclusions of man’s reason to the Word of God’s Revelation—is abundantly clear, positively and negatively, from the Holy Scriptures of the Old and New Testaments. See Gen. iii, 1—5; St. Matt. xi, 25; St. Luke x, 21; Psalm viii, 2; 1 Cor. i, 19—27; 1 John ii, 16.

And now, why do I insist upon the peril of wandering away from the implicit acceptance of Christ’s Godhead at this time and specially on this day? First, for the time. There is a book, not long ago published, called ‘Ecce Homo.’ I can come to no other conclusion upon the book than that it is a Socinian book. I cannot accept the probability urged by some, that, in the volume which is to form the “sequel,” all that is objectionable in the present volume will be removed. Indeed, I do not see how this can be done even if the writer intend it. I deny the right of any man to argue from the human character of Christ to the Divine, inasmuch as the perfection of the human character is the effect of the union of the manhood with the Godhead. You may, and indeed must, argue down from the Divinity to the Humanity, but you cannot argue up from the Humanity to the Divinity. Our Lord would appear to indicate this truth when he says, speaking of John the Baptist, “Ye sent unto John, and he bare witness

unto the truth ; but I receive not testimony from man, but these things I say, that ye might be saved."

I call this a cardinal vice of this and all other like books which treat of Christ. The book is, moreover, as an intellectual production, full of contradictions ; but it is written in parts, though by no means throughout, with so much power and so much pathos, that it has laid fast hold on many minds. It makes me tremble that this should be so, because it seems to me that the acceptance of Christ's Godhead ought to bar "in limine" any approval of a book which, taking the most favorable view of it, contends indeed for the marvellous excellence of the character of Christ as a man, but not even for the perfection of this : which puts aside the Incarnation, knows nothing of the Personality of the Holy Spirit, does not acknowledge preventing and assisting grace, which calls Holy Baptism a "public formality" and the Holy Communion "*a club dinner*." The words are shocking to repeat, and I may observe here that disparagement of the Sacraments, even when less aggravated and extreme than is found in this book, is a common indication of a tendency to want of faith in the Godhead of Christ. But is it not a strange and startling thing to find those from whom we should have least expected it, advising Christian people to improve their knowledge of Christ from a book like this ? The writer shrinks here and there from St. John's Gospel, and the shrinking is significant. St. John's Gospel is much concerned with the Divine Nature of Christ ; and this book is, to say the least, not concerned with it ; but the writer has taken from it the title of his book. On the other hand, he has borrowed that title, 'Ecce Homo,'—Behold the Man, the expression of a despised humanity, from the lips of Pilate, rather than "Ye say that I am," "Thou hast said," the assertion of the Divinity—"I am that I am—Very God of Very God, from the lips of Christ.

My answer, then, to the question, why I insist upon the peril of wandering away from the implicit acceptance of Christ's Godhead at this time, is found, not so much in the fact of the appearance of the book called 'Ecce Homo,' as in the amount of approval it has received from many at whose hands this might least have been expected. This appears to

me to indicate a want of implicit faith amongst ourselves,—a craving, so to speak, of some new testimony to Christ—a disposition to receive another Gospel. Let there be the largest charity for the man who is struggling to reach the Truth, even though in so doing he offend against the Truth. We may not “break the bruised reed, nor quench the smoking flax.” This is one thing. It is quite another thing to hold him up, while yet in the bondage of unbelief, as a teacher and an example to Christ’s people. If his foundation be unsound, how shall the lines of the builder be true and safe? “Other foundation can no man lay than that is laid, which is Jesus Christ.”

My answer to the question, why I insist upon the same point specially on this day—why, that is, I have chosen the cardinal verity of Christ’s Godhead whereon to speak on the occasion of calling upon you to help in setting forward a mission of Christ’s Church,—I proceed to give.

My business to-day is to ask Christ’s people to do a difficult thing, one of the most difficult things of a religious life, which is all difficulty. I have to ask you to help;—those of you who have begun the work, to do yet more therein; those of you who have not begun, to begin from this day, as a habit of your lives, as an act of habitual repentance, not by a single and spasmodic effort, but by a sustained effort, towards conducting the Missionary work of the Church of England in Central Africa. Now, to do this once now and then, as the feelings may be excited by urgent or eloquent appeal, is a thing of no difficulty at all.

The sustained effort is the difficult thing, as it is the thing which has a real and an abiding value. Now what is the work for which you are asked to make this sustained effort? It is not a work of which you will, perhaps, any one of you, witness the results in your own persons. It is a work very remote from your cognisance, and exposed to hindrances and discouragements and delays of no ordinary kind. It is not easy for men to bring themselves (that is, to be brought under *grace*) to help steadily towards a work of this character; but it is no indication that a work is not of God, that it should be filled with difficulty; rather it is a proof that the work is of God. “He spared not His own Son.” With all humble reverence

let it be asked, was not this difficult? And I say, be brought under grace, because it is out of the hearers' own hearts, much more than out of any persuasion exercised upon them by others, that there will come the result which we crave to see. It is the "honest and good heart" upon which the seed of God's Word, or of that which is "agreeable to the same," must needs fall, if it is to bear fruit unto life. "With the heart man believeth unto righteousness."

The difficulty is great; how is it to be met? Now, difficult duties demand cogent motives. The highest duty, the most powerful and the highest motive known to man. Love is kindled by love. Hope begets hope. Faith looks for its inspiration up to God's throne. It is idle to expect to be moved to charity by anything short of love for Christ—to the hope of saving souls by anything short of the remembrance of Christ—to the trust that in His own good time God will bless all that is done for the glory of His great name, by anything short of faith in Christ. Now this love, and hope, and trust, are parts each and all of them of a belief in the heart, and never absent from the thoughts—a belief in the Divine nature of Christ. These are motives strong enough and enduring enough to encourage men to contend with any amount of difficulties, and hindrances, and disappointments; but they cannot find their place in the heart which doubts about the Godhead and the Manhood of Christ; they have no true foundation, no certainty upon which to rest, but in that Godhead and that Manhood. Christ come in the flesh; Christ incarnate is the watchword of the Gospel. Nay more, in order that these motives may possess and develop all that strength which is their own, and which is found in nothing else, belief in the Divine and Human nature of Christ, "two whole and perfect natures joined together in One Person and never to be divided," must be the guiding principle of the entire life—that out of which all else that is true in faith and holy in practice flows as from its natural and un-failing source. To doubt concerning this great verity is not only to sin "the greater sin" against God and against our neighbour, but also it is to sin that sin against *one's self*, for it is to rob one's self of power to do God's will, to dry up the fountain out of which that power comes, and to lower the

nature which Christ came to raise to a level with His own perfect manhood.

It is for this reason, then, that in asking you to help in a work so difficult as a sustained effort—an effort to cease only with your lives—in aid of this Mission of the Church, that I have spoken to-day upon the Divine nature of Christ. Let us call to mind the love, the hope, and the trust, which spring out of belief in the eternal power and Godhead of Christ, and we shall do all things through Him that strengtheneth us.

For what shall kindle love so deep and true as the thought of the infinite abasement of our blessed Lord, “who being in the form of God thought it not robbery to be equal with God, but made Himself of no reputation, and took upon Him the form of a servant, and was made in the likeness of men; and being found in fashion as a man, He humbled himself and became obedient unto death, even the death of the cross.” Men have died for men, and will die again; “but no man may deliver his brother, nor make agreement unto God for him. For it cost more to redeem their souls, so that he must let that alone for ever.’

What, again, shall make us hope and trust—hope with a hope that maketh not ashamed; trust with a faith which shall “please God,”—but the remembrance of Him who came “glorious in His apparel,” though not to the eye of the flesh, but as He was seen on the mount of Transfiguration by the favoured three, “travelling in the greatness of His strength, speaking in righteousness, mighty to save;” the remembrance of Him “who is able to save to the uttermost those that come unto God by Him, seeing He ever liveth to make intercession for them?”

What place is there for despondency and distrust in the heart that knows Christ, “the fellowship of his sufferings and the power of his Resurrection, being made conformable to His death?”

Who, again, shall talk of difficulties and discouragement when he looks back to Christ as He stood before the High Priest and before Pilate on the morning of the Crucifixion? Who, I say, that remembers who Christ was on that day, and who He is—the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever? Oh!

marvellous union of Almighty power and human weakness—of transcendent claim and voluntary self-abasement—of eternal Kingship and lowest humiliation—of power to escape and free-will to die !

Shall we not fear, we who remember these things, and confess that they are written for our instruction, upon whom the ends of the world are come—shall we not fear to fall back upon the difficulties and the hindrances and the discouragements of any attempt to preach the Gospel to all nations, as a ground why we should not be ever anxious, ever striving to do all that we may do to help in that greatest of all the works of man—a work worthy of the name which Christ himself has given it, “The Work of God;” and which He has identified with implicit belief in and acceptance of Himself? Shall we not fear lest, if we do thus, we be found unfaithful to our King, who has taught us that suffering is the way to perfection—difficulties the path to power? Shall we do thus, and be true to the eternal King of the kingdom of the Truth. Shall we not rather welcome difficulties as one indication that Christ is there, and be ready to suffer, if not in our own personal life, in going forth to preach the Gospel ourselves to the heathen, because it may be that our call to work for God in the vineyard of Christ lies not that way, yet in that habitual denial of self, which is suffering too, and which is necessary to enable us to help and encourage and bid God speed others who are so called? “Whoso hath this world’s good, and seeth his brother have need, and shutteth up his compassion from him, how dwelleth the love of God in him?”

Do we say that Christ’s example is that we cannot reach? Look, then, to men like ourselves before the outpouring of the Spirit on the day of Pentecost. Look at the one hundred and twenty souls assembled in “the upper room,” the germ of the Church, one day to fill all the earth as the waters cover the sea; and let us cease for very shame, if not of faith, to talk of difficulties, of want of means, lack of strength, and power and hope. Have we not, then, learnt at least so much as this from the warning of the Crucifixion, that when we are weak then are we strong?

I do not go into details of the Mission. These are fully

supplied to you in the published records of its career. I should only give a very meagre and imperfect abstract of them if I were to attempt it, and I might mislead some of you into thinking that this was all it concerned them to know. My business is rather with that which I have attempted to do—with the placing before you the principles upon which work for Christ, and seeking to bring to the knowledge of Him souls which He died to save, must be done, if it be done at all. If these principles find a resting-place in our hearts, we shall soon not lack details belonging to our own experience, though we may never see the face in the flesh of one of those for whom we have given of our substance, and of our prayers that they may be brought unto Christ.

Of our substance, and of our prayers. How inexhaustible is God's treasury out of which all may take somewhat wherewith to serve Him in Christ and promote His glory in saving souls. It was alms, fasting, and prayers which made Cornelius to be favoured of God. Let us seek for like favour by the same ways, remembering always to refer all to Christ. "Whatsoever ye shall ask the Father in My name, he will give it you. Hitherto have ye asked nothing in My name; ask, and ye shall receive, that your joy may be full."

Give of your substance what you can, taking good heed that the measure of your power to give be Christ's measure, and not the world's. However you may be able to give of your substance, be it much or be it little—the "much" that the many who were rich cast into God's treasury or the "mite" of the widow—give all alike of your prayers. It is by prayer that men "overcome" much more than by gifts. But if the gift of such as have anything of this world's goods to give be not forthcoming out of a ready mind, and a cheerful and loving heart, the prayer is without value in the sight of God.

Finally, dear brethren, let us remember this Holy day—Holy as the Lord's day—Holy again as the day of him who came to prepare the Lord's way. Let us who have ears to hear, hear "the voice of him who crieth in the wilderness, Prepare ye the way of the Lord; make His paths straight.

We, too, may be in our measure pre-runners of Christ. It

is part of our birthright : shall we make it of no account ? It is for us in these "last days" to be in our measure to the poor heathen of Africa what St. John the Baptist was to his own people. Shall we refuse to claim our blessed privilege on earth, that we may come to our glorious inheritance in heaven ? Remember the marvellous promise of Christ, and let it have its power this day and till we die.

There was a time when this fair and favoured land in which by the good providence of God the lot has fallen to us and ours, and in which we have our goodly heritage, was, as respects the Gospel, a wilderness like the vast wilds of the African desert, when there were here no parish Churches, no magnificent temples like this in which to worship God, no ministers of Christ, no people. The Gospel came by the great and unmerited goodness of God. The wilderness and the solitary places of England were glad, the desert rejoiced and blossomed as the rose. It has blossomed abundantly and rejoiced "even with joy and singing."

Let us go forth in the strength of our Lord God. As we have freely received, freely give, and help to lay the foundation of like things in the African wilderness. Dearly beloved in Christ, show your love for Christ in helping to save souls.

RECOLLECTIONS OF MINISTERIAL WORK IN THE DIOCESE OF NEWCASTLE, NEW SOUTH WALES.

It was a bright Sunday morning on the 16th of January, 1848, when the ship "Medway" entered the heads of Port Jackson, having on board the Right Rev. William Tyrrell, the first Bishop of Newcastle.

His party consisted of two clergymen, seven candidates for the Ministry, a schoolmaster and mistress, and some servants from the Bishop's Hampshire parish of Beaulieu.

Our voyage had been a long one, 120 days from Gravesend, but the delay had not been unprofitable. A sudden change

from English to Australian work, would have been like an abrupt transition from a dense to a rare atmosphere. The mental and spiritual constitution would not have been fitted for it. The pause gave time to prepare for the change; and the opportunity thus afforded of reviewing our past work in England, and considering the duties which were awaiting us in our new sphere, full as they must be of untried and novel circumstances, helped us, by God's grace, to enter upon our mission with greater calmness and circumspection, and not, I trust, with less determination, than if we could have passed suddenly from the one part of Christ's vineyard to the other.

The two daily Services, the Sunday congregations on the main-deck or in the cuddy, and the monthly celebrations of the Holy Eucharist—begun as soon as the sea-sickness was over, and continued down the Atlantic, across the Southern Ocean, and up the Pacific—had joined us in imagination, as they kept us united in soul and spirit, with our blessed English Mother Church.

The tedium of our ocean-life had been relieved by the regularity of our daily lectures to the candidates for the Ministry, and our own studies; as well as by the various little incidents of catching sharks in a calm, and dolphins in a breeze; and watching an occasional whale, or the shoals of flying-fish in the tropics, as they sprung glistening out of the water, and, after their few hundred yards' flight, darted again, like a discharge of rifle-balls, into their proper element.

Our first view of Australia had been at Cape Otway, near Port Philip, the chief inlet to the rapidly growing colony of Victoria.

I need not say with what interest we had scanned it, nor how eagerly, after passing Ninety-mile Beach on the south, and doubling Cape Howe, we had asked the name of each bay, or hill, or green spot, as we sailed up the eastern coast.

Contrary winds had retarded us almost to the last; but at length, having passed the heads of Botany Bay, and having, a few miles further north, taken the pilot on board, we passed between those tall stern cliffs of sandstone which look down upon the chafing waters of the Pacific, and guard the entrance of one of the most lovely harbours in the world.

A long disastrous drought had lately been relieved by abundance of rain, and the headlands and islands, which rested on the blue waters, were looking bright with fresh green.

Seven miles up the harbour lay Sydney, with her beautiful wooded promontories and sand-fringed coves, basking in the early sun. And as we glided up towards our anchorage on that calm summer morning, and saw the tall spire of St. James's Church rising out of the buildings that were each minute growing more distinct, we felt that the dearest part of Old England, her Church, made even a strange land home.

About 9 a.m., the last bit of canvas was taken in, the anchor let go, and the ship at rest.

What a feeling of security passes over you at that moment, as you find yourself fast by the ground, after four long months of perpetual motion; and how near seems the realisation of all the hopes, trials, and, if God please, successes, to which the heart has long been looking forward!

The venerable Bishop Broughton, whose body now sleeps under the shadow of Canterbury Cathedral, was, at the time of our arrival, absent from Sydney on a visitation; but one of his clergy came on board to greet us. Under his guidance, the Bishop, with some of our party, landed; and proceeded to the temporary Cathedral of St. Andrew: while I was conducted with the rest to St. James's Church.

We publicly returned thanks for the mercies of our safe voyage, and received our first Communion with our Australian brethren.

It was a happy thing to kneel once more within the walls of a church; and I might have believed myself in Old England, but for the shrill noise of the tettigonia or locust, whose continuous *whirr*, like that of a scissor-grinder's wheel driven by strong steam-power, seemed to fill the whole air during the hot hours of the day.

In the evening, the mosquitoes awoke with their hum at the top of the room; and a few skirmishers attacked our hands and faces before making their descent upon us in force.

I can never forget the open-hearted hospitality with which

we were received by our Sydney brethren. Australian hospitality is not confined to new arrivals from England; through the whole of a sojourn of thirteen years I found it unvarying. But it is especially cheering, when you land upon a strange shore, and have everything to learn as to the details of living, to be received, as you are, like an old friend, with liberty to go in and out as you please, and every one ready to help you.

The new diocese having, up to this time, been a part of Bishop Broughton's vast see, we learnt from his Secretary what cures especially needed filling up.

There were three to begin with:—Morpeth, twenty miles up the Hunter, where the navigable part of the river ends; Singleton, thirty-five miles further up; and Muswell Brook, thirty miles further inland on the same river: beyond which, toward the west, there was no clergyman, but sheep without a shepherd.

The Bishop himself determined to go to Morpeth, to live at first in the Parsonage, and to take the duties until he could ordain one of the candidates, and place him there under his own eye. He kindly gave me my choice of the other two, and I fixed upon Muswell Brook. My dear friend the Rev. H. O. Irwin took Singleton as his work; each of us having candidates for the Ministry to reside with us.

The first movement was to despatch Mr. Irwin in charge of some of the candidates, and all the servants, to Morpeth, to await the Bishop's arrival, it being an object to remove them from the port, and to give them something to do.

The Bishop wished me to remain with him, to see the Bishop of Sydney, our Metropolitan, as soon as he should return; and to have the benefit of his advice.

I enjoyed this privilege in a few days, and then, with my pupils, followed the first detachment to the Hunter, leaving the two Bishops in consultation.

Newcastle, at the mouth of the Hunter, is sixty miles to the north of the heads of Port Jackson. Its situation on the side of a hill is good; and it looks inland up the river, over a broad valley filled with wood, and bounded on the south-west by the Wollombi range, and on the north-east by the hills of the Paterson and the Williams. At that time its railway was

not thought of, nor its harbour secured by a breakwater, or so well filled with shipping as it now is. The Sydney steamers touched there to land passengers and cargo for the place, and then proceeded with their chief freight up to Morpeth.

For the first few miles up the river its banks are low and sandy; but by degrees they show some ten feet, increasing as you advance to twenty feet or twenty-five feet of rich alluvial soil above the water. In the midst of tall dead gum-trees, which had been purposely barked all round for some inches in width, and whose gaunt white trunks and branches had formerly a thick scrub and tangled festoons of creepers beneath them, were growing rich crops of maize, and lucerne to be cut for hay; and, in some places, tall-growing wheat.

In the midst of these you might see stumps of large trees, about two feet and a half in height, where, after the crops of former years had been gathered in, the settler's cross-cut saw had thinned some of the dead forest giants, leaving the rest to be cut, and afterwards grubbed up at leisure.

Here and there were scattered the slab-built and bark-covered huts of the owners or renters of these lands; and near them, occasionally, a small planked stage would run out on posts into the river, to enable the people to get their bags of wheat and maize, or their trusses of hay, on board the steamer on her way to Sydney; while a boat, tied to the little pier, heaved up and down in the waves made by the passing vessel.

On our right, a few villas at long intervals, with their verandahs, tasteful gardens, and vines and orange-trees, showed a higher kind of civilisation.

And after passing on the same side the "townships" or villages of Raymond Terrace at the mouth of the Williams river, and Hinton at the mouth of the Paterson, we rejoiced to find ourselves at last alongside the wharf at Morpeth, and some of our party waiting for us, ready to escort us to the Parsonage.

(To be continued.)

BARON VON DER DECKEN'S EXPEDITION.

THE name of the Baron Charles von der Decken has long been familiar to those interested in the exploration of East Africa; and as everything connected with that subject cannot fail to exercise a most important influence on "Mission life," we purpose giving the details of the disastrous expedition up the Juba river, in which he and several of his gallant companions met an untimely end.

Our account is taken from the papers supplied to the Royal Geographical Society, by the Princess of Pless, the Baron's mother, and by Lieutenant-Colonel Playfair, our consul at Zanzibar.

The Baron had previously distinguished himself as an explorer in penetrating to Kilimandjaro, and proving the existence of snow-capped mountains in Equatorial Africa. He had on the present expedition provided himself with two iron steamers, which were taken out from Hamburg in sections to Zanzibar. There he employed seven months in organising his party. The vessels were commanded by the Ritter von Scheikh, an officer in the Austrian navy, and there were attached to the expedition a medical officer and botanist, an artist, European workmen—in short, everything was done to ensure success. The Baron lost his small steamer at the mouth of the Juba, and one of his party, a European, perished with it. The large steamer fortunately passed the bar, and ascended the Juba, a distance of 380 miles. It then struck on a reef, and was obliged to be unloaded, the Baron proceeding to take measures for the safety of his people and his vessel. Taking Dr. Link, one of his party, with him, he redescended to Berdera, a town on the banks of the river which he had passed on his way up, with the view of obtaining assistance.

The subsequent events are detailed in the report which Captain Scheikh furnished to the consulate on his return to Zanzibar.

"28th.—The Baron left at 6 a.m. on the 28th September (1865), accompanied by Dr. Link, the Brava chief Abdi, two guides, Baraka and Kero (the last with letters and provisions to enable him to return by the 30th, at the latest, from Berdera), and four of our negroes.

"28th—30th.—On the 28th, 29th, and 30th, we continued to discharge coal and to work at the leak. On the afternoon of the 30th we had finished the unloading and had repaired the leak, but the

river had sunk $2\frac{1}{2}$ feet, so that we should have had, at any rate, to await a rise of the water in order to float the steamer.

"October 1st.—On Sunday, I allowed the people to rest; the expected guide had not returned from Berdera.

"At 1.30 p.m., after the negroes' dinner, we saw between the trees, on the other (left) bank, a great number of negroes. Thinking that this was the expected guide, escorted by some Berdera people with provisions, I sent the boat across with eight men and the boatswain. As he remained too long absent I called him back. The Berdera people told him that neither our guide nor a letter from the Baron was there, but that the Sultan of Berdera had sent them to remove our effects to the left bank, as we should be liable to attack on the right one. They gave no news of the Baron. The boatswain estimated their numbers at between 150 and 200 men. This seemed strange, for if the Baron were still at Berdera he would at least have written intelligence about himself; and if he had left Berdera the guide should have returned with a letter and provisions, I therefore did not send any of our effects to the other bank, but ordered Brenner to cause the men, after their siesta, about 2 o'clock, to fence round our encampment [on the right bank].

"When the Berdera people saw that we did not act on their advice, first three, then three more, then many others, waded above the "Welf"* and the sandbank between this and the right bank, and thence again called out for the boat.

"I then sent the boat to the sandbank to fetch some across, and to make further inquiries. On our people asking how many they might take, I allowed them to bring over six. No sooner had the Berdera people heard this than we heard the sound of a horn on the left bank, and from twenty to thirty negroes, with poised spears [on the right bank], rushed between the bushes and tents into the camp. All who were on this side of the camp, including M. Trenn, the artist, were cut off from their weapons and slain. Kanter jumped from his couch. He still had with him the gun which he had used in the morning's hunt; with this he fired two shots, when he also was massacred. Brenner, Theis, and Deppe, who first remarked the assailants on the north side of the camp, seized their guns, and kept up, especially Brenner, a steady fire, and hereupon the assailants retreated to the bushes.

* The name of the Baron's steamer.

"I now ran to my tent on the south side, and fetched my gun and ammunition. Some blacks tried to get hold of the muskets before us, but retreated into the bushes when I attacked them. I then, with the four Europeans and two negroes (the others were either captured, or fled into the woods, or jumped into the stream), proceeded to the beach to get free play for our firearms. Thence we fired some shots at the people on the shore, who waited on the left bank. One jumped into the boat and allowed himself to be carried downwards.

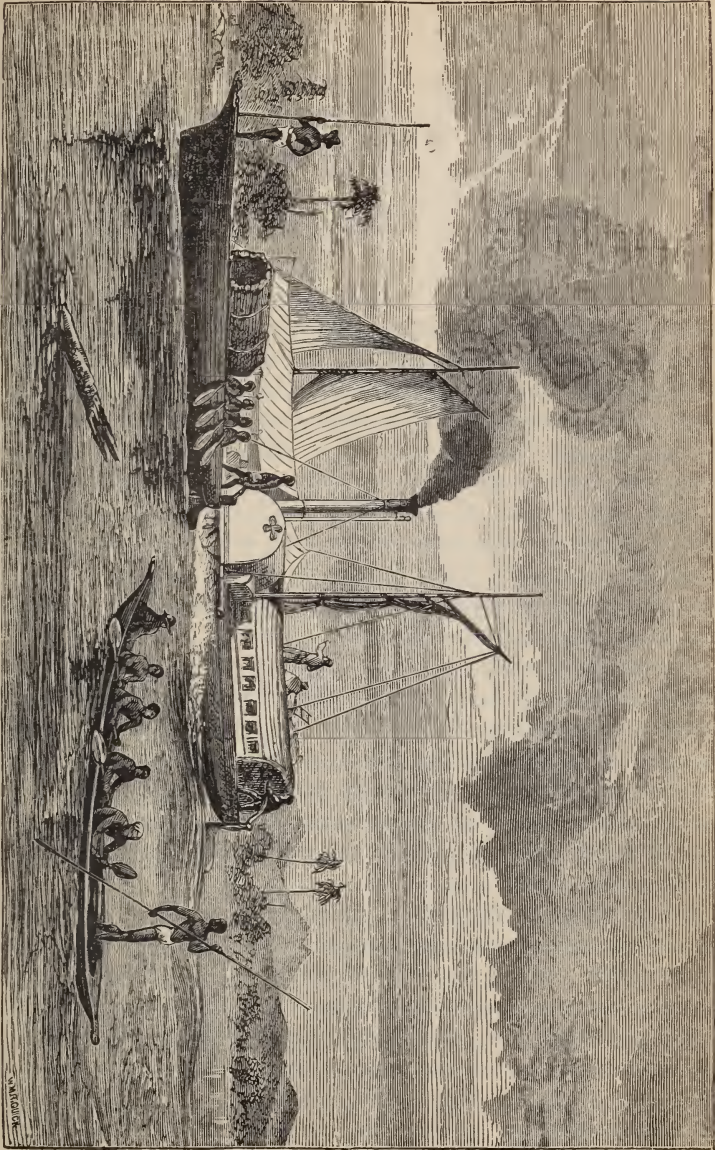
"There was now no time to be lost, as, with the boat, would be lost our last chance of escape. I sent Brenner with one negro to swim to the *Welf* and bring the small jolly-boat; this he did. The whole party, consisting of five Europeans and seven negroes, got into it and rowed downwards to overtake our large boat. We overtook it at the moment that the Somāli was trying to fasten it to the left bank. A few shots drove away him, as well as the others, into the bush, and we had just time to enter it when the little one, much too small for us, sank.

"We rowed in this boat up to the camp, when I sent Brenner on shore with three negroes to fetch ammunition; the rest of us covered him with our firearms from the boat, as natives were still visible in the woods. Thence we went on board of the "*Welf*." I ordered Deppe to collect the papers, journals, and valuables of the Baron, Brenner to get ready the guns and ammunition, and Theis to look after the provisions. The Berdera people on the left shore had recovered the jolly-boat that had sunk, drawn it on shore, and had now crossed the river in it.

"We had now to consider our future course. Most probably the Berdera Sultan, learning our condition on the Baron's arrival through Baraka, and remembering the nature of his last interview with the Baron on the 24th of September, had put off the Baron for some time with promises; then, after holding a *showri* [or *divan*], either murdered him or at least kept him prisoner. Otherwise it is inexplicable that the Baron had not sent us any intelligence.

"Having then forced the guides of the Baron to acquaint them with the details of our position, or the guides having voluntarily given this information, they had formed their plans. While the guides were with us there were only Trenn, Brenner, and two or three negroes on shore, the others were all working at the "*Welf*." The guns, ammunition, most of the muskets, and all the effects were on

shore. The "Welf" lay ten paces from the left bank, which there rose to a height of from six to eight feet above her. Therefore they sent the greater part of their men from Berdera (about two hundred) higher up on the left bank ; on the right bank there were only from forty to fifty. The former party could fully command the "Welf" from the high bank, whilst it was easy for the others to finish off the two Europeans and three negroes on the shore. On their arrival they found themselves disappointed. We had rested from our labour on account of it being Sunday. We were all on shore, and they could not cross the river, as there is only one ferry which is at the town. Their object, therefore, was to divide us, so that they might the better carry out their project. But when they saw that we made no preparation to carry out their advice, they waded to the sand-bank, and again called out to us to send the boat to ferry them across, so as to strengthen their party on our shore. When I gave orders that only six people should be allowed to enter the boat they gave the signal to attack us, as a longer delay must have made us suspicious. That the attacks from both sides of the river were in concert is evident, since those on the left shore chased our men from the boat and seized it. All our negroes declared the assailants to be Somālis, whom they can distinguish from the Gallas both by their language and general appearance ; some even fancied that they recognised Berdera people. After the attack many went in the jolly-boat from the left to the right bank. If, then, the assailants were Berdera people, it only remained for us to consider whether we should wait a few days longer, to learn, if possible, something of the Baron's fate, or at once break up. As to getting the steamer afloat, that, under present circumstances, with our few hands, was not to be thought of. Still less possible was the scheme of descending the river on a raft. On the other hand, it was certain that the least delay would cause the news of our disaster to precede us, and then we should have to expect hindrances and opposition everywhere on the river. This would not have mattered much so long as we remained *on* the river, but on our arrival at the mouth we should have had to go on shore and surrender ourselves to the tender mercies of the Juba people. Moreover, independent of our own personal safety, the fate of the Baron (if he were still alive) depended on our freedom. For while the people knew that we remained safe, they would try to escape punishment by preserving the Baron. If



RIVER TRAVELLING IN AFRICA.

we were destroyed, it would be easy for them to declare that it was not them, but the Gallas that had destroyed the expedition.

"Any attempt on our part to ascertain by force the fate of the Baron, or to render him assistance, was impossible, owing to the overpowering numbers of the enemy; neither would an interview have availed us, as neither we nor any of our negroes understood the Somāli language. I therefore determined to abandon the wreck and obtain, at Zanzibar, help, either to afford assistance to the Baron or at least to learn his fate.

"But being desirous not to take such a step on my own responsibility, I asked all the others for their advice, and they were unanimously of the opinion that we had no alternative. Therefore, having taken weapons, ammunition, money, and valuables in our boat, we again returned to our camp, took in provisions and other necessities, and forsook the locality. We had not room aboard to bring the instruments with us. By rowing day and night with a single pair of oars, we managed to reach the mouth by 2 a.m. on the 7th October. We there left the boat, as it would have been impossible to cross the bar. Thence we commenced our journey on foot, in the hope of reaching Kiama, where we hoped to be able to hire a boat for our further voyage.

"Fortunately, after four hours' march, we found a dhow at Cape Bissell, manned by four negroes. This I hired, and on the 16th October we arrived at Lamoo, where we got another dhow, which brought us to Zanzibar on the 24th. Here I hoped to find an English or French man-of-war to take me to Brava, whence my intention is to march by the caravan road, and obtain intelligence from Berdera. Disappointed in this expectation, I am forced to go to Brava in a dhow."

But to return to the Baron. Immediately on his arrival at Berdera he commenced to make arrangements regarding the purchase of provisions. While he was so employed, the Berdera people, knowing that the party at the steamer was much weakened, attacked it as before mentioned. The Baron soon got news of their intentions, and resolved immediately to return to the camp. But he found his boat gone; Abdi, the Brava chief, refused to act as guide, and no one else could be got to show him the road. He, however, started in company with Dr. Link and the Zanzibar negroes, leaving his property behind in charge of Abdi.

They lost their way, and spent the night of Saturday, the 30th September, and Sunday, the 1st of October, in the open country. Upon this the Baron and Dr. Link consulted as to what they should do, when it was determined that the latter and one boy should still endeavour to find the camp, while the Baron with three attendants returned to Berdera. On his arrival there, the Baron appears to have given out that he had been to the steamer, and had found all safe on board; but his hearers must have known well that it was not so. The Baron resumed his negotiation for provisions, and purchased and sent off to the camp several bullocks, which, as might be expected, never reached their destination.

Abdi promised to get more provisions on the following day (Monday, the 2nd October), and on that day the Baron was summoned to have a consultation about them. He left his servants in charge of his property; and on his return he found that these, together with all the arms, were gone. The servants subsequently explained that they had been called away by Abdi, and as soon as they had left the hut the muskets were removed.

On the Baron's return from the conference he demanded his muskets, but received no satisfactory reply. Shortly afterwards Abdi came in with the report that the missing boat had been found, and begged the Baron to send his men to take charge of it. As soon as these got out of the Baron's sight, they were seized by the Berdera people and imprisoned in a mosque. In the mean time others of the Berdera people brought back the Baron's guns and laid them at his feet. He was then sitting on a native bedstead, and as he stooped to pick them up, several Somālis rushed on him, seized his arms, and bound them behind his back. Abdi was not present while this was being done. In vain did the Baron beseech them to release him, promising them any sum of money they might demand; in vain did he even beg that Abdi might be sent for; his captors were deaf to his entreaties; they carried him immediately to the river, where they put him to death. Four of the Zanzibar negroes saw him taken away, but they were afraid to interfere; afterwards they saw his garments saturated with blood. His body was thrown into the Juba River.

We must now follow Dr. Link. On parting with the Baron he was attacked by a party of Somālis, but he saved himself for the time, partly by running, and partly by swimming. The boy who accompanied him swam to the steamer; and the dismay of both can

better be imagined than described, at finding it abandoned by their comrades.

The Doctor found his way back to Berdera, where he arrived the day after the Baron's death. He also shared his leader's fate, and his body was thrown into the river.

The natives belonging to the expedition were detained some time in captivity; but they were subsequently released, in consequence of their being Mahomedans, and Haji Ali, the Chief of Berdera, permitted them to go to Brava. The Baron's property was divided amongst the Somālis, and the treacherous guide Abdi shared in the plunder.

There is no reason to believe that any of the other natives belonging to the expedition acted treacherously. It is probable that they deserted their master on the first appearance of danger, but this was to be expected: indeed, they could not have afforded him any material aid, the whole population of the country being against him.

This is probably all we shall ever know of this ill-fated expedition; perhaps the most promising and best equipped that ever attempted the exploration of Africa, and certainly the most disastrous in its untimely end.

PASTOR HARMS; OR, WHAT A VILLAGE MAY DO.

By JAMES F. COBB, Esq.

IN the north of the kingdom of Hanover lies a wild tract of country called the Luneburg Heath. The soil is poor, the land rugged, with here and there patches of fine forest. Several villages, consisting mostly of farm-houses, are scattered over this heath; among these the most remarkable is Hermannsburg, because its pastor and its people have won a name throughout Germany and Europe for their energy and success in Missionary work, and present a bright example which many among us might follow with profit.

An interesting and much fuller account of Pastor Harms and his labours will be found in a small book, called 'Praying and Working,' by the Rev. W. F. Stevenson. I only propose now to give my readers a short sketch of what the village of Hermannsburg has done; how they did it; and the result of their work in the great

Mission field. The Hermannsburgers appear, from all accounts, to have been a rough, ungodly set of people, till Pastor Harms began his ministry among them. This good and truly great man was born at Walsrode, a village on the Heath, in 1808; in 1817 his father was appointed pastor in Hermannsburg, whither the family removed, and which ever after was Lovis Harms' home. The lad showed brilliant talents and great diligence. At 16 he went to the High School at Celle, and two years after to the University at Göttingen, distinguishing himself greatly at both places. At the University ungodliness and scepticism reigned supreme; young Harms, thirsting for knowledge—himself without faith—went on his own way, and determined, if possible, to master the whole range of human knowledge—to satisfy the craving of his heart. Philosophy, mathematics, physics, astronomy, natural history, theology; languages, as Sanscrit, Syrian, Chaldee, Italian, and Spanish, he studied with the greatest zeal; but he did not find peace, and was, indeed, on the verge of utter infidelity. Then the Lord had mercy on the young man whom He was about to make a chosen instrument for the spread of His kingdom. During a night passed in study, as he was reading the 17th chapter of St. John, light dawned on his soul. The prayer of the High Priest and Chief Shepherd, Jesus Christ, softened and enlightened his heart, especially the words, "This is life eternal, that they might know Thee, the only true God, and Jesus Christ, whom Thou hast sent."

After passing a brilliant examination, he was for several years tutor in a nobleman's family. In 1843 he returned to his father in Hermannsburg, to help him in his old age; and on his death, in 1848, he succeeded him as pastor. Unremitting diligence in pastoral visitation; Sunday and week-day services; preaching plain and homely, but very eloquent, soon told on the Hermannsburgers; the village became celebrated for the quiet and godly behaviour of its people, and the laughing-stock of the careless and profane.

But the faith of the good pastor and the simple peasants, converted by God's blessing through his labours, was not a barren or unfruitful one. He told them that faith without works is dead, and urged them to show their faith and love, their gratitude to God for what He had done for them in calling them from darkness to light, by endeavouring themselves to make known the glad tidings of the Gospel to others. He touched their hearts by describing to them the forlorn condition of the poor perishing heathen, and then made

the bold proposal that they should undertake the great work of evangelisation, *and themselves establish a Mission*. They were not merely to interest themselves in missionary societies, and send their money to some common fund; but they were to have their own Hermannsburg Mission, entirely independent and self-supporting. He asked who among them would volunteer for the work. Several presented themselves at once; the question now was, how were they to be trained? *A farmer gave his farm as an offering to the Mission*; this was turned into a Mission-house, where the candidates dwelt; and here they were instructed in theology, and all that was necessary for their future work, by Harms and his brother. Whither should the first Missionaries be sent, and in what way, were questions which soon suggested themselves to Harms and his enterprising parishioners. A sailor who belonged to the Mission proposed that they should *build a ship of their own*—a bold proposal, certainly, but quite in character with the independent nature of the Mission; besides, the ship might pay in the end by taking freight to and from Africa, which country had been decided upon for the first Mission field of the Hermannsburg peasants. Colonists were to accompany the Missionaries. Their first intention was to go to the Gallas, a very fierce and warlike tribe; but this project was impossible, so their first settlement was made among the Caffres, in Natal. The ship was built, and was set apart for her holy work with a special service conducted by Harms, and called the ‘Candace.’ In 1853 she set sail for the first time, with eight Missionaries and several colonists.

New Hermannsburg was founded in the colony of Natal, and from that, as a centre, the Missionary work began in good earnest, and was soon blessed with abundant success. The good King of Hanover—always eager and ready to help forward any good work for God in his kingdom—took the deepest interest in the mission; he had frequent interviews with Harms and his Missionary students, and told them how his heart was with them in their work, and how he and the Queen never forgot the Hermannsburg Mission in their prayers. This good king—now driven by the rapacity and ambition of a neighbouring state, an exile from his country—is, as far as religion is concerned, a model sovereign, and we may well wish there were many like him.

The village mission grew and flourished both at home and abroad, though, like all similar good works, it was not without its difficulties and trials. The Mission-house was enlarged to accommodate twenty-

four candidates for the Mission field ; but soon this was not large enough, and another had to be built to receive twenty-four more. The 'Candace' now takes out every year twenty-four Missionaries from each seminary alternately, besides a number of colonists. A Missionary magazine is published monthly at Hermannsburg, which gives an account of the work both in Germany and Africa. Each number is surmounted by a cross (a symbol of which German Lutherans are not at all ashamed) with the motto beneath, "In this sign thou shalt conquer."

Foreign Mission work was not enough for the holy zeal of Pastor Harms ; there was work to be done for the outcasts at home, as well as for the heathen abroad. He had often thought of the sad condition of discharged convicts, and determined to establish a refuge for them. For this another house was taken, and the good work, too, was richly blessed by God. Then a printing press was set up in a building erected for the purpose. Here the 'Missionary Magazine' is published, besides Harms' sermons, and many other religious works, all of a strictly Lutheran and orthodox tendency. The last Mission established by Harms is in the Telegu country, in India.

Every year what is called the Mission Festival is held at Hermannsburg. This lasts for two days ; and persons interested in missions come from all parts of Germany to attend it. There are services in the church morning and evening, between which the whole company—often consisting of thousands of persons—go out to some fixed spot in the country, where a great Missionary meeting takes place ; hymns are sung, addresses given, dinner and social intercourse taking place between. But twenty-one years of work, such as few men have ever dared to take upon themselves, at last overcame the always feeble health of the good and active pastor. He died, utterly worn out, last November, at the age of 57 years. The whole mission work had devolved upon him. He had originated all—planned all—ruled all—organised everything. Neither was the parish neglected for the Mission ; all his parishioners were well cared for, and regularly visited. There were week-day services ; and as to the Sunday work, few, if they were willing, could do so much as Harms did on the Lord's Day.

Four years ago I visited Hermannsburg, remaining there from Saturday to Monday. It is a quiet, clean, and rather pretty village. All the inhabitants have a serious but happy air about them. They seem, too, to be a prosperous well-to-do set. On Sunday morning

the village is alive with the stream of peasants, some in carts, some on foot, who come pouring in from the neighbourhood to attend the services of the Church. The morning service begins at 9.30. The building is architecturally a very mean one. Every available space in the interior is made use of. The arrangement is very peculiar; over the altar is the pulpit, and over that the model of the ship "Candace." On the altar is a crucifix and two candles which are lighted at the Celebration. Before service began there was scarcely standing room, and the heat was excessive. When a bell rang all fell down on their knees and said a silent prayer. Then a long hymn was sung very heartily, during which Harms entered dressed in the usual Lutheran black gown, and took his place before the altar, facing eastward. The hymn over, he intoned in a good voice the liturgy, the people responding. He was a pale, care-worn looking man, with a suffering but somewhat severe look, but full of fire and energy. When he came to the epistle, he expounded it in a very terse and homely way for about half an hour, still standing before the altar. While a long hymn was being sung, he ascended the pulpit, and then preached a long sermon of nearly an hour from the gospel of the day—it was the festival of the visitation of the Blessed Virgin Mary;* it was a discourse of great power and eloquence, but very quaint and practical, well suited to a peasant audience. The sins and follies of the times were not spared. The service had already lasted three hours, when the sermon concluded, followed by the celebration of Holy Communion; there were a great many communicants. Afternoon service was at three, the church as crowded as before. After the liturgy and sermon Pastor Harms proceeded to catechise not only the children, but all the young men and women as well; to do which he went all round the church from the altar up to the west end and back again. This service lasted upwards of two hours. At seven in the evening again, numbers of peasants assembled in the passage and in the gardens of the parsonage-house. The pastor standing at the end of the passage read a chapter and then explained it in Plattdeutsch, the patois of the country, which is very like English. Hymns were sung, and prayers offered, this service lasting about an hour. The pastor looked utterly exhausted with this hard day's work.

His life had been one of intense bodily suffering, continued illness

* Observed by the Lutheran, but not by the English Church.

left him scarcely ever free from pain. He suffered agonies during his last illness, but not a murmur or complaint escaped his lips, and his end was most happy and peaceful. The charge of the Mission has devolved upon his brother, who has all along been associated with him in it.

It may be asked how Harms obtained all the funds necessary for carrying out his great Mission work. They flowed in unasked; it is the story of Franke and the Mission-house at Halle over again. It was in answer to prayer that God gave the means. Harms never asked a person for a donation, and in the sixteen years since the establishment of the Mission he has received at least 300,000 dollars.

In doctrine, Harms was a strict Lutheran and sacramentarian, what in England we should call a thorough High Churchman. He most strongly opposed and denounced in unmeasured terms the rationalism and scepticism of the day, neither did he spare the sects and schismatics. That he never understood the true doctrines of the English Church may be inferred from his always confusing her when he mentioned her in his 'Missionary Magazine' with the German *Reformirten*, who are Calvinists, and in doctrine and discipline are similar to the Presbyterians among ourselves. The heresy of Colenso made him also regard us with suspicion.

Twenty-four Missionary Stations have been founded by the Hermannsburg Mission in Natal and Zululand. Of these we shall hope hereafter to give a full account.

CORRESPONDENCE.

MISSIONARY STUDENTS.

July 7th, 1866.

DEAR SIR,—I have read with much interest, in the July number of your Magazine, Mr. Willis's admirable letter on "Missionary Clergy and Missionary Pupil Teachers."

I have for some time taken a deep interest in both these questions connected with Missionary work, and the same difficulties have presented themselves to my mind which Mr. Willis admits and so ably discusses.

But it seems to me, after all, to be but one question, not two. Mr. Willis' suggestion that the beneficed clergy of

England should take their turn in that portion of their Master's vineyard where the existence of fewest labourers necessarily entails the greatest hardships upon the few who are willing to give themselves to work in that deserted portion, is in theory every way excellent; but in practice I fear we must not trust it for a moment. Not ten per cent. of the 18,000 clergy of England would, I am afraid, respond to such a suggestion, come whence or with what force it might.

Upon whom, then, are we to depend mainly for doing the great work of carrying the pure doctrine of the Church of England into all lands? Manifestly, on the trained Missionary from the different centres of Missionary education. If, then, these be the fountain-heads from which emanates our Missionary enterprise, why are not more found throughout the land? why are mere dribblets sent forth yearly from the shores of England, when the demand is ever so constant and so great?

It will be objected, perhaps, that the Missionary Colleges already in existence are not full. Is it so? If so, there must be something wrong; some defect not necessarily in the *system* of those Colleges themselves, but in the manner in which they are so poorly supplied with students.

Now let us see how this is. Let us take the case of St. Augustine's at Canterbury, a well-worked, admirable institution in every way. At what age is a young man admitted there? Nineteen. From what classes are the students generally found to belong? To the trading, farming—in some instances the mechanic classes. But are these classes well able to keep a son at school until the age of nineteen without help from any society or otherwise? I think not. The classes which would be most likely to seek an education for a son at a Missionary College would be just those classes which, however willing to do so, would be unable, as a rule, to keep a son at school up to that period of life at which a man of some means generally enters the University.

What, then, it seems to me is wanted, are Missionary Training Schools, as well as Missionary Training Colleges, where at the age of, say fourteen or fifteen, a boy might be sent to be prepared by a special education for such a course as he would be required to pass through at a Missionary College.

These Schools, by being conducted on economical principles, aided by the different Missionary Societies, and assisted by beneficent friends contributing and establishing exhibitions, &c., might be placed within the reach of many a parent who might be willing, but under the present system is unable, to meet those four or five years of educational expense.

As an illustration of this, I may state that I have now in my parish at least two excellent and very promising young men who would be willing to give themselves to Missionary work, but whose parents are at present deterred from their entering upon such a course, fearing the heavy expenses which it would entail upon them, and which I know they are not able to meet.

By the time the lad arrived at the age of seventeen, the authorities of the school would be in a position to judge whether he was more fitted for the office of a pupil teacher (in which case he might receive his certificate and enter upon his career), or showed such promise as would justify his being retained and passed on to the College, to complete that training which would fit him for the sacred office of the Ministry.

With such a system well worked, and aided by all clergymen interested in Mission work, I do not see why every cathedral should not have under its shadow a Missionary School and college well supplied with such students, each diocese representing in its Missionary institution some particular country and mission; a plan which would greatly facilitate and economise the matter of languages taught therein.

The Dean of Ely, a warm friend of Missionary work, read a paper at the Church Congress held at Norwich last year, on "Cathedral and Capitular Bodies, and how to increase their usefulness." Could not he stir up the capitular bodies of England by setting them some such example of active usefulness as Ely? I will with the greatest pleasure subscribe my humble mite of £100 to such a project, and will guarantee to collect a like sum as an annual income in aid of the same.

I remain, Sir, your obedient servant,

J. E. WILKINSON.

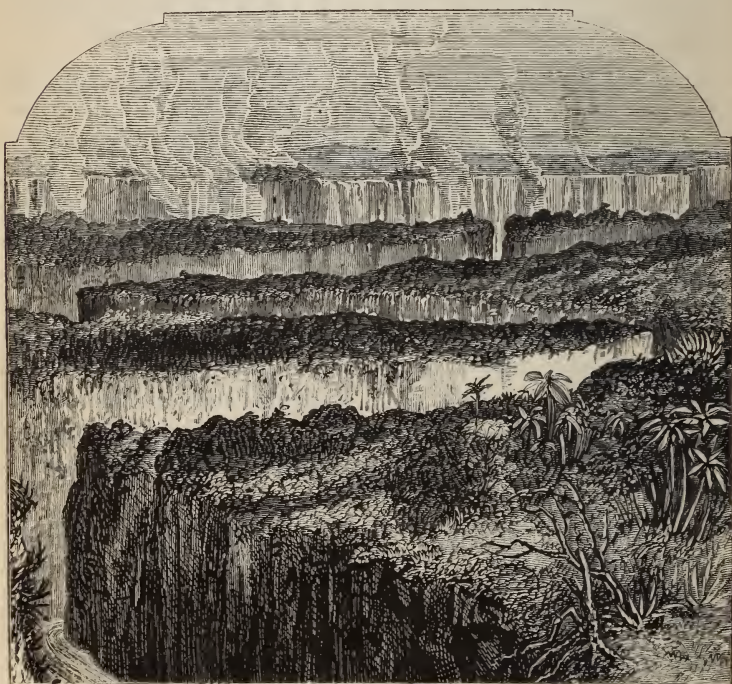
RICKINGHALL, SCOLE, SUFFOLK ;

July 7th, 1866.

REVIEWS.

The Victoria Falls of the Zambesi. By Mr. T. Baines.*

THE assertion on reliable authority about any "Falls" in the world, that they equalled those of Niagara, would be to invest them at once with no inconsiderable amount of interest. For the Victoria cataracts on the Zambesi more than an equality is claimed. We are



called upon to decide whether for the future the marvel of the African will not throw into the shade that of the American continent.

Let us try and realise the peculiarities of the rival claimants. The chief point of difference between them is, that the waters of the

* Day and Son, Lithographers, 6, Gate St., Lincoln's Inn Fields.

one (Niagara) escape by a broad, straight, and tolerably deep channel, whilst the waters of the other fall first into a chasm, from which they eventually escape by a narrow zigzag trough. In both cases we are able to trace the causes which have resulted in these distinctive features. The Niagara channel has evidently been formed by the wearing back of the rock over which the river falls, and during a long course of ages it has gradually receded, leaving the trough we have spoken of in front. The Victoria Falls, on the contrary, have been formed by one of those strange freaks of nature which at some time or other in the world's history seem to have been so much more common than now. In the bed of the Zambesi, which at this point is just a mile broad, a huge crack or rift has been caused by volcanic action.

The depth of the chasm thus formed is nearly 400 feet, or twice the height of Niagara; its width is about 250 feet, its length the same as the breadth of the river—about a mile. Over one edge of this chasm the river precipitates itself; on the other side, that which was once the bed of the river is covered with grass and trees. The only exit from the vast prison-house into which the waters of the Zambesi thus suddenly find themselves hurled is by a crack or rift about fifty yards wide, running due south or at right angles to the chasm near the eastern end of it. Through this narrow escape channel the mass of waters surges and rushes on for about 150 yards; then turns suddenly to the right, then doubles back on itself, so that for about a mile the two parts of the stream are only separated by a cliff or promontory 300 feet high and 115 yards wide. These “vagaries” are repeated again and again, the gigantic zigzag and narrow trough stretching away as far as the eye can reach. The native names for the Fall are expressive: Mosi-oa-tunya — smoke-sounding, — and Seongo—the place of the rainbow.

The effect of the scene is increased by an island—“Garden Island”—situated in the very centre of the fall, and dividing it into two parts. Here the adventurous explorer may land, and so stand and look down into the abyss of waters from the very centre of the Fall.

The two following extracts—the first from Dr. Livingstone's recent work, and the second from Mr. Baines's description—will give a good idea of the extreme grandeur of the effect of the scene:

“The whole body of water rolls clear over, quite unbroken; but after a descent of ten or more feet, the entire mass suddenly becomes like a huge sheet of driven snow. Pieces of water leap off it in the form of comets with tails streaming behind, till the whole snowy sheet becomes myriads of rushing, leaping,

aqueous comets. Every drop of Zambesi water appears to possess a sort of individuality. It runs off the ends of the paddles, and glides in beads along the smooth surface like drops of quicksilver on a table. The vast body of water, separating in the comet-like forms described, necessarily encloses in its descent a large volume of air, which, forced into the cleft to an unknown depth, rebounds, and rushes up loaded with vapour, to form three or even six columns as if of steam, visible at the Batoka village Moachemba, twenty-one miles distant. The morning sun gilds these columns of watery smoke with all the glowing colours of a double or treble rainbow. The evening sun, from a hot yellow sky, imparts a sulphureous hue, and gives the impression that the yawning gulf might resemble the mouth of the bottomless pit."

"How shall words convey ideas which the pencil even of Turner must fail to represent? Stiff and formal columns of smoke there are none; the eastern breeze has blended all in one. Think nothing of the drizzling mist; but tell me if heart of man ever conceived anything more gorgeous than those two lovely rainbows, so brilliant that the eye shrinks from looking on them, which, rising from the abyss deep as the solar rays can penetrate it, overarch spray, rock, and forest, till at the highest point they fail to find refracting moisture to complete the arch."

Mr. Baines's volume contains eleven large views of the Falls, coloured in fac-simile of the original oil paintings made on the spot, and exhibited lately at a meeting of the Geographical Society. They are now published in accordance with a suggestion of Sir Roderick Murchison.

One of the sketches, from which the accompanying woodcut is



taken, represents the artist and his friend making their way towards the Falls. It enables us to realise pleasantly enough his verbal

description of "old Tanjuelah standing in the bows with his pole, while his mate did the same in the stern, guiding the shallow narrow craft, actually balancing and preserving her equilibrium by the mere pressure of his feet as she rushed down each successive rapid." We cannot forbear quoting here Livingstone's graphic description of a similar adventure :—

"We embarked in canoes, belonging to Tuba Makoro,—“smasher of canoes,” an ominous name; but he alone, it seems, knew the medicine which ensures one against shipwrecks in the rapids above the Falls.

"Before entering the race of waters, we were requested not to speak, as our talking might diminish the virtue of the medicine: and no one with such boiling eddying rapids before his eyes would think of disobeying the orders of a 'canoe-smasher.' It soon became evident that there was sound sense in this request of Tuba's, although the reason assigned was not unlike that of the canoe-man from Sesheke, who begged one of our party not to whistle, because whistling made the wind come. It was the duty of the man at the bow to look out ahead for the proper course, and when he saw a rock or snag, to call out to the steersman. Tuba, doubtless, thought that talking on board might divert the attention of his steersman, at the time when the neglect of an order, or a slight mistake, would be sure to spill us all into the chafing river.

"There were places where the utmost exertions of both men had to be put forth in order to force the canoe to the only safe part of the rapid, and to prevent it from sweeping down broadside on, where in a twinkling we should have found ourselves floundering among the plotuses and cormorants, which were engaged in diving for their breakfast of small fish. At times, it seemed as if nothing could save us from dashing in our headlong race against the rocks which, now that the river was low, jutted out of the water; but, just at the very nick of time, Tuba passed the word to the steersman, and then with ready pole turned the canoe a little aside, and we glided swiftly past the threatened danger. Never was canoe more admirably managed: once only did the medicine seem to have lost something of its efficacy. We were driving swiftly down: a black rock, over which the white foam flew, lay directly in our path; the pole was planted against it as readily as ever, but it slipped, just as Tuba put forth his strength to turn the bow off. We struck hard, and were half full of water in a moment: Tuba recovered himself as speedily, shoved off the bow, and shot the canoe into a still shallow place to bale out the water. Here we were given to understand that it was not the medicine which was at fault: *that* had lost none of its virtue; the accident was owing to Tuba having started without his breakfast. Need it be said, we never let Tuba go without that meal again?"

We need hardly say, in conclusion, Mr. Baines's volume is one which any one would be glad to possess. We only fear that the price—£2 12s. 6d. for the lithographed copies, and £4 4s. for coloured facsimiles—will place the book beyond the reach of most of our readers.

Negro and Jamaica. By Commander Bedford Pim, R.N.

THE CAUSE of truth, as is so often remarked, never suffers by free inquiry and discussion. On the contrary, it is in the end sure to be greatly advanced by it. To some minds, difficulties which had not been thought of before may occasionally be suggested, but in the great majority of cases the result is to give a distinct form and shape to much which, though it had an existence previously, had existed in so vague and undefined a form as to render it impossible to deal with it satisfactorily. In other words, the phantom which, though it disappears the moment an attempt is made to grasp it, ever returns to haunt its victim, is changed by free inquiry into an enemy which can be grappled with and overcome and forgotten.

Of this principle the pamphlet before us, containing a paper read at a meeting of the Anthropological Society, affords a good illustration. As we read, the phantom indeed disappears, but in its place appears only a man of straw, which, as we read on farther, we find we have not even the poor satisfaction of knocking down, that ceremony having been performed upon the spot.

In this pamphlet the writer sums up and puts into a definite though somewhat exaggerated form the difficulties which many persons, doubtless, feel as to the question of the equality or inferiority of the negro to the rest of the human race.

We will for the present take Commander Pim's own estimate of what he has accomplished in the first part of his paper. The last eight lines run thus :

"I think that I have now said sufficient to show that the Negro in his own land, and under his own institutions, is little better than a brute—in mental power a child, in ferocity a tiger, in moral degradation sunk to the lowest depths. The kings or chiefs, invested with unbounded power, are only exaggerated types of their subjects, and therefore it is fair to infer that social slavery is the effect, not the cause, of this degraded condition."

Taken with the full meaning of the saving clause "in his own land and under his own institutions," the conclusion here

arrived at, if admitted to be warranted by the facts adduced, amounts, after all, to very little, if we regard its effect upon the main question at issue. The picture which is drawn of the African, and which constitutes the evidence upon which this verdict is given, is certainly not more startling or revolting than that which St. Paul draws in his epistle to the Romans, of men living "under their own" *God-less* "institutions;" and yet he is speaking of a people—the Greeks—whose name through all ages has been identified with the very highest intellectual culture and the most advanced civilisation. We see, therefore, at once that moral degradation in its most revolting forms, though it may and probably must result eventually in mental infirmity, is no proof whatever of a people having been originally so intellectually inferior that there is no possibility of their ever again taking rank with the rest of the human race.

But if the above conclusion had been less beside the question than it is, the manner in which it is arrived at would be sufficient to prevent our receiving it as any more than an individual opinion, for not only are the facts and arguments which might be adduced on the other side studiously ignored, but when a witness is to be called whose opinions are too decided and too well known to make it possible for any one arguing on the subject to pass them by without comment, the bearing of his—Dr. Livingstone's—evidence is attributed, not to his having during a great part of his life been more intimately associated with the African than almost any European living, but to the "peculiarity of his early training as a Missionary, and the influence of these amiable but one-sided men to whom he looks for support." The only "peculiarity" in the early training of Missionaries being that they are brought up as Christians, we are inclined to doubt whether Commander Pim's audience can have appreciated the delicate compliment implied in the assumption of his and their superiority to any such influences. But not content with this very questionable method of dealing with testimony, and sensible of the importance of extracting from an adverse witness something in support of his pet theory, Captain Pim adopts the comical alternative of quoting what Dr. Livingstone *ought* to have thought

and said, and actually gives a long extract from an article in the 'Times' on Livingstone's book, which with an amusing naiveté he informs us "*deals with the question in a proper spirit.*"

We may take the following passage as the text of the second part of Commander Pim's paper :

"It is impossible to resist the conclusion that the Negro has filled the position for which he is fitted by nature, and that his services were brought into use when the emergency arose necessitating his employment. There is something grand, put it as you will in thus converting the most barbarous and useless population on the earth's surface into active agents for good."

Here, again, we have many facts given, but the conclusions drawn from them are as illogical as before; and if they prove anything, certainly prove nothing more than that many of the attempts which have been made to ameliorate the condition of the African, or to abolish slavery, have been very imperfect and often extremely ill-judged.

The third part of the paper is devoted to a consideration of the Jamaica question, and, read in the light of the late Report of the Jamaica Commission, shows that the writer is as liable to error even in dealing with facts, as he is when forming opinions.

In an appendix we have a report of several speeches made on the occasion. An extract from one of them will be sufficient to show that there may at any rate be two opinions on the subject, and that the "negrophilists," if fairly put upon their trial, and evidence heard on their behalf, are not the silly maudlin sentimentalists which this paper would make them out to be, and that their views are not held only by those who have had no opportunity of forming a practical opinion.

"Judge Hibbert (of the United States) considered the Negro to be naturally capable of civilisation, and that under favorable influences the people of Africa might, after a few centuries, be found as civilised as the white races. The condition of a slave was peculiarly unfavorable to moral improvement, for slaves had nothing to care for; but if they gave the Negro education, and the same kind of encouragement that was given to the children of white men, they would be equal to them. The Negroes were generally admitted to be very 'smart' in making a bargain, and he did not think they were in other respects intellectually

inferior. Civilisation, he said, was quite distinct from religion; for if religion were considered to be an indication of civilisation the African Negroes were the highest type of civilisation, for they believed more than any other people on the face of the earth. They believed much more than Christians. Civilisation, he (Judge Hibbert) contended, consisted in the knowledge men had of their own rights, and a respect for the rights of others; and until we civilised ourselves we could not expect to do much towards civilising Africa. America had given the franchise to the Negro, and would give them an equal position to the white man. In some of the American States, where the Negroes had been free for many years, they had turned out the finest black babies in the world. One thing the Negro had to contend against, was the prejudice of the white race, who had a great contempt for them. He never in his life saw a white man take off his hat to a Negro. Unless they got rid of their prejudices against the blacks, education alone would be of little use; for as long as the Negroes had no incitement to improve themselves, they would not be civilised. He believed that the Negro is as capable of attaining the highest degree of civilisation as the white man; and it should be borne in mind that not many years ago the people of this country were barbarous savages."

When Commander Pim assumes throughout his paper that his views are shared by all unbiassed persons who have had an opportunity of forming an opinion on the subject, we give him credit for believing such to be the case; but the ignorance which renders such a belief possible is not for that reason less inexcusable in a person who goes so far out of his way to undertake the self-imposed task of guiding and forming public opinion.

The assumption is entirely unwarrantable; in fact, there is little doubt that amongst those who have held different views will be found, certainly the majority, if not all those who have had not only opportunities of forming an opinion, but the power and inclination to make use of them. We must remind Commander Pim that to have passed a given number of years in the same country as the Negro does not of itself qualify a man to give an authoritative decision, nor, indeed, to offer an opinion at all upon the subject in question. A blind man may spend his whole life in a foreign country, and yet fail to gain as correct impressions about it as the man whose information is gathered entirely in his study. So a person who is unable or unwilling to look below the very sur-

face of things, can only render himself ridiculous when he cites his experience and opportunities of observation in contravention of opinions arrived at by more trustworthy data.

In illustration of the sort of experience and opportunities of observation which we think really justifies any judgment which may be given, we will cite the following :

“ You ask me to give you in writing an estimate of the capabilities of the Negro race drawn from my own experience, and I have great pleasure in complying with your request.

“ My own individual acquaintance with the Negroes has not been of very long duration, extending only over a year and a half, during the time I held the appointment of Chaplain to the Codrington Estates in Barbados; but even during that short time I had considerable opportunities of becoming acquainted with them, and of forming an estimate of their intellectual capabilities. Moreover, I am in a position to speak very decidedly of the opinion entertained with respect to those capabilities by one who is far more competent to form an opinion than myself, from the fact of his having been intimately associated with them in various ways for upwards of seventeen years. I mean the late Principal of Codrington College, the Rev. R. Rawle, a man whose name, coupled with the very high position which he formerly occupied at Trinity College, Cambridge, would be almost a sufficient guarantee for the soundness of an opinion formed on such a subject.

“ As to my own experience, I was brought much into contact, during my residence in Barbados, both with the children in the schools and with the students in the Mission House connected with the College, or, as it would perhaps be more correct to call it, the *Missionary Department* of the College, and so I had ample opportunities of observing the way in which the education imparted was received and imbibed by the youth of the African race. And I have no hesitation in saying that both children and young men show, as a general rule, an aptitude for learning, a quickness and readiness of comprehension, quite equal, if not superior, to that possessed by the average run of English children. Nay, I should have regarded it out there as a strange and exceptional event if I had ever met with the stolid dulness and stupidity so frequently exhibited by the children of our midland rural districts, such as Bedfordshire and Buckinghamshire. Nor is this aptitude for learning confined to the very young. There is a common popular notion that the Negro is capable of training and education up to a certain point, but that after he has attained a certain age—say fourteen or fifteen—his intellect all at once collapses or becomes feeble, and that after that period it is no use to attempt any further advance in his education. What he has acquired he will keep, but you will be able to carry him no

further. But this is entirely a delusion. The same laws apply to the Negro as to other human beings. As long as you carry on the training so long he will continue to advance. No doubt if he is never taught in his childhood it will be difficult to teach him anything afterwards, but this would probably apply equally to Europeans, especially if their education had been not only neglected but they had been isolated from the influences which are unavoidably brought to bear on the young in civilised communities. At all events, when once taught and trained, his mind is as capable as that of the white man of rising to higher and yet higher fields of learning and knowledge. The Mission students at Codrington were exactly at the age when the intellect is supposed to cease to grow, and yet they manifested no signs of dulness, but continued to improve year by year as much or more than the children in the school. They were under my sole charge for six months, during the absence of the Principal, and I was often surprised at the intelligent and satisfactory way in which their work was done. One of them particularly, who was destined for an early commencement of the Missionary life, was reading 'Butler's Analogy' with me, and he seemed to have no difficulty in grasping the argument of that abstruse and difficult work.

"As to Mr. Rawle's general opinion on the subject, I need only say that I am quite sure he would fully confirm all I have said, and even go beyond it. He was in the habit of conducting the Mission students a considerable distance in the field of mathematics, and I have often heard him say that in that department, as well as in general literature, he would pit them against any ordinary 'pass-man' at Oxford or Cambridge. Moreover, he frequently remarked that they were far more accurate and thorough in all their work than the white students in the higher department of the College."

For any one who has formed opinions at variance with those very generally received on any subject, it must always be a matter of grave consideration in what way and to what extent he should endeavour to propagate his own views. The mere fact of the balance of public opinion being so greatly against him will make any but the most presumptuous speak, if he speak at all, with diffidence and evident respect to those from whom he feels compelled to differ. For this reason we think that the tone of Commander Pim's paper, and his constant use of such contemptuous expressions as "negrophilists," can hardly be condemned in too strong terms.

Contrast for a moment the language of a writer whom Commander Pim quotes several times with that which we

complain of. Lord Eustace Cecil, in an article on Hayti, says, "Providence has indeed tempered the wind to the shorn lamb, by giving them [the Negroes] few wants, fruitful soil, and a government which allows those not drawn by the conscription unrestricted permission to do nothing." There is nothing singular in the expressions here used; they are just what we should expect a man of refinement and a Christian gentleman to use. Contrast them with the sentiments with which Commander Pim thinks it necessary to supplement them:—"What more can a discontented negro wish for? So long as he can lie quietly in the sun, side by side with his pig on a dung-heap, his earthly paradise is attained."

That which gives a sort of fictitious importance to this paper is the fact that it was to a certain extent endorsed by "a crowded and highly respectable audience" of Englishmen. We should be sorry to think that the "glow of delight" which the Commander felt at the "enthusiastic" reception accorded to his "commonsense view of the black question" was a fair index of the amount of sympathy and approval which his views really met with. But this much is certain, that as long as the state of public opinion renders it possible for any large body of men in this country even to listen with patience to opinions expressed in the spirit which breathes throughout the whole of this paper, we shall have no reason to be surprised at any atrocities which in the time of danger or excitement our countrymen may be guilty of under circumstances in any way similar to those of the late outbreak in Jamaica.

In conclusion, we would especially commend one passage of Captain Pim's paper to the attention of our readers. He says—

"Slavery has flourished in Spanish America, the United States, and the West Indies; *but of all countries England has derived the most benefit from it. The slave trade may emphatically be said to have laid the foundation of our commercial greatness; our cotton aristocracies have been raised upon it, while to it Liverpool and Manchester mainly owe their prosperity.*"

WAIFS AND STRAYS FROM FOREIGN LANDS.*

WELLS IN AUSTRALIA.

YESTERDAY I started a party out on to our other run, to sink a well, the first step towards civilising that side of the country, and probably rendering it inhabitable, for you are aware we have no surface water here. Well-sinkers are rather a rough set of men, who work hard with a certain amount of risk, and expect to make their three pounds a week, besides rations. Our wells vary in depth; I was down in the bottom of one the other day—a depth of 160 feet. The men were then boring it another 25 feet with the regular boring irons; but we have not yet reached the under-current of water. We are now putting a drive into her, for she (wells are always feminine) has cost too much money to be given up. I am now more struck than I used to be with the simple Bible narrative of the old patriarchs, which shows what a natural and important item wells were in their pastoral lives—how they digged them, and fought for them, and covenanted for them, and gave them distinctive names. I could fancy the wrath and indignation of Abraham with the herdsmen of Gerar, because they had choked up his wells with earth; and it reads very truthfully how Jacob came to the well of Laban, and the remarks he made thereupon, though anything like the pleasant meeting with Rebekah is not to be looked for in these parts.

On my return home this morning, after looking for some sheep we had lost, I found camels lying down by our well, packed and ready for a start. You will be surprised at the word camels. I was, perhaps, rather more so when I got home and saw them calmly lying down as naturally as possible. They are just come over from India, and are on their way to Port Augusta: they are famous fellows, and I had a capital ride on one of them. This country is evidently exactly suited to them, and now that every beast of burden is knocked up with the fearful drought, they would be invaluable. To see them lying down here beside the well gives us quite a finishing stroke of patriarchal appearance; and the Affghan with them, and their crimson trappings, have quite the Oriental look.

* Being extracts (from private letters) sent to the Editor for publication.

IN THE BUSH.

WE reached K— on the 31st October. After resting one day (which, by the way, was one of the worst days I ever saw in the north), the sheep were counted out of the yards (2351), and I started them on their way in charge of two men. Later in the day I overtook them with the packhorse, and we camped about eight miles from K— at an old hut and yard of P—'s. I cannot give you details of every day. Some of them were miserable enough, from the intense heat, scarcity of water, and other difficulties, which rendered driving the sheep (never a very pleasant occupation) a peculiarly uncongenial one. On the second and third days we had to cross a rough mountainous range, and in the narrow, steep, side ravines we had some work to scramble along. I and the two horses had enough to do at times to keep on our legs; and I remember one struggle in particular, where one of the latter broke his knee, the other laid open his fetlock, and I lost my stirrup-iron and leather beyond recovery. After this we descended and came down upon the great western plain. I had looked forward to getting water for the sheep at two places forty-five and twenty miles from this. Unfortunately, however, they would not drink at the first of these stations, where the water is fearfully brackish, and at the second water was so scarce we were not allowed the use of the well.

The weather was scorching, and for five days, or over sixty miles, the poor sheep got no water. However, by travelling by night when possible, and looking closely after them in the thick scrubs, I do not think we dropped any. M— met me at ———, and very glad we were to see the sheep at last safely on the run. I rode on that night, after dark, hither, and took back some food and water for the others, and we drank prosperity to the sheep in some brandy and water.

We passed, just at dusk, a well of ours, where we could not water them; but the poor things, at the time raving with thirst, scented it, and ran like mad things, swarming over it with deafening ba-as. Fortunately I had sense enough to run on, and was just in time to secure the opening of the shaft, or no doubt numbers would have gone straight down. Next day they were watered at the well where they were to remain, and, of course, their thirst made them take well to the new water, which was fortunate.



PAIHIA, BAY OF ISLANDS. NEW ZEALAND.

MISSION LIFE.

CENTRAL AFRICAN MISSION.

HOME WORK.

SEVERAL persons, who have been in the habit of collecting for this Mission, have written to the Secretary to say that the prospect of receiving the Magazine regularly was a great inducement to many persons to subscribe, and expressing regret that it was no longer given to contributors. One local secretary writes, "I fear that on the changed plan my twenty-four subscribers will dwindle down to two or three." To meet this difficulty as far as possible, it is proposed to send a free copy of the Magazine every month to persons subscribing or collecting £1 and upwards, on their sending the amount of the postage with their remittance. It has been suggested that if this plan were adopted, several persons would often join to make up the required amount, especially in schools, or in parishes where reading and working parties were regularly organised.

List of Contributions Received between July 24 and August 20, 1866.

(New Contributions are marked thus *)

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
* A. F..... Don.	0	2	6	* Letchworth, Rev. H.	0	10	0
Anson, Canon, Balance of				Peacock, Miss M.	0	10	6
Subscription.....	3	3	0	Pope, Mrs.....	0	5	0
* Blagg, Miss, Collector's Box	0	5	6	* Rigby, Colonel.....	5	5	0
Boodle, Rev. J. A.	1	1	0	Smith, The Misses.....	2	2	0
* Currie, Miss G. Don.	10	0	0	Strong, The Misses	2	2	0
* Dunn, Rev. James	1	0	0	Talbot, Miss C. E.	0	10	0
* Dunn, Mrs	1	0	0	* Webster, Rev. James.....	1	0	0
* Hards, Miss	0	10	0	* Wilkinson, Rev. J. E... Don.	20	0	0
* Kentish, Miss Julia,.....	0	5	0	* Wilson, Rev. H. Don.	1	3	0

DURHAM LIST.

Particulars of amount acknowledged in the last No.		£	s.	d.
Addison, Rev. F.....	1865	0	10	6
Do.....	1865	0	10	6
Barnsby, Rev. J.....	1865	1	0	0
Bland, Archd.....	1865	1	1	0
Do.....	1865	1	1	0
Chevallier, Rev. Temple.....	1865	1	1	0
Do.....	1865	1	1	0
Cundill, Rev. J.....	1865	1	0	0
Dwarris, Rev. B. E.	1865	1	0	0
Fisher, Rev. E. R.	1865	1	1	0
Ford, Rev. C. H.....	1865	1	1	0
Do.....	1865	1	1	0
Hick, Rev. J. W.....	1865	0	10	0
Hodgson, Rev. H. W....	1863	1	0	0

£	s.	d.
Hodgson, Rev. H. W....	1864	1 0 0
Do.....	1865	1 0 0
Jenkyns, Rev. Dr.....	1865	2 2 0
Do.....	1865	2 2 0
Long, Rev. J.....	1865	0 10 0
Phillpotts, Rev. A. A.	1864	0 10 0
Do.....	1865	0 10 0
Stocker, Rev. E. S.....	1863	1 1 0
Do.....	1864	1 1 0
Stott, Rev. E. N. S.....	1865	0 10 6
Waite, Rev. J.....	1865	1 0 0
Walker, Rev. W. H.	1865	0 10 0
Do.....	1865	0 10 0
Walrond, Rev. F.....	1865	1 0 0
OXFORD LIST.		
Martin, Rev. C.....	1865	1 0 0
Do.....	Don.	1 0 0

FOREIGN WORK.

The following letter from Bishop Tozer will show the present position of the Mission and the impossibility of extending its operations without some considerable addition to the present staff. The difficulty of finding clergymen able to go out makes it more than ever important that active steps should be taken to secure a constant succession of students at S. Augustine's.

ZANZIBAR, April 16, 1866.

MY DEAR K——.—All recent letters complain of our not having written. "Another month, and no letter from you," and so on. People forget how we are situated, without any regular mail or post, so that from the 6th October to the 22d of January we had no communication with Seychelles. Letters will not swim, or even, like the swallows, "homeward fly."

The last mail brought a letter from A——, half announcing his intention of coming out to let me go home. I am very glad of this, although I am strongly disinclined to leave Zanzibar at this time. Steere will have ere long to return, and he will be a tower of strength to all of you at home, while Drayton may be coming out.

Meanwhile, our strength will be in S. Augustine's and other training institutions.

I have written to the new Principal of Wells to beg for his sympathy and that of the college, and to C—— suggesting that a deputation (an old student) might occasionally be allowed to go down to their terminal Missionary meeting in the library, and bring our

work before them ; and, in addition, that some sort of remembrance of the Central African Mission might be made at our Holy Communion every term. Should the Principal agree to this, I should like other friends to observe with prayer (and, when possible, with Communion as well) these two particular Sundays, and we would join you out here, and so bring the matter before God unitedly.

Following up this scheme, I should like to put out a few heads of intercession with possibly one or two prayers of a suitable kind.

What do you think of my plan for exhibitions at ——? or would one substantial one at Hurst be a better plan, £20 or £30 a year?

I shall not be satisfied till we have several embryo missionaries under training.

The rainy season is not very favourable to our work at the building. But I hope it may be finished in a few months or earlier, so much of it as we have in hand. We have vastly improved the Chapel—it is now every inch a Chapel. Of course, to any one coming out of England, our Service scarcely feels like Church at all, it is almost always the “two or three” without exaggeration, but the daily Service is an inexpressible comfort ; and now that some of the boys begin to sing and respond, it reminds one of what has been left behind. You can scarcely imagine how great a trial it is to have everything connected with religion reduced to so small a compass. I am not sure that I make my meaning plain. . . . But it would be all the worse at the beginning of a mainland station, where you would have at first literally no one.

So, dear K——, enjoy the blessings you have when on the bleakest wintry mornings you are inclined to murmur at the scanty gathering of Christian folk, and think how glad we should be to welcome even such a response to the Church’s invitation. . . .

During my sister’s absence we have all had to put our best foot forward, and the work has been too severe, knocking up first one and then another ; help will be very welcome when it comes, but to attempt anything further till it comes, or to incur any further responsibility, such as some seem to wish us to do, would be simple madness ; it would endanger the health of every one, weaken what we are now able to do, and in all probability bring the whole Mission to an end.

LIFE IN ZANZIBAR.*

(Continued from p. 133.)

NOVEMBER 1865.—I told you I intended to keep up regular exercise if possible. The Bishop has bought a place called Shambah, a small estate out of the town, about two and a half miles from Zanzibar. To this place the Bishop, myself, and Dr Steere generally start for a walk after four p.m., or at any rate in that direction. We stay there some half an hour, drink cocoa-nut milk, gather oranges and return home to tea generally by the shore.

Riding is a pleasant way of taking exercise here. The donkeys are magnificent. A custom prevails of washing them daily in the sea, and for reasons best known to the natives, they have a habit of painting the legs, which gives them a curiously picturesque, not to say grotesque, appearance. They are vastly superior to the donkeys of Cairo or Jerusalem, and often cost £40 each. There are some twenty horses in the town, two belonging to Europeans, and the rest to the Sultan; they are only ridden by the officers and middies. I have no one to ride with me, so go out with a running guard of children. A few days since, the Bishop, Dr Steere, and sixteen children, and myself upon "Swed," went about a mile through the town, then through what in England might be the outlying ground of a gentleman's park, with footpaths crossing it in all directions. (The mango-trees, seen everywhere, look somewhat like huge elm-trees; the cocoa-trees look like nothing but themselves.) Some three miles of this country, and then we rested at a place similar to what you would have imagined the Garden House spoken of in Scripture. For the first time since we came to Zanzibar, we were caught in the rain. We remained some time hoping it would clear up; but as it was getting late, 5.30 p.m., and as it is dark at 6.20 p.m., Dr Steere started off with most of the boys; the Bishop and myself remained with the girls, hoping still. Well, it cleared a little, and I mounted my steed. It was a pouring tropical rain. We soon overtook Dr Steere, and the boys joined me, shouting to all persons to make way. We soon sighted a stupid camel, and the creature not knowing which way to turn in these narrow streets, stalked on a-head of me. I rather feared he would have turned viciously upon the boys, and bit them, as they sometimes do. A perfect river was running in the middle of the streets, and the cocoa-nut leaf roofings added little

* From Letters of Miss A. Jones.

torrents from either side. The dark faces looking from beneath called "Yambo sana," (meaning, "welcome much,") mounted Arabs and negroes on foot scattered in all directions, my vanguard of a camel obliging folk to look to their wares. "Camera," at my bridle rein, seemed to take me under all the waterspouts in the European quarter. Every one was wet through, but happily not any of us the worse the next day, so I shall try my steed again, and hope for fair weather, and not a four-mile ride galloping in the rear of a camel.

And now I must try and tell you something about the manners, dispositions, and capabilities of the children.

Faiida is about twelve or thirteen, unfortunately too old to improve much in manners. She has too much of the lazy slave already ingrained in her composition. She is not at all bad-looking for a negress, and belongs to a tribe settled nearly half-way across the continent of Africa. She has a very affectionate disposition, and I can thoroughly depend upon her to do any nursing for her sick companions. I think she is really very fond of me. I wish she were two years younger, as she certainly is not otherwise, and we have all the difficulties of language to contend with.

Amana is, I imagine, rather younger than Faiida, and a troublesome girl, but her faults are more easily dealt with than those of her neighbours. She is not a pleasant-looking girl, and was away two months with small-pox; so, possibly, that is the reason why she remains so long untamed. She has been a slave in Zanzibar, is impertinent and noisy, but being tolerably willing, and very strong, I hope she will some day make a good useful woman.

Kadumhili is my maid, and being the best-tempered and most with me, it is sometimes difficult not to show favouritism. She has rather a fat little short-nosed terrier sort of face that would be called Pincher about an English farm-house. Always ready to laugh, quicker at speaking English than most of them, and understands me well enough to act as my interpreter to the others. She writes nicely, and really is the pleasantest-mannered of all the children; but forgets her household duties too frequently, to prevent my spoiling her, I suppose.

Sukajua is Miss Tozer's maid. She is not a stupid child over many things, but she either cannot or will not learn her letters, and understands very little English. She is a great mimic. The manners of myself and the whole household are taken off by her. She gives me very little trouble now. At first she used to talk much and loudly; now she only tears her clothes, and is quite unable to repair

them. Miss Tozer speaks of her as becoming a very handy little waiting-maid.

Kisa,—this child is so unfortunately fat, I really don't know whether it makes her stupid or sad. She is a good-tempered girl of about ten or eleven, and does all I tell her to do very well; is fond of needlework, and works much faster than the others; does not yet know her letters, but learns anything *viva voce* as well as any of them. She is stolid in manner and appearance—her voice is seldom heard in the rabble; and although she can understand me, she is very shy of speaking English, and especially dislikes notice. She is not at all a selfish child.

Alliango is a bright little thing of eight or nine, much disfigured by having her nose and ears pierced. She can always make me understand, either by word or action, all that is going on either out of doors or in. She is a pleasant little child, but becomes sulky if punished. Her manners are much more like those of an agricultural labourer's child in England than any of the others. She has a sort of motherly eldest-daughter's way of cleaning up the table after dinner, that is quite refreshing to see with her dark skin, and she has the bump of order, and also of keeping her companions in order.

Chidoge is one of those lively sort of children that one sees in any school, who is always skipping about, and breaking something or knocking something over, and without being wilfully wicked, is always falling under the ban of the law. When punished, she goes off to weep in the most out-of-the-way places, and being very thin, with a small head, can creep about like a monkey. I found her the other day seated on the outer ledge of a window, some thirty feet above the ground; the ledge was some eight or nine inches wide, and she had crept through some iron bars, certainly not more than seven inches apart, to get upon it. She enlivens her duties by a perpetual, but not melodious song.

Sutia is often quarrelling with her playfellows, and speaks in a loud voice to get commiseration from her governors, which she frequently fails to do. However, she is but a wee thing, and has not shed her baby teeth yet. Her needlework is charming—her writing will be fair some day. She does not speak Suaheli plainly, and her English is of course very small and incorrect. Every word that should begin with F she converts it into P, and *vice versâ*.

Gehinja,—this is my poor little invalid. Always ailing, poor little thing. One cannot help liking her for her patience, as she never complains when ill; but as soon as she recovers a little, she shows

evidences of a troublesome temper. I think she tries to get on with everything that the others do ; but she is so weakly, she can seldom sit still for two hours in the morning, and again, for the same time in the afternoon—so I have often to send her away to lie down ; but, though the poor child is so sickly and full of misfortunes, I have the satisfaction of feeling, that if she lives she will be perchance in school the longest under instruction.

I have been into the bazaar this morning, and paid 1s. 6d. for a yard of very common blue shirting for one of our children's garments.

This is a very good house—the best I think in the town ; it is a pity the navy have the lower part and the courtyard. It would be pleasant to have more sitting-rooms, instead of sitting so much in the corridors ; in fact, we are always there excepting for meals—keep school—receive visitors—do needlework—and wash the children. At present, there is quite work enough to keep a sewing-machine going.

I have diversified the afternoon's needlework once or twice by a little tooth-drawing. A boy or girl comes up with this speech, "Bibi teeth sick." So I resort to plyers, and, if possible, remove the aching member.

Such is the state of red rust here ; we never have a key fit to touch. Hair-pins often come out of the hair quite red, and the ends of my spectacles have worn away.

May 19.—We* have lately been overwhelmed with Arab visits. Daily we have two, six, even fourteen of the most distinguished at once. Last Tuesday, came a party of twelve, escorting a very great man, a sheik, who lives in one of the mosques day and night—a teacher of the Koran, with a white turban and beard. I asked why he now came out. The answer was, "to see the uskoff, (bishop,) and hear the good words all say he lets fall." Our Bibles, Prayer-books, and others, are fast disappearing. We think they must be scattered pretty nearly over Zanzibar.

EXTRACTS FROM H. GOODWIN'S LETTERS.

January, 1866.—It did not seem a bit like Christmas this year to me. The weather has been getting warmer all through December until now ; so I think we may consider this to be the summer. It

* Extract from a letter from Miss Tozer.

affects us all more or less. Miss Tozer perhaps suffers from it most ; but then she never takes any exercise. And from my own experience of the climate, one feels the heat more when quite still than when one is bustling about. The Bishop is well. Dr Steere has gone to a place, Kokatoni, a part of Zanzibar, about twenty-five miles from the town, with Captain —, who has a large sugar plantation there. Miss Jones is also very well.

January 31, 1866.—Dr Livingstone arrived here a day or two ago in a small steamer from Bombay. He has not called at the house yet. It is to be hoped that he will be more fortunate in his exploring expedition than the German Baron, who, I daresay, you have heard of by this time. Fancy there are no less than twelve or thirteen ships in Zanzibar harbour at the present time, two of which are English men-of-war, one of whom brought your letter, the same ship (*Wasp* by name) that captured the slave dhow.

I have seen scarcely any lightning nor heard much thunder since I came here, but last night for the first time we had a fearful storm ; it seemed to be one blaze of lightning all night, and one continual growling thunder ; and as for rain, when it rains out here it *does* rain, and no mistake. It is just like standing under a waterfall ; but it is so very seldom, that I have not once used my waterproof coat.

The Bishop is very hospitable, and often has the dignitaries of Zanzibar to dinner, such as the French and German consuls ; and we are great friends with all the captains and officers of the ships on this station, who come to tea in small parties of ten, upsetting all Miss Tozer's housekeeping arrangements.

My attempt to establish some English games, such as cricket, in Zanzibar is quite a failure, the boys all being afraid of the ball ; and as to the football, that was kicked into rags and tatters in a month after I got here ; but we now and then go out and play rounders, which the boys seem to like very much, and play it capitally. They are very intelligent and quick at learning, and some have made great progress in drawing, which I give them a lesson in about three times a week. One is almost as tall as I am, and very good-looking, quite different from the general race of Africans. The boys make the beds, sweep the house up, and wash everything in the crockery line ; so we are not troubled with any dark maids, except those that bring water in from the country. We have got a piano, one that Dr Seward left with us when he went to Seychelles. He is acting-consul during the absence of Col. Playfair. So you see I have nothing to complain of in the music line, and I make a point of practising every day for an

hour. Living so close to the sea as we do, the noise of the waves sounds through the house, so that sometimes we can scarcely hear one another speak; and when it is rough, the spray dashes right over our sea-wall almost into the front door. Famous for bathing, though, as one can almost jump out of the window into the sea, only it does not do to swim out too far, as there are supposed to be sharks about.

I can't manage to paint a good portrait of one of the boys yet, although they stand like statues for one to draw from. However, I have got quite a reputation in Zanzibar, and have Arabs and Bunyans coming to me, dressed in gorgeous array, requesting me to take them off on the spot. However, I generally decline, on the ground that I never should be able to do justice to the beauty of their features. The last one was a short man, with a bald head, and a pair of green spectacles on, and a long gown. He implored me almost with tears in his eyes, to "write" him, which is the phrase they use for drawing.

RECOLLECTIONS OF MINISTERIAL WORK IN THE DIOCESE OF NEWCASTLE, NEW SOUTH WALES.

(Continued from page 214.)

CHAPTER II.

WHAT A LAYMAN MAY DO.

MORPETH, or, as it was originally called, "*The Green Hills*," lies along a sandstone ridge, which rises from the south bank of the Hunter, and runs in a westerly direction two miles to the town of East Maitland.

On the opposite side of the river stretches a fertile flat about a mile in width, extending many miles up and down the river: where English, Scotch, and Irish settlers exhibit their respective national characteristics, and differences of religion.

In most places a furrow alone divides one farm from another; but here and there a small piece of land is enclosed by a post and rail fence for the milch cows, or for the working bullocks which plough the land, carry off the produce, and fetch the supplies.

Around most of the wooden houses of the settlers are a few young standard peach and nectarine trees, bending about Christmas time under the abundance of their delicious fruit. Melons and pumpkins spread in wild luxuriance over the ground. And along the verandas of some of the more careful and industrious, vines keep off the fierceness of the summer heat ; or, tied to stakes, like raspberries in England, bear grapes, which, in our English climate, could only be produced in a hot-house.

Beyond these rich lowlands, hills of moderate elevation bound the view towards the north ; rising to a bold outline, where the river Paterson cleaves them, and opens up a vista ; along which ridge rises above ridge distinct and clear, under a sky exquisitely blue : and among these picturesque hills lie the little townships of Paterson and Gresford.

Only twenty-seven years before the arrival of the Bishop's party at Morpeth, this neighbourhood showed no sign of civilisation.

Not a human habitation had been built : not a spade, or plough, or implement, however rough, had ever broken the surface of the forest-covered ground. Not an herb, or tree, or seed, had ever been grown, which did not spring of itself.

The poor black natives, who had roamed over the country and fished the waters from times unknown, had left absolutely no memorial to show that social reasoning beings had ever shared the land with the opossum and the kangaroo.

In the twenty-seven years before 1848 a great stride had been made in fulfilment of the command to "replenish the earth and subdue it."

The valley had been cleared, and brought into luxuriant cultivation. Two wharves received the imports from the Sydney steamers for the inland towns and settlers, and shipped off, not merely the agricultural produce of the neighbouring farms, but the still more valuable cargoes of wool, tallow, and hides, sent down from the large grazing districts, which were being taken up in the interior.

Three long lines of straggling streets had grown up on the eastern end of "the Green Hills," containing a population of some 700 persons ; among whom were found the ordinary elements of a rising colonial town.

Edward C. Close, Esq., the father and founder of this little community, who was called to his rest, full of years, only in May last, was one of those men who are so valuable among the heterogeneous elements of a young colony. Firm enough in Christian principle to

stand alone in doing right, and to give those who are weaker an example to follow, without the censoriousness or self-assertion which repel and disgust; ever ready to do good to all classes; a considerate Christian gentleman, and a sincere churchman.

In early life he had served under the Duke of Wellington in India, and in the Peninsula.

At one of the seven engagements in Spain named on the seven clasps of his medal, while lying down with his regiment under heavy fire—himself untouched among his dead or wounded comrades—he had made a promise to God, that, if spared, he would build a church as soon as he should have the means of doing so.

In the year 1817 Mr Close arrived in New South Wales with his regiment—the 48th.

A contemporary of his, himself a valuable and highly respected churchman, mentioned to me a few years ago how remarkable he was for steadiness and Christian principle from his first years in the colony; when considerable licence was the too general rule, and holy laymen were scarce indeed.

He would often withdraw from the carousing of the mess-room to enjoy a quiet evening with his steady-minded friend. And on Sundays the two young men would not unfrequently read the holy Scriptures together; and thus strengthen those high principles, of which Mr Close to the end of his life, and his friend to the present day, have been eminent examples.

In the year 1821, at the time of his marriage, Mr Close received from the Government a grant of land, which he had selected on and about the present site of Morpeth.

He had not forgotten his vow made in the hour of his danger on the other side of the world. Whether for good or for evil it is still true, "*Cælum, non animum mutant, qui trans mare currunt.*"

For a while he had not the means necessary for building a church without assistance. But he was not idle in Christ's service: there was plenty of preparatory work to be done. There was not a clergyman in the whole Hunter district.*

In his own service, and all around him, were convicts, or, as they were called, "*assigned servants*," working out their sentences. He

* The first clergyman appointed to the Hunter was the Rev. C. P. N. Wilton, who was placed at Newcastle in 1831. He remained single-handed for three years, riding sometimes, as he has told me, to Murrurundi, 130 miles inland. In 1834 the Rev. G. K. Rusden arrived from England; and was sent to East Maitland.

did much to humanise these men by the kindness, as well as by the justice and firmness, with which he treated them.

The importance of keeping large numbers of men, who had already broken through the laws, from insubordination and rebellion, made it necessary to arm their masters, who were generally magistrates with very summary powers. A great amount of restraint, which could easily be made very oppressive and irritating, was left to their discretion. And although masters could not at their own will order their servants to be flogged, it was easy for brother magistrates, sitting on the bench together, to order the flogging of each other's servants, on insufficient grounds, or with undue severity. There is no reasonable doubt that this was not unfrequently done in the early times. And if anything was likely to turn transportation from a reformatory punishment into a means of completing the hardening of a man's heart, it was such absence of fellow-feeling, and perversion of justice, under cloak of legal power.

Mr Close was too conscientious a man ever to be unjust ; and too sincere a Christian to be harsh and tyrannical to those who were in his power. As a magistrate he held the balance justly between masters and their convict servants. As a master, and a neighbour, he acted with consideration : always ready to encourage those who showed signs of improving habits. And when there was no medical man near, which was long the case, he was constantly found at the bedside of the convict, or of the free settler ; acting as the doctor and Christian friend, where both body and mind wanted relief.

But he did more. Before any clergyman visited the district, he used to call around him his convict labourers, and any others who would come, for prayers on Sunday ; using, as far as a layman could do so, the Book of Common Prayer, and reading a printed sermon to the people assembled. And this he continued to do for years, whenever a clergyman was unable to be present.

He opened also a Sunday school, as the increasing population caused the need of one, and taught in it, with the members of his family.

It need hardly be said that Bishop Broughton warmly approved and seconded one, who so truly "laboured much in the Lord."

Of his character, as a Christian host, the Bishop of Newcastle says, in a sermon preached on the Sunday after his funeral :—"Those who have traversed all parts of this northern district of the colony as I have done, have often heard the squatter and the settler living hundreds of miles from hence, describe with grateful feelings how, years

ago, they rested for the night under that roof; when not only every want was supplied, and every comfort provided for the body, but they had felt years afterwards it was *good for them* as men and as *Christians* to have enjoyed the hospitality of that home."

In the earlier days of the colony, when churches were required, the Government not only gave the site, but met the contributions of the subscribers with an equal sum for the building of the church.

Mr Close might have availed himself of this assistance, but he would not allow himself thus to be deprived of rendering the full tribute which he had vowed.



CHURCH, PARSONAGE, AND SCHOOLS.

Having given the land for the church and parsonage, with garden and paddock attached, he built a substantial stone church with a tower; which, though not up to our present improved knowledge of church architecture, was in every way vastly superior to anything which the colony could then show. The colonial architect of that day turned out such sorry specimens of churches, that it was well that Mr Close drew his own plan, and himself superintended its erection. He was also the means of getting the parsonage built, which is one of the best and most convenient in the diocese.

Thus had this good layman prepared the way for the work which was to follow.

Up to the time of the arrival of the Bishop of Newcastle, good Bishop Broughton, having the enormous area of the whole of Australia to provide for, had been unable to supply a separate clergyman to Morpeth. But from this date, not only were its spiritual wants

supplied by the occupant of its own parsonage, but it became the centre of the diocese, and the source from which the chief church movements proceeded.

Bishop Tyrrell, having obtained from the Bishop of Sydney such information as would enable him to enter upon the work before him, proceeded to Newcastle ; and in Christ Church, of which the Rev. C. P. N. Wilton was incumbent, he was formally installed as Bishop of the diocese, on Sunday, January 30, a fortnight after his landing in the colony.

The less said about the architecture of that beautifully placed Church the better. It was built in the early days of the colony, on the hill above the town, looking from its east end, where the low tower stands, down upon the broad blue Pacific ; and from the west, where the apse strangely projects, upon the river and the wooded inland flats and hills.

As this is the cathedral of the diocese, and as many essential church works have already been accomplished, it is earnestly to be hoped that a building more worthy of bearing the name it does, may be raised on that beautiful site,—erected, not by the churchmen of Newcastle alone, but by the united efforts of the diocese. And may I express one fervent hope besides, that the daily sacrifice of prayer and praise may there be offered, and aid the growing religious life of the Hunter river district.

But we must move up again to Morpeth. The Bishop was soon there, settled in the parsonage, with the two senior candidates for the ministry, whom he purposed to ordain on the second Sunday in Lent. He set himself vigorously to work as parish priest of Morpeth, having under his charge the little hamlet of Hinton, one mile off, across the river, and a considerable district around.

Even when he had ordained one of these candidates as deacon, to minister in Morpeth and its district, he himself discharged the priestly, and shared, to a large extent, the other ministerial duties of the parish, besides often aiding the clergy of East and West Maitland, and of the parishes within a radius of some fifteen miles.

Settlers had located themselves, not in reference to the proximity of a church, but according as the land was better suited for agriculture, or more accessible to means of transport. Hence, even in the Hunter valley, little clusters of slab-built houses were often built six or eight miles from the nearest church ; and unless they were to be left uncared for on a Sunday, the clergyman of the district was obliged to leave his larger congregations for their sakes.

To meet these wants, the Bishop, whom no fatigue or heat withheld from work, was ubiquitous: now at Morpeth, or in some portion of its district; now taking the ordinary service for one or other of the neighbouring clergy, that they might gather in some schoolroom or settler's hut, those who were too distant to come in to the church, and at other times taking his own turn in ministering to those small outlying congregations.

I remember, on one occasion, when I had come down the country to Morpeth for an ordination, riding over with the Bishop to Miller's Forest, some six miles off, for such a service. Our route, not road, lay sometimes among tall dead trees, with rich crops of maize growing among them; sometimes through a bit of swamp, which let our horses in to the knees; and then over rough log bridges covered with loose saplings, from which much of the earth had been washed or worn off, and care was needed to avoid getting your horse's leg into some awkward hole, where the sapling had been broken or thrust aside.

The population, with the exception of some Irish Roman Catholics, or Scotch Presbyterians, consisted chiefly of Wesleyans, or "Primitive Methodists." But they assembled, filling the little building as full as it could hold, and were reverently attentive during the service, and grateful for it afterwards.

For the first few months after his arrival, the Bishop was uncertain where he should buy or build a house for his permanent residence. It was not an unimportant matter; for a place badly chosen would have greatly interfered with the usefulness of the Bishop and his successors. Obviously the great desiderata were, that he should be at the place most easily accessible to clergy or others coming from the different parts of his enormous diocese, and where the post from these and from Sydney was most regular and frequent.

Morpeth possessed nearly all the requirements of the centre of the diocese. Placed at the head of the navigable part of the Hunter, it was easily reached by sea from all the northern parts of the colony. With Sydney, the seat of government, from which it is distant about ninety miles, the communication was daily; and for travellers or letters from the interior, it was almost as convenient as Maitland, and far more so than Newcastle.

The only drawback was, that it was not, nor hitherto has it become, populous enough to develop, under the Bishop's eye, those diocesan institutions which need numbers in order to make them successful. This, however, is of minor importance. Whatever institutions are

started at West Maitland or at Newcastle, the distance of four miles in the one case, and twenty-two by rail in the other, is not enough to interfere with the Bishop's complete *supervision*. That he himself should *work* them would, of course, be out of the question anywhere.

At first, there was no available house at Morpeth, and the Bishop had some thoughts of buying a large unfinished place beyond Maitland, ambitiously begun in earlier days of unhealthy speculation, and never made habitable. But this idea was soon rejected. Besides requiring too large an outlay to finish it, the capital objection to Aberglaslyn was, that it was too much out of the way for ready communication with the Bishop.



THE BISHOP'S HOUSE.

Mr Close solved this difficulty by selling his own house as the Bishop's residence, for which it was very well adapted. It is placed on some of the highest ground at the west end of Morpeth, and within two hundred yards of the church and parsonage.

Since changing its owner, that house has witnessed many an anxious consultation for the good of the diocese, prolonged far into the night. It has welcomed the clergy and schoolmasters on their first arrival from England, for which it is particularly convenient, being distant but five minutes' walk from the wharf. It has been the centre to which the wants, difficulties, and troubles of the various districts have found their way, and from which has flowed out comfort, or advice, or help, or, it may be, needed monition. Thither hard-worked clergy have ridden, to pour all their plans, their successes, into a sympathising ear ; and, if they were worth anything, they have gone away refreshed and inspirited, and nerved for fresh exertion by the example of the untiring energy which they had witnessed in their Bishop,—at once an indefatigable worker and a dili-

gent student. Sometimes those who were staying with him, or had dropped in from some neighbouring parsonage, would be asked to join him in his favourite walk up and down the path between his garden gate and that which opens into the road opposite to the church tower. And, as the last phase of the Education question was discussed, (for Mr Lowe was in the Parliament of New South Wales,) or the Synod question, or the means of supporting the clergy, or some special parish matters, needed a few more words, the pace became quicker, and the dinner hour was forgotten, to the no small displeasure of the good old housekeeper, whose cap might be seen from time to time peering impatiently between the pillars of the Bishop's veranda.

Often has the large paddock in which the house and garden stand resounded with the merry voices of the school children, on their annual feast day. And at the garden gate the Bishop would stand with large baskets of oranges, from the orangery at the back of the house, to scramble them among the children, or with barrows full of grapes from the vineyard, to give each child a bunch or two before the end of the day's pleasure.

The sketch of the church, parsonage, and school, which accompanies this, was taken in 1858. The school, with master's house attached, had been built by the Bishop about nine years before, on a block of land separated by a road from the church enclosure. Within the last three years from this present time, the Bishop has built on the south, or left side of the school, an infant school, and dwelling for the mistress, and a room for the use of the clergy; and a well-designed and well-built chancel has been added to the church by a relative of the venerable founder.

Mr Close retired for a while, after selling his house, to a large, wood-built bungalow, which he had built when he first fixed at Morpeth, but after a little time, began building on a piece of land immediately adjoining that which he had sold to the Bishop; and there he spent the last years of his useful life, genial and warm-hearted as ever, and taking part, almost to the last, in the working of the church.

(To be continued.)

MISSION LIFE ON THE LABRADOR.

PERHAPS there is no diocese which presents to the Christian missionary fewer attractions in the shape of worldly comforts and advantages than the diocese of Newfoundland. Long and sharp winters, with the thermometer often several degrees below zero, a black and barren soil, a very small stipend to live upon, and a protracted separation from dear relatives and friends;—these are amongst the trials and difficulties with which he has to contend. But having the grace of God in his heart, he is willing “to bear all things,” and “endure all things” for his Saviour’s sake, and the spiritual welfare of his fellow-creatures who dwell on those dreary shores. We are going to ask our readers to travel with us in imagination to the coldest part of this cold diocese, and to contemplate a small picture of mission life on the Labrador. The details of our picture will be drawn from an account furnished through the kindness of Archdeacon Kelly, by one of the students at the theological college at St John’s, who has lately spent a winter and a spring on that inhospitable coast.

The Labrador lies upon the American mainland to the north of Canada and of Newfoundland, being separated from the latter by Belle-isle Strait. On approaching it from the sea, the total absence of verdure is very striking. There are no trees, no green fields, nothing but bare barren-looking rocks. The very sea itself is frozen over from December to April or May, and huge icebergs may be seen floating along even in the summer season of the year. One would scarcely expect to meet with any permanent residents in such a place, and yet little hamlets are to be found in almost every bay, and on many of the larger islands, containing on the whole a very considerable population. No English clergyman had ever visited this spot before the Bishop of Newfoundland landed in Fortune Bay on the 29th of July 1848. Finding the inhabitants entirely destitute of the means of grace, being as sheep without a shepherd, he made arrangements for the establishment of a mission amongst them, and in 1850 the Rev. H. P. Disney proceeded thither. In 1853 the bishop brought on Mr Disney’s successor, the Rev. G. Hutchinson, and on the 10th July of the same year the first church was consecrated in the Labrador.

This particular mission, which we intend to describe, is now regularly visited by the bishop’s schooner, the *Hawk*, on its quadrennial voyage of northern visitations. From Chateau or Henley Harbour, to Seal Islands, a distance of nearly ninety miles without counting the in-

BATTLE ISLAND AND HARBOUR.



dentations, which more than double the actual length of the seaboard, Mr Hutchinson's ministrations are performed. His head-quarters are at Battle Harbour, which is a small haven joined by "a tickle," or small creek, very narrow at its southern extremity, between Caribon Island and Battle Island. On the latter islet, which is not more than a mile in circumference, and stands opposite to the northern headland of St Lewis Bay, projected into the Atlantic, is built a small parsonage house and church, both of wood. The land rises into a ridge behind these buildings, and again on its eastern side descends to the Atlantic : here the incessant and often furious waves of the open sea have stripped the island of the thick moss and matted vegetation elsewhere found, and it presents a clear, rugged terrace of naked rock. There is a path from the parsonage leading over a wooden bridge and down a steep ravine into a valley, opening into Dead Drake Cove on the north shore, where is fenced off a portion for a consecrated graveyard. Climbing by a winding path to the east of this ravine, we reach a hill at whose foot is a level amphitheatre of deep particoloured moss, and there the missionary may be seen on Sunday evenings in the humble cabin, his labour finished, while the sun sets across the bay behind the blue hills. Such is our island ; and add, that on the beach which edges the tickle there are a few rooms or fishers' splitting houses and drying flakes, and at the southern point the large establishment of a pork merchant, and you have a full description of the spot in which Mr Hutchinson has chosen to labour, instead of that comfortable English parsonage beneath the shadow of the Malvern Hills.

"The inhabitants of the mission," our friend informs us, "may be divided into two classes : those who are stationary, or rather born and brought up in the locality ; and those who only come from Newfoundland in the summer, and live partly in small schooners and partly in the rude mud or wooden huts which they erect for shelter during the brief fishing season. While during the long winter the population does not exceed some nine hundred inhabitants, during the fishing months—June, July, August, and September—there are some ten thousand people in Mr Hutchinson's mission. This shifting population constitutes one of the greatest difficulties of a clergyman's work. The unsettled life and ceaseless labour of the crews, who either flit from cove to cove, or take up their quarters on the most projecting and often most inaccessible points of the shore, seem to distract their attention very much from the due observance of religious duties, and the education of their children. The life of even the native fisher-

man is one continual hardship. He rises on Monday morning, and embarking in his frail codseine skiff, (that is, a boat which uses a net, and not the more ordinary hook and line,) he remains away from home till the following Saturday night: he and his companions, braving rain and cold, snatch a few hours' sleep at midnight on the rocks which happen to lie most convenient to their trawling ground. Their homes are rude huts, penetrated by the wind and weather, and apparently provided with but few comforts, often dirty and untidy, never neat and clean. They only take enough to supply the bare necessities of nature, in the way of food. The summer fisherman has often less comfort, and certainly less rest, than the perpetual resident, for he seems to count the inconveniences of the fishing season as nothing, so long as he makes a good voyage; and if you suggest any change in his dwelling or habits, he will tell you it is only for the summer.

"Mr Hutchinson, in order to minister to this scattered flock, has a small whale-boat, and hires summer by summer an experienced man and a boy to direct his voyages up and down the shore. When he reaches a harbour he has prayers, and performs what church rites emergency demands, and then pushes on. It is no voyage of pleasure even in the height of summer. The cruel reefs stretch around Battle Harbour, and the white water breaks over them all day long, and the icebergs sail by through the whole year, and chill the wind, so that it is seldom warm on the water: fogs are frequent, and the roughness of the ocean is terrible to unaccustomed eyes. Last summer twelvemonth fear and sorrow pervaded the shore, because it was reported that the mission-boat was lost: she had been seen out in a gale, which it was scarcely likely that she would ride out. Through God's providence, however, she was preserved, though at one time all hope of safety was given up.

"At Battle Harbour is a school for the free education of the poor children who dwell among the adjacent islands; for Battle Island is only one among the varied archipelago which lies to the south of St Lewis inlet. About thirty children come pretty regularly to be instructed in the low garret-like room which forms the second story of the parsonage-house directly over Mr Hutchinson's sitting and dining-room. The parents, however, do not seize the opportunity of education as they might, and many neglect sending their children, because their homes are no nearer than two miles from the place. The schoolmaster himself might sometimes be seen a little before school hours rowing, with the assistance of some sturdy scholar, a

whole boatful of little ones whom in his anxiety so teach he has collected from the shores of the surrounding islands. During the months of February and March 1865, the schoolroom was occupied by a frost-burnt man, who was brought twelve miles from an inland bay to be subjected to the best available surgical skill, and the school was accordingly held in the kitchen.

"But towards the end of October the aspect of the place changes, the southern vessels are returning, and soon leave the harbour quite empty: the last ship has left for England: the fishing is over, and even the native fisherman leaves the coast with his family, and retires up the deep bays which everywhere indent the shore: those of Battle Harbour and its neighbourhood seek the forests of St Lewis Inlet. This inlet presents a grand specimen of northern island scenery: the line of the landward, as the fisherman picturesquely calls the shore-line, winds and varies in altitude and character until into the head of the bay two mighty rivers disgorge themselves, while the whole surrounding scene is one dense mass of fine forest, quite still in winter, except that there is the perpetual murmur of the forest, "*loquente sæpe sibilum edidit corâ,*" or the rush of a flying squirrel, and in the evening the dull cry of the white owl. The fishermen settle in groups of three or four "tilts," (*i.e.*, rude houses full of crannies and clefts, and warmed by an immense stove.) They choose the thickest woods, cut fuel for summer consumption or for sale, build boats, comitiques, turn rackets, make oars, &c. The winter missionary journeys up the bay, and visits them all consecutively, having prayers, and administering, where necessary, the other rites and ordinances of the church. He travels either in a comitique or on snow-shoes or rackets. The comitique is a low sleigh, raised from the ground on runners, shod with ivory or whalebone, and barred by horizontal boards looped transversely on the runners: it is often fourteen feet long and nine inches from the ground. Dogs are used to draw it, fourteen being considered a full team. I remember going a journey of twelve miles to bring a frost-burnt man to the parsonage. An Indian driver and a servant from the room accompanied me. The dogs were in good condition, great lusty fellows, baying like a pack of hounds, and moving so fast that the dry powdery snow flew round us like dust on a turn-pike road. A beautiful and intelligent-looking animal, the swiftest of course of the team, was harnessed as leader, and curveted all the way like a spirited leading horse in a tandem gig. She kept constantly turning her head back, and watching the slightest motion of

SLEDGE-TRAVELLING IN LABRADOR.



the driver. At the word 'ûk' she would start off to the right, and 'arrar' would send her off to the left. The greatest danger is that of being frost-burnt, especially if there is any wind. My nose and cheek were frequently discovered by the attentive Indian to be turning white, and had to be recovered by rubbing snow on them.

"The dogs are very savage and unruly. An old servant on the Merchant's Room who went out one night, not fearing the team of which he had charge, although they, like all Labrador dogs, were at large all night, was, after the fashion of Actæon, devoured by his own pack, the animals not recognising him in his nightcap. The driver even with his ten-feet whip has little or no command over his dogs when they are well advanced on a journey, and are consequently hungry. There is a woman in Battle Harbour who relates how she barely escaped with her life from such a team. When her husband was sick in the winter, some twenty-five miles from the Merchant's Room, she sent for medicine, and was daily expecting it by the Room comitique. At length she walked out into the bay to see if there were any signs of its arrival. She heard the sound of dogs, and presently round a projecting wood the team swept into view. She, being a Newfoundlander, and unaccustomed to the dogs, imprudently rushed to meet them. 'Arrar, Arrar,' and off they went to the right. The poor woman saw this, and thought the driver had forgotten to call. She attempted to intercept them again; the dogs caught sight of her; with a loud cry they redoubled their speed, despite of the threats and remonstrances of the driver, and springing upon her, knocked her down. The Indian took his heavy-handed whip, flung himself over the body of the woman, and beat them off, but not before she had received thirty bites on different parts of her body.

"The terrible drift, if it comes down in a sudden storm upon travellers, often causes the loss of their dogs, and not unfrequently of their own lives. Two men, journeying from Chateau to Battle Harbour, were overtaken by a storm and fierce wind, the glass being about minus 14. A half-blood Indian and an Englishman they were, and when within seven miles of their destination the Indian fell off the cart. He was lifted on again by his companion, and after a while could only be kept on his seat by being lashed on with sealskin thongs. He was frozen dead on reaching Battle Harbour. There are numberless stories of this kind. The lives of a travelling party sometimes seem to be saved by the sagacity of the dogs, who run at full speed, as if they, too, felt the terrible danger of their situation

through pitch darkness and sweeping drift, and most frequently bring their master safely to his home again. A fisherman, however, told me that once his dogs were at fault in a fearful snow-storm, and, after resigning himself to their care for four or five hours, he began to judge, from the gentle heaving and groaning of the ice over which he was passing, that they had carried him out to sea. He stopped, therefore, wrapped himself up and slept. And so it was. On the following morning, which rose bright and clear and calm after the storm, he descried Battle Island purple in the distance, and hastily returned thither.

"The storms are still more fatal to pedestrian travellers. Through the deepest drifts the snow-shoes enable one to walk, and men are always moving from place to place in this manner, so that the missionary has never any difficulty in securing a director. 'He always had a weak spirit,' said a fisherman who was describing to me the loss of a comrade—Webster. He was a deserter from a regiment in St John's who had travelled a long distance to obtain food for his starving family, and was found, excepting his feet, covered all over with snow. 'He always had a weak spirit,' and I am sure that there is nothing which requires a stronger spirit and more determination, than travelling with heavy Eskimo rackets through the deep snow, with a desperate drowsiness stealing over the senses, and the drift and the cutting wind baffling your progress and stinging your face, and finally, the thought that you are some ten houseless miles from home."

Such may give our readers a faint idea of the missionary life on the Labrador. Strange as it may seem, these perils and hardships, terrible as they are in reality, do not appear half so terrible, nor the isolation and privations half so trying to one actually enduring them, as to him who tries to realise them through the medium of narration. The missionary does not feel the personal inconveniencies so long as he has attentive congregations and a devout flock; and the perils and difficulties of a long journey are often well repaid by the hearty welcome he meets with, and the gratitude with which his teaching is received.

There are a few Indians at Battle Harbour, who have come from the Moravian missions to the north—Nain and Hopedale. The student to whom we are indebted for the facts of this account, says that he had four of their children in his school. They seem to be rapidly dying out among the European families. Perhaps civilisation has an enervating effect on those whose former life has been one rest-

less, incessant battle for subsistence with the rugged powers of Nature in the north. At Christmas tide, the only Eskimo who could speak English died. "I shall not soon forget," adds our friend, "seeing him dying on the floor, and his sad countrymen grouped round singing a hymn,—the air of it was shrill and simple, taught them, probably, by the Dutch missionaries. I buried Benjamin on Holy Innocent's day, and soon after, the child of his brother."

But what is wanting in Battle Harbour is a boarding-school, which might be supported by the contributions of the people who would place their children there, for at present only a small moiety of the rising generation receive any instruction at all.

The Bishop of Newfoundland intends to visit England shortly, with the hope of exciting a greater interest in the wants of his much-tried diocese, and especially to raise an endowment fund for the Theological College at St John's, which, in the present dearth of men from England, must be his mainstay for the supply of future missionaries. A Vice-Principal of this college is now being sought for. Archdeacon Kelly, in a letter to the writer of this says, "A young man of fair ability, who had taken his degree at Oxford or Cambridge, would find it in many ways an interesting and, I hope, a pleasant post. There are six students, and the stipend the Bishop can offer is £100 a year, with board and rooms in the college. Do you know of any man who would come to us for three years? It would, I venture to say, be never a subject of regret to any young clergyman to have spent three years of his life in such a glorious way. If more assistance does not come to us, missions will become vacant, as we shall have no men to fill them with, and the people will fall a prey to Romanism, or, what is worse still, to no religion at all."

Would that this earnest appeal, borne home by God's Holy Spirit, might reach the hearts of some of our readers, and that they would accept the call now made to them, to go over and help those who are labouring for the spiritual welfare of Newfoundland and the Labrador, and show their inhabitants, who are now living in ignorance and sin, the strait and narrow road that leads to life eternal. Amen.

THE MAORI RACE AND NEW ZEALAND MISSIONS.

(Continued from p. 201.)

WE have now to consider

5.—THE PROSPECT OF THE RESTORATION OF THE APOSTATE MAORIES TO CHRISTIANITY.

The prospect we greatly fear is not encouraging. It is true that the Bishop of New Zealand in his address to the General Synod last year spoke very hopefully on the subject, as did also the Bishop of Wellington at the Wellington Provincial Synod; and more recently we have observed the Bishop designate of Nelson, Mr Sutor, at a London meeting, quoting Archdeacon Maunsell as an authority for the same opinion. We regret to be obliged to express our own conviction that there is little ground for such sanguine expectations, and that for the following reasons:—1. The great extent to which the Pai Marire superstition has spread; embracing two-thirds at least of the Maori race. 2. The fact that it is not merely an abstract religious creed, but allows and encourages its adherents to return to all the old vices of paganism, from which they had been so recently reclaimed. 3. That they are not, as they were when Christianity was first preached to them, a people lying in ignorance, who had no knowledge of the true God and His law of love; but they are in the position of the wilful apostate, who has deliberately sinned against light and knowledge. "Having escaped the pollutions of the world through the knowledge of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, they are again entangled therein and overcome, their latter end being truly worse than their beginning." They have brought themselves under the sentence of the apostle, who declares that "it is impossible for those who were once enlightened, and have tasted of the heavenly gift, if they shall fall away, to renew themselves unto repentance." And though it is doubtless as easy for God to give them repentance now as at their past conversion, yet we see little evidence of any such disposition of mind as would lead us to hope that such a work is in progress among them. The most recent news from the colony indicates no intention on the part even of those rebel leaders who have submitted to the civil power, to return to their former religious faith. "It may be said," says a writer in an Auckland paper, describing an interview with Thompson and other leading chiefs of Waikato, "that the natives have altogether abandoned Christianity. They have given themselves up to

impurity and uncleanness. Even Thompson is a thorough believer in the Pai Marire delusion ; and vindicates it as a harmless kind of thing, so long as they only dance around a pole. On being closely questioned, he is stated to have said that whatever might be his belief, he certainly would not allow missionaries about him again." "Thompson has been in the Thames valley for some time, and I am informed has been acting as a kind of Pai Marire priest, making converts and ordaining priests, by laying his hands on their heads, and intoning something or other." This is very sad of one who was brought up from childhood in our Church, and had earned for himself the character of being the most intelligent and far-seeing man of the rebel party, and the most removed from the grossness and violence to which others of his race were abandoned. Thompson's word is law to a large part of the Maori race, at least, so far as to influence their general conduct towards Europeans, and their faith and teaching. The temper of the whole rebel party is to hold themselves aloof from European influences, and European control ; and it will probably be years before their pride and their suspicions will admit of the renewal of such relations as would render it probable that our missionaries should exercise any considerable influence among them. And lastly, this element of time is the most important one of all in the solution of this problem. All the most reliable authorities concur in the belief that the race is fast dying out, and that a very few years must see its final extinction.

This brings us to our last head,

6. THE FUTURE OF THE MAORI RACE.

The rapid decrease of the Maori race was for a long time doubted by many, particularly by some of the missionaries, who it was supposed had the best means of knowing. After the fact was admitted that they were not increasing, the fact of actual decrease was still contested, and the probability of rescuing the race still believed in. It was said by Bishop Selwyn, "Give me a hundred nations as civilised as they are at Otaki, *and I will get the race up again.*" Even at Otaki, however, the decrease has gone on, and that rapidly, as everywhere else. Nor is the decrease a new thing, *or one which has commenced since colonisation.* The Rev. R. Davis frequently alludes to it. In 1833, several years before the arrival of the first colonists, he says, "I have repeatedly told you that the native population is in danger of annihilation. Their children when young are not properly provided for. Being without clothes, they are much exposed during their childhood, and many die in consequence. The *greater part* of those who survive

are carried off by consumption and scrofula, contracted in childhood for want of proper care." "For the natives, generally, as a people, I have no hope. They do not exert themselves to meet the exigencies of circumstances." A dying chief in 1842 expressed himself thus: "Yes, my grandchildren, my and your ancestors once spread over the country as the quail and the landrail did; but now their descendants are even as the descendants of those birds,—scarce, gone, dead, fast hastening to extinction." In 1840 the number of the Maories was estimated, on the authority of missionaries and old European residents, at 114,000. An actual census taken by the Government in 1858 made them only 56,000, or less than half the previous number in eighteen years. The most recent authorities do not estimate them now at more than 40,000, and there can be no doubt that the causes, whatever they are, which lead to such a result, must operate with an increasing force for some time to come, in consequence of the war, which cannot even yet be said to be concluded. Dr Featherston, the Superintendent of Wellington, who has been an earnest friend of the race, and bestowed much study on their condition, says in a recent speech:—"I have ever adhered to the opinion that I expressed more than twenty years ago—that it was utterly impossible to preserve the race, or to prevent its steady extinction; our chief duty is to make the dying couch of the race as easy and as comfortable as possible."

It is evident, if these figures and these opinions be correct, that we have no time to lose, if we wish to rebuild the Maori Church before that interesting people shall have passed away. There is still something like a third of the race who have not openly apostatised, though the excitements of the last few years, the terrors of this new superstition, and exposure to the temptations of military service have done much to corrupt the purity of the nominal believers, and to destroy the consistency of their lives with their profession. Still, while there is life there is hope, and we endeavour to encourage ourselves in the belief that it is not too late, at all events, to make the attempt to gather together again the dispersed congregations of those portions of the race which have been the least engaged in the rebellion, and to revive the Christian energy of those which have held aloof from the political disturbances, but whose faith may have been weakened or obscured by the events referred to.

How the work is to be set about is, however, a difficult question. The New Zealander, like most uncivilised people, is of a very suspicious temper, and even in the common affairs of life, the most certain way to prevent his accepting any offer is to show earnestness in

pressing it upon him. This feeling is undoubtedly much intensified by the political events of the last five or six years ; and now that the Maori has failed in establishing his military superiority over the European, his desire seems to be simply to be let alone. He has made the least possible submission, and retired into his hills as far as he can get from communication with the white man. This applies to fully one half of the race, and we fear it will be very difficult for our missionaries ever to get again into the confidence of this portion. What can be done for the remainder, for that part which has either not apostatised or has abandoned the apostasy ? We can suggest no other method except the old one, by which the heathen have everywhere been brought to the faith—the foolishness of preaching. But this reply suggests the further practical question, Who is to preach ? The old mission which has laboured so zealously and so well is no longer what it was. Several of the early missionaries have gone to their rest. Several more have arrived at the extreme limit assigned by the psalmist to the life of man, and beyond the limit when it is possible for them to do efficient work among a scattered people, living rudely among forests and barely accessible mountains. The number of Church-of-England missionaries who are still in the prime of life, and who may be considered equal to the heavy labour which the task involves, is barely half a dozen, and, considering the great space over which the bulk of the Maories are scattered,—about as large as England,—and that they are not a migratory people to any extent, we may well ask, “What are these among so many ?” Nor does there appear to be any prospect of a fresh supply. A familiar acquaintance with the language is still an essential qualification, scarcely any of the natives speaking or understanding English. Of the few educated Englishmen in the country who understand Maori well, (chiefly the children of the missionaries,) only three or four have given themselves to missionary work, and an equally small number of natives have attained to such a degree of intelligence as to be considered fitted for ordination.

The natives have the Scriptures, and they read them ; but the events to which our eyes have been lately turned show that there has been a falling away and a shortcoming for which a remedy is wanted. Some revival, some reformation, which might pervade the race, and stir it up to a sense of its position, and again inspire it with the earnestness and zeal with which thirty years ago it received the gospel, is what we would fain hope to see. If the Maori churches continue in their present state, as, humanly speaking, we fear they will, unless

some great effort is made, we can only look forward to the extinction of the race at a more rapidly-increasing ratio, retrograding, as it will assuredly, in all those improved habits of life which Christianity had bestowed.

If it should be that in the providence of God this people, like many others, should disappear entirely, we can only rejoice that for thirty or forty years the light of the gospel shed its mild radiance among them, and that during that period many of what had been one of the most savage races on the face of the earth have been gathered within the fold of Christ ; and we may feel thankful that it was through the instrumentality of our own country and our own Church that the great work, in which the power of the gospel was so clearly shown, was effected.

Some of our readers may be surprised that, in the sketch which we have now given of the mission work of New Zealand, we have not dwelt more at length on the part which Bishop Selwyn has taken in reference to it. We must attribute the omission entirely to the point of view from which we approached our subject ; our object being not so much to give an elaborate account of the detailed work, as to endeavour to lead the way to practical suggestions for its continuance, not to say its resumption, at the present critical period. This, we conceived, could be best effected by tracing the work to its origin, showing what the New Zealander was when we first presented Christianity to his notice, and what were the gradual steps by means of which we succeeded in gaining a hold upon his religious understanding and sympathies. This was all the work of the early missionaries connected with the Church Missionary Society and the Wesleyan body ; and was done before the arrival of Bishop Selwyn in the colony. It fell to his lot to build up and organise the infant church, of which they had laid the foundations ; but that work, which has been treated of at length in his own journals and other publications, is foreign to the object which we have had in view. It was only in 1841, if we recollect rightly, that Bishop Selwyn arrived in New Zealand. From that period, or, more correctly speaking, a year or two later, the action of the missions has been under his episcopal superintendence, and the ordained missionaries have been subjected to his ecclesiastical authority and direction.

The most practical suggestion that we can offer, after much consideration of the subject, is *the employment to a far greater extent than at present of ordained native missionaries and clergy*. There are, we

believe, only three or four natives at present in orders of the Church of England. If all we have heard of the progress of the Maori in religion and civilisation be true, there must be many, not to say hundreds, equal to the position. It is true that they may require a large share of superintendence and aid at the hands of the higher officers of the Church who are Europeans; but this, we conceive, could be provided for without much difficulty. If every Maori parish had over it such a man as Riwi Te Ahu, of Otaki, or Heta Terawhiti, of Waikato, we should not despair of the result. We confess that, without a larger ministry, parochial or missionary, than at present exists, we fear we shall not see any very active or encouraging progress in this great work to which we formerly looked with so much satisfaction and expectation, but which has lately caused us so much disappointment and apprehension.

THE MISSIONARY CHARACTER OF THE CHURCH SERVICES.

(*Sermon by the late BISHOP MACKENZIE.*)¹

ISAIAH xlix. 6.

“It is a light thing that thou shouldest be my servant to raise up the tribes of Jacob, and to restore the preserved of Israel: I will also give thee for a light to the Gentiles, that thou mayest be my salvation unto the end of the earth.”

IN this prophecy, the speaker is God the Father, the person addressed is the Son. The commission to raise up the tribes of Jacob, and to restore the preserved of Israel, may, in some sense, no doubt, be understood as addressed to the prophet himself. But as a whole, the words are applicable only to the expected Messiah: “I will also give thee for a light to the Gentiles, that thou mayest be my salvation unto the end of the earth.” This is no description of the mission of Isaiah. Though, indeed, his writings are a light not only to those of his own nation, but to all the nations that hear the joyful sound, yet in no sense can he be called “my salvation unto the end of the earth.”

And if there be any doubt on the question who is here addressed, the next verse must set it at rest. “Thus saith the Lord, the Redeemer of Israel, and his Holy One, *to him whom man despiseth, to him whom the nation abhorreth, to a servant of rulers, kings shall see*

and arise, princes also shall worship, because of the Lord that is faithful, and the Holy One of Israel, and he shall choose thee." We have here One despised and rejected of men, abhorred by *the nation*; yet of such inherent majesty that kings stood up in His presence, and princes worshipped Him—a union of humiliation and majesty that points at once to the God-man, Christ Jesus.

Let us turn, then, to the commission that is given to the Son in the text, which is but a repetition, in more formal style, of the preceding verse. "It is a light thing that thou shouldest be my servant to raise up the tribes of Jacob, and to restore the preserved of Israel." It is a light thing that thou shouldest be the messenger of my covenant to the Jews only, though they are my peculiar people, I will make thee still more glorious, thou shalt be yet more strong in thy God. For "I will also give thee for a light to the Gentiles, that thou mayest be my salvation unto the end of the earth."

The prophecy consists of three parts—first, the sending of Christ to be the Saviour of the Jews; then His being given for a light to the Gentiles; and lastly, His salvation reaching to the end of the earth.

The first of these is already in part accomplished—Christ came unto His own. Not fully accomplished, for His own received Him not. The bringing in of the Jews is indeed, by some, thought a thing impossible; they judge by what they see, and when they can point to the small number of conversions from among the Jews, and especially to the unsatisfactory character of many of these conversions, they think they have proved their point. But *we* walk by faith, not by sight. We look not to the feebleness of the instruments, but to Him who is God's servant, "to raise up the tribes of Jacob, and to restore the preserved of Israel." When the perfect fulfilment shall come, we know not.

Still we say with St Paul, "And so all Israel shall be saved: as it is written, There shall come out of Sion *the Deliverer*, and shall turn away ungodliness from Jacob." Those who are trying to bring in again God's ancient people, are but the agents of Him who received the commission direct from God. The very form of that commission, as it is given in the text, confirms the certainty of their ultimate success. He said "it is a light thing that thou shouldest be my servant to raise up the tribes of Jacob"—a light thing, God calls it. How, then, shall men call it a great thing, too great even for Him who has promised to perform?

But the mention of the conversion of the Jews is, as it were, acci-

dental, in the text. The main subject is the fact of Christ being given for a light to the Gentiles, and His salvation extending to the ends of the earth.

Now, little as the Jews understood the fulness of the scheme, of which the covenant with their nation was but a part, unwilling as they were to believe that the Gentiles were to be brought in, it was not for want of distinct intimations of God's intentions in their sacred books. They seem to have read the prophets with the preconceived idea of what God intended to do, and so they contrived in some way to get over such passages as these: "Ho, *every one* that thirsteth, come ye;" and again, in the same chapter, "Thou shalt call a nation that thou knowest not, and nations that knew not thee shall run unto thee because of the Lord thy God." And again, in the chapter chosen for the first lesson, on the day of the Epiphany, (Isa. lx.,) "Arise, shine; for thy light is come, and the glory of the Lord is risen upon thee." "And the Gentiles shall come to thy light, and kings to the brightness of thy rising." "The abundance of the sea shall be converted unto thee, the forces of the Gentiles shall come unto thee."

These passages, and many others which you will find in the latter chapters of Isaiah, the Jews contrived to forget; so that when St Paul, standing on the stairs of the castle, addressing the multitudes, spoke of the words that he heard in trance, "Depart, for I will send thee far hence unto the Gentiles," they heard him unto that word, but then cried out, "Away with such a fellow from the earth, for it is not fit that he should live." When Jesus said to them, "Ye shall seek me and shall not find me," their utmost thought was, will He go unto the dispersed among the Gentiles, that is, to the Jews that are scattered among the Gentiles, and so be brought into contact with the Gentiles themselves. They never for a moment imagined that He could put the Gentiles on a par with *them*, and teach them for their own sakes.

It is true, that the passages to which I have referred seem to put the Jew first. The nations, it is said, shall come to *thee* because of the Lord *thy* God; for He hath glorified *thee*, and the Gentiles shall come to *thy* light; and from this the Jew might gather, that while God, who had shown Himself as the God of the Jews only, would one day show Himself as the God of all nations, Jew and Gentile, still his own nation was to retain a pre-eminence, having, in fact, been longer in the family of God, and being, therefore, it might be expected, more fit for the highest place.

But even with this reservation of dignity for themselves, the Jews could not brook the idea that other nations were to have any part of the privilege. This was the stumbling-block on which so many fell ; this it was which compelled St Paul, in arguing with the Jews at Antioch, to quote as authority for his conduct, the words of the text, saying, "So hath the Lord commanded us, I have set thee to be a light of the Gentiles, that thou shouldest be for salvation unto the ends of the earth."

And, my brethren, this stumbling-block is not altogether removed. There are still among Christians, yea, Gentile Christians, some who seem to think that what has been done in the spread of the gospel throughout the present limit of Christendom is all that is to be done. There are some who despair of any good result arising from sending out preachers to distant lands, to proclaim the knowledge of salvation, where the sound of the gospel has not yet been heard.

To such persons we may say, at what point would you have taken your stand if you had lived in an earlier age. Would not the same principles, or prejudices rather—on which you now ground the belief that the further spread of Christianity is an impossibility—have led you to conclude that its present extension was impossible. Had you been a Jew, would you not have believed that the Church of God, and the Jewish nation as they always had, so always would be co-extensive. *Now, if* your principles would in time past have led you to conclusions which experience has so flatly contradicted, will you rest satisfied with the results of those principles now?

Had you been a Jew, you would have explained away all of the text except the raising up of the tribes of Jacob, and the restoring of the dispersed of Israel. You are now willing to admit the giving of Christ for a light to the Gentiles : in both cases you are condemned by the last clause, "that thou mayest be my salvation unto the ends of the earth."

But perhaps your disbelief in the success of missionary work is rather practical than theoretical ; perhaps in discussion you allow that the knowledge of the Lord shall cover the earth as the waters cover the sea, while this tacit assent has no influence on your daily conduct, and in no way moulds your thoughts and hopes. I believe this to be a very common phase of mind among us. Certainly, men say the day is coming when the gospel of the kingdom shall have been preached in all the world for a witness unto all nations ; and then, but not till then, shall the end come. But still they live, and think, and work, and hope without any reference to such a result. But

when their attention has been by circumstances drawn to the subject of missions, they begin to see allusions to it where they saw none to it before. They find it connected with things which they had not observed that it had any relation to; and some of these connexions I wish now to point out to you, in the hope that you may be reminded of this which we are confessedly apt to forget at times, when your heart is open to receive the idea practically.

Observe, then, how frequently allusion is made to the preaching to the whole world, and to the ultimate success of such preaching in the regular services of our public worship; and while I draw your attention to these prayers and praises, let me repeat again and again the lesson they seem to inculcate.

First, then, occurs an instance which is probably familiar to many of you, the petitions in the Lord's prayer, "Thy kingdom come, thy will be done in earth as it is in heaven." For how can we say that Christ's kingdom is come, is fully come, until every nation, language, and tongue have, at least, had the opportunity of learning that He is their King; that the Lord, who, their own hearts tell them, reigns over all, has sent them a code of laws, an expression of His will; a promise of help if they wish to please Him? How can we think that His will is done in earth as it is in heaven if a map of the earth presents large tracts in which His will is not even known? so that, in using this petition, we are reminded not only of our own obligation to serve Him as our king—we are not only asking His help in the endeavour to do so—but we are asking Him to give light to the Gentiles, and His salvation to the ends of the earth; and we are acknowledging that this ought to be the state of the world, that the work on which our Saviour was sent is not finished till the gospel has been preached to every creature. This, I think at least, is implied in the petition, Thy kingdom come.

Again, in that most noble hymn of praise, the *Te Deum*, in which every tongue should respond and every heart should thrill, we begin by saying, "We praise thee, O God; we acknowledge thee to be the Lord." Then we join with us all others His creatures: "All the earth doth worship Thee, the Father everlasting." Not only the inanimate creation. They, indeed, declare the glory of God by showing His handiwork; but more especially man, the priest of this world, this lower court of God's infinite temple—he especially worships God in the name of the rest of His fellow-creatures, and acknowledges the common Father. In too many cases, it is true, man's worship is only an unwilling submission to superior power instead of a reasonable

service, a willing surrender of his will to the will of God. To that higher worship, it is the office of the Church to bring him—some of her ministers labouring at home, some among the heathen abroad, but each one accelerating the happy time when the holy Church throughout all the world shall acknowledge God; when, in the fullest sense, all the earth shall worship God, the Father everlasting; when this shall be as true as that which follows:—"To Thee all angels cry aloud, the heavens and all the powers therein." If, then, your hearts be open, the *Te Deum* will continually speak to you of the work of missionaries abroad as well as of the work of the Church at home, and all at home and abroad will unite and feel strengthened by uniting to sing the worship of the everlasting Father in the name of the whole earth.

In the Canticle which is sometimes used in place of the *Te Deum*, we meet, at the very outset, in the form of exhortation, the same idea that we have just been considering in the form of holy confidence:—"O all ye works of the Lord, bless ye the Lord, praise Him and magnify Him for ever." All ye works of the Lord without exception. Let us not make an exception of the noblest of His works, and the exhortation occurs more particularly in its place—"O ye children of men, praise ye the Lord."

Then, again, in the *Benedictus*, the song of Zacharias, in which the joy of a father is poured out for the high destiny of his son, the child is called the prophet of the Highest, because he should go before the face of the Lord to prepare His ways; to give knowledge of salvation to *His people* for the remission of their sins; and further, to give light to them that sit in darkness and in the shadow of death. That the expressions, "them that sit in darkness and in the shadow of death," are intended to represent the Gentiles, will appear from a comparison of this passage with a very similar one in the beginning of the 9th chapter of Isaiah.

Then, again, in the *Jubilate*, the hundredth psalm, we are led by our catholic liturgy to sing—"O be joyful in the Lord, all ye lands; serve the Lord with gladness, all ye lands." Then let us not be content to spend our endeavours only on our own land. Let us not be satisfied with merely singing, "Be joyful in the Lord, all ye lands." Let us rather spread the knowledge of God abroad, in order that all lands may be joyful in the Lord. At present He is not known, not rejoiced in, but He shall be known from the east to the west.

From the rising of the sun to the going down thereof, the Lord's name is to be praised. What a privilege that we are allowed to help

in bringing about such a consummation ! I should weary you if I were to review, in like manner, the hymns of our evening service ; but let me quote to you words which always speak to me of the work I am going to :—"He hath remembered His mercy and truth toward the house of Israel," and all the ends of the world have seen the salvation of our God. The Lord hath declared His salvation, His righteousness hath He openly showed in the sight of the heathen." Think how Simeon prayed that he might depart in peace—"for mine eyes have seen thy salvation, prepared before the face of *all* people, to be a light to lighten the Gentiles, and to be the glory of thy people Israel !" Or let me remind you of that beautiful Psalm, the 67th, in which after praying that God would be merciful unto us—that His way may be known upon earth, His saving health among all nations—we end by affirming our belief that God shall bless us, and all the ends of the world shall fear Him ! Surely the man who is not stirred by such glowing hymns as these cannot have considered the meaning of the words as they passed his lips. Surely such a one will thank God, and take a further interest in our service, so beautiful, ay, and so practically suggestive.

Then again, in the Litany, there are two very short petitions : one for those who are already gathered into the fold, the other framed more generally still :—"That it may please Thee to bless and keep all Thy people ;" and "that it may please Thee to have mercy upon all men." Let us not pray for mercy on all men, and then show no mercy to them that are most in need.

You will yourselves have thought of the prayer for all sorts and conditions of men :—"That Thou wouldst be pleased to make Thy ways known unto them, Thy saving health among all nations." My brethren, knowing as we do God's ordinary method of working by instruments, and, still more, having His strict injunctions to preach the gospel to every creature, it is a mockery to pray that He would make known His saving health unto all nations, while we forget to obey His command, and take no steps towards the fulfilment of our own expressed desire.

In thus placing before you in connexion the passages from the Prayer-book which should lead our thoughts to missionary work, I have omitted those which do not occur every Sunday. The collects for Good Friday are, as you know, most entirely to my purpose ; but I have rather wished to press upon your memory the constant reference contained in the ordinary service to the future evangelisation of the whole world, in the hope that the foreign work of the Church

may for the future be more often in your thoughts, and more distinctly in your prayers. But thoughts and prayers must issue in deeds.

The commission of the Son was proclaimed in heaven. The Father says to the Son, "It is a light thing that thou shouldest be my servant, to raise up the tribes of Jacob, and to restore the preserved of Israel: I will also give thee for a light to the Gentiles, that thou mayest be my salvation unto the end of the earth;" but the carrying out of this He has intrusted to men.

St Paul, in Eph. iii., speaks in enthusiastic language of the greatness of the trust committed to him, the dispensation of the grace of God given to him, the mystery that was thus revealed, that the Gentiles should be fellow-heirs and partakers of the promise in Christ. Unto him, he says, was this grace given, that he "should preach among the Gentiles the unsearchable riches of Christ; and to make all men see what is the fellowship of the mystery, to the intent that now unto the principalities and powers in heavenly places might be known by the Church the manifold wisdom of God."

The same dispensation of the grace of God, the same commission to preach the gospel which was committed to St Paul, is still given by the Church at home to all who are willing. It is true we have not now special commands, as when the Holy Ghost said, "Separate me Barnabas and Saul for the work whereunto I have called them." Neither now does the Church herself select the messengers from the whole body of her sons; for those who are sent to preach to the heathen are usually volunteers: but not the less are those who are sent out intrusted with the commission of St Paul to preach the riches of Christ, to the intent that God's glory may be displayed in heaven and earth.

First, then, as a practical way of taking part in the great work, I would have you ask yourself, Am I able and willing to go out, at the bidding of the Church at home, to help in the work abroad? Are you desirous of the praise that is given to the people that willingly offered themselves. If so, weigh well the cost, search the ground of your willingness, and see whether it be not vanity, rather than love of your Lord. Such a thing is quite possible. But if you believe yourself to be sincere—if you are free to go, and willing to go—in God's name offer yourself for His service. The harvest truly is great, but the labourers are few,—so few, that he who is of use at home will be of tenfold greater use abroad. His place will be easily

filled up at home; abroad he will be one more to the fifty, or the ten, or the five, who may be stationed in a diocese.

But if there be reasons why you cannot go abroad, and there are not very many who can, though those who go are very much fewer than those who might go,—but if there be reasons why you cannot go, remember there is work to do at home. There could have been no command, “Separate me Barnabas and Saul,” if there had not been a church already planted at Antioch.

The strength of the Church abroad will depend in no small degree on the strength and earnestness of the Church at home. Do, then, what you can for the cause in your own country; assist in the building of churches, and supporting the clergy in places too poor to stand without support. Assist in training the youth in the truths of religion and the fellowship of the Church. These you may do through the Church Society. Above all, advance the cause of Christ at home by the example of a holy, self-denying, kind, and generous temper, springing from the love of Christ; but, lastly, serve the cause of Christ abroad by aid to the funds of missions. We are bound to extend to others the privileges God has granted to us. And do not think that you are already doing all that is required of you. If the means of the missionary societies were increased tenfold, they would not be too large for the work that is before them.

I know that you have many other claims on your liberality. You have great claims on you at home. The poor and the sick are the representatives of Jesus. When they receive comforts or sympathy from you, inasmuch as ye have done it unto these His brethren, ye have done it unto Him. The Church at home has great claims upon you: her children must be taught, schools built, ministers provided with the necessities of their station in life, and churches built for the decent worship of God. Far be it from me to make light of such pressing claims as these. Gladly would I see the funds for these schemes increased to something nearer the amounts absolutely required.

But these claims, pressing as they are, do not relieve you from the duty of aiding in the work of the Church abroad. When we turn to the words of the text, the scene is heaven, the Father saying to His co-equal Son, “I will give thee for a light to the Gentiles, that thou mayest be my salvation unto the end of the earth.” When we think to what that Son was given up to carry out the purpose of the Father, does not the devotion of a lifetime to the work sink into insignificance compared with the magnitude of the work that is to be

done—compared with the price that was willingly paid in the first instance? What sacrifice on our part can be too great, if only it can further the merciful designs of God to His erring, His unhappy children!

What punishment, think you, awaits those who, being stewards for God, refuse to give Him of His own? What joy, what undeserved reward shall be given to those who, feeling that they are not their own, but bought with a price, do glorify God in their body and spirit, which are His, and forget not to do good and to distribute, for with such sacrifices God is well pleased.

A JOURNEY ON THE RIVER SHIRE.

(By the Rev. LOVELL T. PROCTOR, M.A.)

THE object of the following narrative is to make the reader better acquainted with the character and ideas of the people who inhabit the country about the river Shire. Favoured as it is by the extreme beauty of its scenery, and a wonderful fertility of soil, alas that its excellence should contrast so sadly with the degraded state of its possessors!

It will be remembered that, three months after the death of Bishop Mackenzie, the surviving members of the mission removed from the station at Magomero, and took up a temporary residence on the banks of the Shire.

On receiving fresh stores, the want of which had driven us from the hill country, we determined to attempt a return to the hills. An exploring journey was made in the direction of Magomero; but the state of the country, which was desolated by war, and a season of severe drought, made our settlement in that part of the highlands hopeless. I therefore determined to go and explore the neighbourhood of Choro, a beautiful mountain ten miles lower down the Shire; and on July 29, the day following that of the incident recounted in my last paper, I set off for the village of the Rundu, Mankokwe, whom I wished first to consult, intending afterwards to cross the river, and ascend the mountain opposite.

I chose Clarke and William to accompany me, with five of our men, and Uchora, a fine specimen of a Manganja, for my guide. We had an early breakfast, and started about nine in the morning.

Passing the village where the event of the previous day took place, we came to another a short distance beyond, and, on entering, found the conclusion of the funeral rites going on. The old chief informed us that the process of shaving (*ku méta*) after the interment was just over. A number of men were seated opposite the hut of the chief, thumping vigorously on a row of various-sized drums, while a great quantity of "moa" (native beer) was being handed about, of which some of the men had evidently partaken freely. The late mourners, men and women, were grouped around, their milasa taken off, and their bodies and close-shaven heads glistening with oil, which had been put on after bathing, according to custom. They were all very pleasant and hearty, the old chief grasping our hands with both his own when, as we usually do, we offered to shake hands on going away; one of the visitors, too, a man we had sometimes seen at the station, appeared to gain a good deal of admiration among the villagers by announcing that he was the "friend of the English;" and having come forward and greeted us as such by shaking hands most cordially, he showed his predilection for the white face, by leaving his darker friends with an air of considerable importance, and, in spite of the attractions of the "moa," going along with us.

We proceeded over a fine bush-covered plain, noticing many tracks of hippopotami among the long grass, and, as our path left the river side a little, a few evidently of elephants. Some of the people we met were terribly frightened, and flung themselves down in the jungle as we passed, under an obvious idea that it was all over with them. "Da fa kari," they groaned, (I died some time ago;) nor was it possible to keep from laughing at their bewildered looks, when we repeated our assurance that they had nothing whatever to fear. At a large village called Msamira, about half way to Mankokwe's, we were told that the people were nearly all away manufacturing salt in the neighbouring marsh. Incidentally we were also informed that no elephants were killed about here, as they all belonged to Mankokwe. We knew, indeed, that half the carcass, or, at least, one of the tusks of every elephant goes to the chief of the district in which it is killed; but it appears from this that all the animals in the immediate neighbourhood of a chief's village are exclusively his property, whether living or dead.

Soon after leaving Msamira we came in sight of the marsh just mentioned, which presented a singular spectacle. We were on higher ground, consisting of a light sandy loam, and below us lay the marsh, a mass of green reeds, with black pools of mud standing here

and there. Along the nearest side of the marsh, for a distance of half-a-mile, were ranged the factory huts of the salt-makers, a collection of ill-made, round erections of reed, mostly without roofs, and huddled close together. William took me into one of them, somewhat to the consternation of the owner and his wife, who were evidently suspicious that there was an evil design on our part; but, having explained that we merely wanted to see how they made the salt, and put them at their ease by a *present of cloth*, they allowed us to proceed with our examination. The hut we entered was formed in two compartments, one with a slight covering of reed over it for the use of the industrious couple at night, the other, open to the air, in which they carried on their manufacture of salt. Two large pots rested on a wooden frame about two feet in height, and underneath these, two wooden troughs were placed side by side, one for each pot, the troughs being hollowed out of logs, and shaped like small canoes, about a yard in length. The bottoms of the pots are pierced with holes, and a quantity of mud from the marsh, which is strongly impregnated with salt, being put in, water is poured on the top and suffered to soak through the mud, carrying off the salt with it into the troughs below. I tasted some of the salt water thus obtained, and brackish enough it was. From the canoe-shaped troughs this liquor is poured into another large pot, without holes in the bottom, and the water being suffered to boil away, the salt remains as a crystallised deposit. If any dirt adheres to the salt—and in any case this is wonderfully little—it is thoroughly washed; and, in order that there may be no waste, the water is boiled, and a second deposit obtained, the process being repeated if necessary until the salt is quite purified. A potful of mud—about four gallons, if the measure is admissible—yields between three or four pounds of salt, the quality of which is extremely fine. People resort to this marsh for the purpose of manufacturing salt from villages nearly twenty miles away, and they will come to purchase it from places double that distance. The scene was a most lively and busy one, for there could not have been less than three hundred huts in this part of the marsh, and elsewhere other collections were visible, no less numerous.

We followed a circuitous path round the marsh, and farther on passed immense tracts of bushy forest, among which the tamarind tree grew plentifully, loaded at this season with an abundant crop of fruit. It is a species of acacia, called by the natives “gwemba;” they use the fruit as “diwo,” or condiment, for their porridge, (*usima*), and, to destroy the excessive acidity, mix with it the ashes

of a kind of tree, which appears to possess alkaline properties, first moistening them with water. We arrived at Mankokwe's village about four in the afternoon, and, well aware of the Rundu's ceremoniousness, sent forward a man to apprise him of our coming. He asked by a messenger that William might be allowed to go to him first; but it was merely to tell him that, as the English had come to pay him a visit, he should be very glad to see them. We entered the village therefore, and, passing to the part in which his huts were situated, found him seated in state at the foot of a large fig-tree, with several of his chief officers and people near him. Formality was soon over, and, having shaken hands with us, he asked the three principals of our party—myself, Clarke, and William—to retire for a private talk within the reed enclosure that ran round his huts. We went forward to one with open sides—his sitting room, as I may call it—where he had evidently been busy pluming some arrows when the messenger arrived announcing our approach. Here, however, we were made so keenly sensible of the presence of some kind of decaying animal matter, of which, just before, we had received some unmistakable notifications, that we all felt very much inclined to rise from the seats we had just taken, and make some excuse for beating a precipitate retreat; but, in deference to the chief, to whom the odour was clearly not the slightest source of annoyance, we resolved on second thoughts to remain where we were, and wait in patience for a fitting opportunity to retire. He politely asked if we would drink “pombé,” (the name of the native beer lower down the river,) and on our assenting, he ordered some to be brought, which we found very pleasant after our long walk, in spite of the air around us, which was certainly anything but pleasant. The cause of offence we discovered afterwards to proceed from the carcase of a hippopotamus in an advanced stage of decomposition. It had been taken out of the river higher up, and must have been killed several days before. It was hung on a tree behind the hut in which we were sitting, but hid from view by the reed fence; and though so far gone that we should have ordered its speedy removal at once, it was not considered in the least degree too “high” by the Manganja of Mankokwe, amongst whom it was about to be distributed.

We had only a short talk with the chief, telling him that we had come to pay him a visit, and to ask his permission to take a walk on the opposite side of the river among the hills. He saw a small pocket-book sticking out of Clarke's pocket, and asked to look at it, upon which I directed William to explain its use, and to tell him

how much we wished to teach the Manganja to read and write, that we might be able to give them the book of God in their own language. I then wrote his name in the book, and when I told him that those letters spelt "Mankokwe," and that I should always remember both himself and his name when I saw them, he was astonished beyond measure, and first laughed, and then grew serious as he looked at the writing. Putting the pencil into his hand, I asked him to copy what I had written; but after making a few scratches in a most earnest manner, he said he did not know how to write, and that we must teach him. I caught at this as a most opportune remark for our purpose, and told him (through William) that he ought to ask the English to come and live near him, and that if he were to give us a place on the mountain opposite we could then very easily teach him, and he would see that all we wanted was to do both himself and his people good. Upon this he immediately rose, saying he would go away for a short time, and when he came back give us an answer. We knew that he only wanted to consult the "wula."* He returned after a very few minutes; but as he did not volunteer a reply, we thought it better not to press him for one that night, though from the smiles with which he greeted us as he approached we guessed, and it afterwards appeared rightly, that the omens of the "wula" had not been unfavourable to us. Asking for a place to sleep in, he showed us into a very nice hut near his own; and on our telling him that his people had brought us no food to sell, he sent us a plate of "nandolo" and "nsima," (peas and porridge,) with which, in addition to some tea, we were obliged to be content.

Before retiring for the night, I and Clarke took a short walk by the river side, and as we returned the whole village gave evidence of the extent to which the flesh of the "mvu" (hippopotamus) had been over-kept, the whole of it being by this time divided and pre-

* A chief in the Manganja country never makes himself responsible for any undertaking without consulting the "wula." It consists generally of small round tablets of wood, which are marked on either side with lines or dots, and thrown like dice. Calabashes rocked in the hand, filled with pieces of wood, bone, metal, &c., are also often used, while marks at the side, indicated by a revolving pointer fixed in a large gourd, is a "wula" in very common use. The person in charge of a wula is the Zinanga or medicine man, the secret of divining and even discovering criminals by the signs on his tablets, or otherwise, being his alone, and making him in consequence a very important and respected individual. He is supposed to be gifted with magic powers, and knows the medical properties of trees and herbs.

pared for the pot opposite many a hut door. I am grieved to have to record that this same hippopotamus flesh was the cause of a quarrel between Mankokwe's headman and Kumanisa, the man who had joined us near Chibisa's, the latter having requested the former to give him a morsel of his share. The headman promised it after his own meal was finished; but considering this a slight to one of "Chibisa's own sons," Kumanisa went to complain of it to Mankokwe as a direct refusal, to the great indignation of the other, who insisted that Kumanisa only wanted the Rundu to kill him that he might get his place. I was afraid that the altercation would soon grow to something more serious, as each man was getting partisans, and knives were already being drawn; so going into the middle of the shouting assemblage, I took Kumanisa by the arm and scolded him soundly for making a disturbance as one of our followers, telling him before them all that I would have no quarrelling in my presence; that if he wanted anything to eat he ought to come and ask me for cloth to buy it with, and that if he was not quiet at once I should send him back, and make a complaint to Chibisa himself about his misconduct. This had the desired effect, and taking Kumanisa away, all was soon quiet again, after the headman, in a transport of tears, had informed us that Kumanisa had already killed and buried him! The tumult brought Mankokwe out of his hut, but he only laughed when we told him what it was all about: there is no doubt, however, that the rivalry which existed between Mankokwe and Chibisa was the real cause of the quarrel, the feeling creating a continual jealousy among the people of the two great chiefs.

As the account of the rest of our journey is too long for continuation here, I reserve our visit to Mount Choro for my offering in a future number.

LOVEL J. PROCTER, M.A.

AFRICA: ITS COASTS AND ITS EARLY MISSIONS.

(By the Ven. H. P. WRIGHT, M.A., Archdeacon of Columbia.)

CHAPTER I.

EARLY CHRISTIANITY IN AFRICA—RISE, PROGRESS, AND FALL.

As we look at the peninsula of Africa, lying on the waters like a huge trunk deprived of its limbs, we can see that it is well calculated for

resisting all advance of civilisation into the interior. It has few or no bays or harbours; rivers there are of great size, but serious difficulties have up to the present prevented their navigation; sandy deserts or lofty mountains are constantly found at a short distance inland; where the soil is rich, the climate is deadly to Europeans; and where the climate is good, too often scanty supplies of water render the district sterile and thinly peopled. Hence we find in all ages civilisation and commerce have been confined almost entirely to the coasts of Africa.

And this statement applies as well to Egypt (the Nile flowing throughout its course but a short distance from the sea) and to Carthage, as to any of the countries which have become known to the world in more modern times. Herodotus, it is true, tells us of 20,000 inhabited cities in Egypt: and Diodorus says, that in his time (44 B.C.) there were 18,000 large villages and towns, with a population of 13,000,000. Without considering the great mistakes in numbers, which have occurred in copying MSS., we may safely say that, under the term Egypt, are signified not only the then thickly-populated banks of the Nile, but some of its neighbouring provinces, such as Ethiopia and Lybia, both lying on the coast of Africa. As to Carthage, it is well known that her influence never extended far inland. Her spirited sailors coasted to the Pillars of Hercules, and from time to time ran down along the western shore: but being strictly a military state, her power extended little beyond her outposts; and her influence, when exercised at all beyond her own territory, was directed to the coast of Barbary, from whence she obtained some of her best soldiers.

If the knowledge of Egypt and Carthage was thus confined to the shores of the Mediterranean and Red Sea, we may readily suppose that Rome, separated by a wide space of water, would not be better acquainted with the inland region. The fact is, Rome, even when Carthage became a proconsulate, knew little or nothing of Africa beyond the limits of the empire: * indeed, in days when geographical societies were unheard-of and adventurers rare, there was little to tempt more civilised man to penetrate sandy deserts or seek intercourse with races reputed to be worse than cannibals.

When the interior of Africa has been thus sealed up, it must never

* Pliny mentions that Suetonius Paulinus, A.D. 41, crossed the Atlas mountains; and Ptolemy states, that a Roman officer, Maturnus, went from near Tripoli, a four months' march in a southern direction. It is also thought by some, from the tables of Ptolemy, that the western coasts were well known as far as 11° N. lat.

be forgotten that Egypt, a little corner which several geographers have considered as more naturally belonging to Asia than Africa, has had a very great influence upon the other nations of the earth. It was the seat of a royal government as far back as the days of the patriarch Abraham; and it abounded at that time with provisions, while the neighbouring countries, and even the fertile regions of Palestine, were exposed to frequent famines. How far the people had advanced in civilisation in these remote ages, we may gather from the book of Genesis, where we find the Ishmaelites conducting a caravan by the way of Shechem loaded with the spices of India for the Egyptian market. From the grottoes of Beni Hassan, on the east coast of the Nile, it is also seen that the Egyptians were well acquainted with the manufacture of linen, glass, cabinet-work, and various objects indicative of art and refinement. This high state of civilisation, attained under a system of institutions and policy bearing some resemblance to those of the Hindoos, acted upon Greece as far back as the time of Moses; and laid the foundation of that philosophy and refinement which were to exercise so powerful an influence in after ages upon the uncivilised races of the world.

Thus if up to the coming of Christ only the coast line of Africa bordering on the Mediterranean and the Red Sea was known to geographers, the land of Ham can nevertheless tell of early and great benefits rendered by it to Europe.

But Egypt has something far beyond its early civilisation and refinement to interest the Christian. Of all countries in the world, with the exception of Palestine, Egypt holds the most marked place in the Word of God. There Abraham and Sarah found food and protection in days of famine. Joseph entered Egypt as a slave, and became its governor and prime minister. For more than two centuries the family of Jacob dwelt in the midst of Egyptians. The whole tribes of Ephraim and Manasseh may be said materially to spring from Egypt. Moses, the deliverer of God's people, was found on the banks of the Nile, nurtured by an Egyptian princess, and trained in all the wisdom of Egypt. When God forbade the Jews holding intercourse with the heathen, the order was given, "Thou shalt not abhor an Egyptian, because thou wast a stranger in his land." The wife of the wisest man was an Egyptian. Shishak, who invaded Judea, and carried off the treasures of the house of the Lord, was an Egyptian. Tirhakah, Necho, the several Pharaohs, who allied themselves with the kings of Judah and Israel, were all rulers of Egypt. Migdol Tahpanhes and Noph and Pathros received and

sheltered the faithless Jews who fled in terror from Nebuchadnezzar. Egypt, moreover, is constantly the subject of the prophetic writings. But there is one fact which, above all others, gives to this corner of Africa a deeper interest : it was in Egypt the very Saviour himself found a refuge.

As Egypt and the Holy Land had been thus intimately connected throughout the whole history of the Jewish people, and as the two countries were so near to each other, we should naturally expect that Christianity would find its way very speedily from Jerusalem to Alexandria. Again, the commercial character of Alexandria tended to that end. Its happy situation between the Mediterranean and Red Sea attracted the trade of east and west ; and so largely did it supply Europe with corn, that the centurion in charge of St Paul had no difficulty in finding, in a Lycian harbour, “ a ship of Alexandria,” laden with corn, making for Italy.

Christianity, therefore, we may safely assert, must have reached Egypt and the districts in its immediate neighbourhood at a very early period. Indeed, the testimony of Scripture itself would lead us to believe that missionaries preached Christ there some years before St Mark visited Alexandria. Among those who came under the influence of St Peter’s mighty sermon on the day of Pentecost, were “ dwellers in Egypt, and in the parts of Lybia about Cyrene.” The eunuch of Candace, Queen of Ethiopia, must have passed through Egypt on his way home. Simon, who carried the cross, was a native of Cyrene ; and his sons, Alexander and Rufus, were clearly well known to the Church. Again, at Antioch, among the holy men commanded by the Spirit to lay hands on Barnabas and Saul, was one Lucius of Cyrene. Of these early converts, and others who are unnoticed, we cannot but suppose that some, on their return home, told the glad tidings of the gospel to their native country.

This conclusion, be it remembered, in no way deprives St Mark of the honour of having been the founder of the Church of Alexandria, as the following facts will fully testify. As early as the year 40 A.D. St Mark had preached the gospel there with such success that the idolaters of Egypt, than whom none were more bigoted, so bitterly persecuted him that he deemed it wise to retire for a season to Jerusalem. From Jerusalem the evangelist accompanied St Peter to Rome, where he remained four years writing his Gospel, and proving himself, by a holy life and faithful labouring, worthy the affectionate title given him by St Peter, who designates him “ Marcus my son.” Towards the year 49 St Mark again visited Egypt, and for twelve years

patiently carried on a holy rule, and firmly fixed the Church of Christ in that renowned corner of Africa. At last it pleased God to allow the violence of the heathen to prevail. On the 25th of April A.D. 62 he was borne as in a chariot of fire beyond all earthly trials, and to honour such as earth cannot bestow. Seizing the man of God, and tying a rope round his neck, they cruelly dragged him through the principal streets of Alexandria, till the blood gushed from his sides. At evening they threw him into prison that they might consult with respect to his fate. There, we are told, he was comforted by a vision of our Saviour himself, who bade "peace be with him." To whom the evangelist replied, "I yield Thee thanks, O Saviour, that Thou hast counted me worthy to suffer for Thy name." On the following day his murderers drew him round the city as they had done before, until, with the words. "Into Thy hands I commend my spirit," he sank to his rest. Such were the labours, such the honoured end of the great missionary and martyr of the African Church. Isolated preachers may have spoken of Christ in Egypt before the evangelist placed his foot there; still, as long as the world shall last, will St Mark be declared the founder and first patriarch of the Church of Alexandria.

The country known by the name of Ethiopia (Abyssinia), lying to the south of Egypt, far beyond the bounds of Roman power, and holding little or no communication with Alexandria, is entirely unnoticed during the first three centuries of Church history. It is quite possible that a Christian influence may have been exercised there by the converted chamberlain of Queen Candace, or at least that at a very early period Jewish Christians introduced among the Ethiopians that curious mingling of Judaism and Christianity which prevails to this day. The old legend states that the eunuch who was baptized by Philip the deacon, was steward to the empress, and that on his return home, after his baptism, he converted her and her whole empire to the Christian faith.

Whatever missionary work may have been carried on in Ethiopia at this early period, it is quite certain that at the commencement of the fourth century Christianity was utterly unknown to the south of Egypt. This will appear from the following account of the conversion of Ethiopia, which, in its leading points, has never been doubted. It is given by Rufinus, who declares that he received it from the mouth of one of the missionaries. Meropius, a Christian philosopher in Tyre, moved by curiosity and a spirit of commercial speculation, undertook a voyage along the shores of the Red Sea,

taking with him as companions two pupils, Edesius and Frumentius. On their return they were shipwrecked upon the inhospitable shores of Ethiopia. Meropius was at once seized by the natives and murdered, and the two youths carried off to the capital. On their arrival the king, struck with their beauty and gentleness, appointed Edesius his cupbearer, and Frumentius his secretary. Shortly before his death, which occurred soon after their capture, the old man gave them their liberty, and they at once determined to return home. As they were about to depart, the queen earnestly besought them to stay and educate her son until he came of age. They reluctantly agreed to her request, but at the same time resolved to do everything in their power to bring the young king and his country to a knowledge of Jesus Christ. The Christian merchants residing at the several ports were instructed to assemble regularly for worship; and where there was no church a site was given, and materials provided for the construction of one. Thus, those who before were afraid to profess Christianity became steady worshippers of God, and produced, by their consistent conduct, a very favourable influence upon the heathen. When the pupil, the young king, came to his throne, his faithful teachers requested that, according to agreement, they might return home. The separation was, we are told, a very painful one. Edesius went to Tyre to live with his relations, and Frumentius to Alexandria, that he might lay before Athanasius, the new patriarch, full particulars of the mission, and prevail upon him to send into Ethiopia at once a body of priests, with a bishop at their head. A council of bishops was sitting at the time, and they recommended that a chief pastor of the Church should be appointed for Ethiopia, upon which Athanasius looked upon Frumentius, and said, "Can we find such a one as this is in whom the Spirit of God is?" He therefore consecrated him first Bishop of Axum, and commended him and his work to the keeping of Christ.

The church thus founded by this devoted missionary exists to this day, but in a wretchedly degraded and heretical condition. "I do not find," says Dr Geddes, "that any sort of learning did ever flourish among the Ethiopians. They have but few books, except the Bible, the canons of the first councils, and lives of their saints."

It would be well had this portion of the Church in Africa no heavier trial than that of ignorance. In doctrine and discipline it is equally afflicted. For particulars of its heresies and irregularities we must refer our readers to the many works of travellers who have visited Abyssinia during the present century, contenting ourselves with a

quotation from the able "History of the Holy Eastern Church," by the Rev. J. M. Neale, in order that the constitution of the Church of Ethiopia, in reference to the mother Church of Alexandria, may be fully understood :—"The Bishop of Axum is often called Patriarch of Ethiopia, but this title is wrongly implied : his proper jurisdiction is that of a metropolitan, but there are some peculiar limits to his power. He is never a native of Ethiopia, but an Egyptian : his nomination and consecration rest with the Bishop of Alexandria alone ; and he has the right of consecrating bishops, provided the whole number in his province do not exceed seven. This, as the event proved, was a most unwise regulation : it was apparently adopted at first by the jealousy of Alexandria, lest Axum should constitute itself a patriarchate. As twelve bishops were canonically required for the consecration of a patriarch, the limitation to seven entirely obviated the danger ; but it has caused two great evils ; it has prevented the spread of the gospel in Africa, and has been the occasion of the heresy of the Abyssinian Church. Two years must necessarily elapse before a vacancy can be supplied, because of the length of the journey and the period required by the new metropolitan for acquainting himself with the Ethiopic and Amharic ; the former the language employed in the offices of the Church, the latter that commonly spoken. No dues or offerings are expected by the see of Alexandria from Ethiopia, but it is usual on the death of the metropolitan that the king and nobles shall accompany their letters requesting the consecration of his successor with suitable presents. In an œcumenical council the metropolitan of Axum would claim the twelfth place."

(To be continued.)

THE CHURCH IN HAWAII.

LITTLE, or, strictly speaking, nothing is known of the origin of the great Malayan nation, which has spread traces of itself across one third of the earth's circumference. When it first comes upon European notice, some six centuries ago, it was a kingdom or people in its decadence ; possessing, however, a powerful navy and that kind of barbaric civilisation which we are accustomed to find in the East. But

whether its population spread from a centre in or about Sumatra, right and left, or whether hordes originally came down from the north-east, through or along the coasts of China, is a problem that we may guess at, but shall probably never see demonstrated. All races are modified by change of place and external influences, just as our sheep and cattle take characteristics from the pastures on which they feed : the radical of the particular human race remains, but the differences sometimes become so great as to obscure the root. Long attrition makes a sixpence and a half-franc look much alike. The maritime tendencies of the Malaysians caused them to throw themselves farther and farther towards the sun-rising, by the stepping-stones of successive groups of islands ; but whilst the emigrant tribes were sufficiently influenced by new conditions to have acquired the distinction of "oceanic," their unity can be made out by language, hair, tastes, and traditions. Such emigrations led them as far to the eastward as the islands of Hawaii ; and it remains a question not yet determined in the negative, whether the nations of the southern continent, America, and even of the northern continent also, are not the drift from islands 2000 miles to their west.

We are now to speak of the Polynesians of the small Hawaiian Archipelago, who have for five-and-forty years been more or less under Christian influence. Old things are passed away, in a great measure, there ; and in considering their present state and what may be their intellectual and spiritual future, it would be interesting to try and estimate what their condition was, as a race, before Christianity reached them. The Hawaiians had terrible faults, but they were not altogether sunk and degraded. Like the Maori race, they were exceedingly brave and addicted to war, but were not apparently so completely barbarous as the New Zealanders. If cannibalism ever prevailed, it would seem to have been partial and exceptional ; but the people deny the accusation altogether ; and it says something for their morals that they feel keenly that such an accusation, even of the old days, is humiliating. In person the type of their figure was a fine model. Misery and want of food produced bad specimens among the serf-classes, whilst the chiefs, who were abundantly nourished, and fagged only to their kings, developed to a tall and handsome standard. The skin differed according to exposure, some individuals becoming almost black, but the normal tint was a full olive. The hair was never woolly, nor so lank as the red Indians of America : in the chiefs whom we have seen it had a greater resemblance to the hair of Europeans. It should be added, that there are

traces of a distant and transient visit of Spaniards, which may have been enough to have raised up a difference in part of the population. The singular discovery of Hebrew customs and traditions in the islands, too distinct and numerous to be overlooked, may indicate that the original emigration from the Straits of Malacca, or the great islands to the eastward, took place after a Moslem proselytism of the Malays there.

Whatever, and however great were the vices, the tyranny, and the degradation which existed in Hawaii under the dark heathen system, it had not been such as to depopulate the islands. Taking one-half only of Captain Cook's estimate, and supposing that when he first visited them there were 200,000 people, then we find that, in eighty-five years intercourse with Americans and Europeans, the nation has been *reduced two-thirds* in spite of—or in consequence of—the white man's presence, and the crumbs of civilisation which the white man scattered. 70,000 is more than the present number of the native population. The people and their leaders were versatile in disposition, as was shown by their sudden revulsion to their ancient idolatrous system, and their rapid adhesion to Christianity when presented to them. Too facile in disposition, the seed sown sprang up readily, from the very want of depth of the soil in which it was cast. The nation gave up wars and became most peaceable; but they would not give up habitual sins, which have proved by the event more destructive to life than wars. As it was easy to the Hawaiians to dissimulate, probably they were in part unconscious dissemblers. The metal was like that which the people gave to Aaron—it looked like gold, but it crushed to powder under the hammer of Moses, as friable dross. It was difficult to discover to what extent the nation was Christianised; and the more sanguine and less suspicious of the American missionaries have certainly been led into the amiable error of believing the people better and more real converts than in fact they were.

The Hawaiian Islands, eight in number, lie nearly on the confines of the western hemisphere, and being about 22° above the equator, are just within the tropic; but owing to their insular condition, and the high mountain masses in Hawaii, the largest of the group, the climate is far more temperate and equable than would be supposed. They are distant forty degrees northward from Tahiti, whence their discoverer, Captain Cook, approached them. About 2000 miles from the American seaboard, and the nearest available land, the group is important as a rallying point and place of refreshment for whalers,

merchantmen, and ships of war. Unhappily the seafaring side of our nation is not that which reflects a high image of our morality or religion. The contact with American and European traders and seamen has added to the national degradation, and does much to counteract the good which the most earnest missionary efforts can effect. The evil example of men professing Christianity among nations lately heathen, is a deadly argument used against Christ's religion; and it was after a late sad instance of English misconduct in the islands, that the pious Queen who has lately visited our country said to the writer of the present paper, in the bitterness of her spirit, "If such things are the fruits of European civilisation, it would have been almost better that the poor Hawaiians had been left in their original darkness!"

The material, then, on which the envoys of our Church were sent to work, four years ago, was one mixed of favourable and unfavourable ingredients. Quick in apprehension, volatile in disposition, unconsciously sceptical in mental habit, possessing hereditary vices which they neither reckoned nor knew to be vices, these Polynesians did not oppose a new religion, but were ready, even eager, to adopt it. They had, in 1819, by an automatic effort, overthrown their own idols, and they accepted with pleasure a spiritual and more elevated creed. They could do this without pain from the want of persistence in their character. This light-hearted people, who could "laugh and cry without a reason," or at least, would pass rapidly from grief to laughter, assumed with ease the system of Christianity, whilst yet they retained their bosom sins. In the forty years during which the North American missionaries had laboured among them there had been some real, together with much apparent success. An Areopagite here, and a woman who sold purple there, still witnessed by a consistent change of life to the living principle of the gospel of Christ: whilst the form of the government and the institutions of the nation had been altered under the missionaries' influence; and the education which the royal family and some of the chiefs had obtained was the result of the same activity. Still the nation was dying out, decreasing by rapid steps, four years ago, in spite of the Congregationalists of Boston, and the priests from France, who had also laboured in the islands for several years. The virus of new poisons, moral and physical, had been introduced from without, and added to their own peculiar evils. In secret the old rites were sometimes practised, many persons were actually prayed to death, infants were destroyed, and idleness and poverty made easy victims for death.

If when our Church at last responded to the call for help, her messengers found many difficulties to contend against, they also found a great interest attaching to the people among whom they went, and many grounds of hope that that people might be saved from perishing, and bound up in the bundle of life.

Details of the organisation and reception of the Church Mission in Hawaii must be left for a future number.

CHURCH WORK IN BRITISH COLUMBIA.

ALL who have followed the history of mission work in British Columbia, and more especially those who have been privileged to listen to the account given of it in so many places by Bishop Hills during his recent visit to England, will be interested to learn that the anticipation of further progress being made amongst the native population of the colony is being fully realised. The *Victoria Weekly Chronicle* of June 5 gives an interesting account of a visit of the Bishop to one of the most important native settlements, Metlacatla, and of the baptism, on last Whitsunday, of no fewer than eighty-two of the Chymsean Indians. Sixty-five of the latter were adults, and the rest children of Christian parents. Assisted by Mr Duncan and the Rev. A. Doolan, the Bishop carefully examined more than one hundred adult catechumens, most of whom had been under instruction for several years, all who were admitted to baptism being required to give proof of both knowledge and sincerity. It is hoped that the Mission at Metlacatla will soon be further strengthened, and that it will then be able in its turn to assist in carrying the glad tidings of salvation to other heathen of the isles and coasts around.

The occasion of the Bishop's visit, and the presence of the man-of-war, in which a passage had been given him, suggested the idea of anticipating, by a few days, the Queen's birthday, usually kept in the colonies as a general holiday.

At an early hour, on the 21st of May, a party from the ship *Sparrowhawk* decorated the principal buildings with a festoon of flags of various nations. The day was perfect, the sun shone bright, and all the beautiful scenery of the islands, placid sea, and distant mountains, contributed to the delight. Precisely at twelve o'clock a royal

salute of twenty-one guns boomed forth from the ship, to the great satisfaction and some astonishment of the clean, orderly, and well-dressed groups of Indians. Healthy children were playing at ball, and taking turns at the merry-go-round, young men were striving at gymnastic bars, and elders walked about, comparing the old time with the present, and thanking God for increase of prosperity and of blessing. One hundred and forty children sang in English, "God save the Queen," and other pieces; better behaved children—more orderly and obedient—there could not be in any land.

The most exciting thing of the day was the race between five canoes manned by forty-one young men in their prime. The course was about two miles round an island in full view of the village. Foot races, boys running in sacks, blind-man's-buff, and such like amusements, completed the programme of that part of the festivities.

A remarkable contrast was afforded by the arrival of a fleet of Bella Bella canoes, whose savage owners, with black and red painted faces, dirty uncombed heads and tattered blankets, showed off to advantage the well-dressed and respectable Metlacatlans.

In the evening, before the exhibition of a magic lantern, a public meeting was held. Addresses were delivered, to which the Indian chief men replied. The following are the brief words of three of these :—

Kemskah.—"Chiefs, I will say a little. How were we to hear when we were young, what we now hear? And being old, and long fixed in sin, how are we to obey? We are like the canoe going against the tide which is too strong for it. We struggle, but in spite of our efforts, we are carried out to sea. Again, we are like a youth watching a skilled workman. He strives to imitate his work, but fails! so we—we try to follow God's way, but how far we fall short; still, we are encouraged to persevere. We feel we are nearing the shore. We are coming nearer to the land of God—nearer peace. We must look neither to the right nor left, but look straight on and persevere."

Thrak-shah-kaun, (once a sorcerer.)—"Chiefs, I will speak. As my brothers before have entreated, so do ye. Why have you left your country and come to us? One thing has brought you here. One thing was the cause—to teach us the way of God, and help us to walk in it. Our forefathers were wicked and dark; they taught us evil—they taught us ahlied (sorcery.) My eyes have swollen; three nights I have not slept. I have crept to the corner of my house to cry, reflecting on God's pity to us in sending you at this time. You are not acting from your own hearts. God has sent you. I am happy to see

so many of my brothers and sisters born to God. God has spoken to us ; let us hear."

Woodeemesh.—"I will speak to my brethren. What has God done to us? What does He see in us that He should be working for us? We are like the fallen tree, buried in the undergrowth. What do these chiefs gain by coming to us? Did we call them? Do we know from whence they are? Or did we see the way they have come? Yet they have arrived to us—they have torn away the undergrowth; they have found us, and they have lifted up our hands and eyes to God, and showed us the way to heaven."

How different thirty years ago was this spot. Then heathenism in all its terror held dark dominion. Beneath the soil of Mr Duncan's garden many skulls and human bones were exhumed; but this was not the burial-place of the Chymseans. These were the bones of slaves, murdered on feast days to display power and wealth. It was a saying that every chief's house was planted on the dead bodies of slaves. The slave's body was cast out unburied to be the food of dogs. Now all is changed: no sound of heathen revel or dark magic is ever heard at Metlacatla. The cross of the Prince of Peace surmounts the chief building, which is the house of God, and the church bell daily draws glad hundreds of Indians to lift up the heart in spirit and in truth to their great Father. The desert blossoms as the rose, and the wilderness has become a fruitful field.

We may take this opportunity of speaking of a most important work now in progress—the building of a college for girls of the middle and upper classes in Burdett Avenue, Victoria, Vancouver Island. The building, will, when completed, have a frontage of 120 feet. The portion already built accommodates sixty scholars. The foundation-stone was laid last October—his Excellency, Governor Kennedy, the Bishop, and many others being present.

At a time when the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel are making a special effort for the promotion of female education in our colonies and among the heathen, the speeches made on that occasion are of more than usual interest, and we are only sorry that we cannot give longer extracts from them. The following is the conclusion of the Governor's speech:—

"He was one of those who did not believe that a courageous, noble race of men could descend save from virtuous, intelligent mothers, and it was their bounden duty so to educate the female mind as to enable it to meet every requirement—not in a narrow or sectarian manner, but so that all might derive good who came without a sacri-

fice of conscientious principles. Such was the desire of the clergy of his own Church. He looked on this day as the dawn of a new era in this colony, when he found men and women ready to come forward and assist in the inauguration of an institution to train those who were to come after them. He firmly believed that there were not many of his sex present but were more or less under some female influence; and his own experience had taught him that there was very little good that was not stimulated and encouraged by women's influence. And if this were so, how important was it that they should look to the welfare of not only those who were to become wives and mothers amongst us, but of those who were to come after them."

Chief-Justice NEEDHAM said—"The advantage of education to both male and female, it was impossible to over-estimate. Equal education was the highest standard of equality, and it was by education alone that we could raise man to an appreciation of those principles for which his noble nature fitted him. If intelligence and virtue were the test of true worth with men, how much more were they so with women, the mothers and wives of future generations. The Lord Bishop would say that religion and education go hand in hand; without religion, secular education was but a dry leaf. He much doubted if every heart present did not beat in unison with those principles, of which the symbols that they had seen used in laying the stone were but the types. The Church had done what generations to come would bless it for, "and when this building shall have crumbled to the dust, when it shall perhaps have given way for another and a nobler structure, and when that stone shall have been uncovered, future generations will bless you, although we shall then be gathered to our fathers."

The Bishop of COLUMBIA said—"The need of an institution for good female education requires no proof—it is a special want in the early stage of a colony. The object we aim at is, to provide a practical education, sound and useful, after the best model of England, adapted to the special wants of the colony. Most important is this training in its bearing upon the manhood of the future. Biography and history have recorded innumerable instances where men who have risen to prominent positions in the world have attributed the best and most powerful qualities of their character to the influence of their mothers. Depend upon it, if you let your girls grow up into frivolous, vain, and pleasure-loving womanhood, you have a generation of effeminate, selfish, shallow, and unstable manhood, with consequences far worse to many. But if your girls, well trained, grow

up into sensible, practical, well-principled women, with clear views of faith and duty, you will have, under their influence, a manhood vigorous, temperate, cultivated, high principled, and useful. We trust, therefore, the girlhood of our province may acquire that good discipline and useful knowledge which may enable them to perform creditably the duties of life. We hope also they will find here those accomplishments which belong to civilisation, and which increase the influence for good, improve the taste, help to please, give rational recreation, and afford increased power to enjoy the works of God. But accomplishments are not everything—not the chief thing—far from it. We must train the character in religious principles and the grace of God. Not music, history, languages, singing, and science, can do anything for the saving of the soul; there must be spiritual knowledge of the holy doctrines of the gospel. We must see our children “Christianly and virtuously brought up.” We do not dare to let them go forth with unfixed principles, but rather endeavour to train them up in the way they should go, and fortify them from the armoury of God to meet the temptations and difficulties of life. Blended, then, with all the teaching of this place will be the principles of our holy religion—charitably, as the Governor has said, we trust this will be done; for if there is a Church on earth with wide sympathies, inclusive rather than exclusive, it is the Church of England, and we hope, while not departing from our definite principles, to be yet, as this institution has been and is, useful to many who may not agree with us on every point. Here, then, in this peaceful spot, under the shade of venerable oaks, amidst scenery unsurpassed, with climate genial and healthy, and it may be, ere a distant day, beneath the shadow of a noble cathedral, where the cross of Christ shall be lifted up continually, gentle and youthful nature shall be trained in the nurture and admonition of the Lord—to whom in after times this place shall be hallowed in the memories of loved associates and of kind and faithful teachers, and in lessons of holy wisdom, which shall have saved many a frail bark from shipwreck upon the rocks and shoals of life, and guided it safely to the haven of everlasting rest.”

REVIEWS.*

The War in New Zealand. By WILLIAM FOX, M.A., Oxon., late Colonial Secretary and Native Minister. Smith & Elder.

It seems specially difficult to obtain a good book on colonial subjects: either we are treated to the hasty and superficial observations of a chance visitor; or, when an old and experienced colonist commits his views to paper, they are found to be so deeply overlaid with personal prejudice, with the political differences which run to unexampled excesses in our dependencies, and with ill-concealed advocacy of commercial interests, that we are unable to reach and appropriate the substratum of real value which they may contain.

The chief recommendation of the present work is that it steers clear of both these dangers, and appears to be what its author in the preface claims for it, an impartial statement of a very sad history. This key-note is struck in the opening sentence. "A great many persons in England," he says, "are tired of hearing about New Zealand. It is very seldom that any good news come thence; and good or bad, it is very difficult to understand. Still there are many who have friends and relations there; many who sympathise with the Maori race; many who have an idea that what has been going on there for sometime past means a penny in the pound on the Income-Tax; so that sufficient interest is felt in the colony to make any one newly arrived from it the subject of much cross-examination."

The explanation is not easy, nor to be despatched briefly, and Mr Fox evidently writes to deliver himself of his accumulated information in a mass, rather than by retailing it piecemeal in divers quarters. His official titles, added to the fact that he has been a colonist of New Zealand, almost from its foundation as a colony, and moreover, is a man of universal standing, entitle him to our unbiassed attention.

It is only possible here to give a brief *résumé* of the topics adverted to, referring our readers for fuller details to the volume itself, which will abundantly repay the perusal by those who care to understand the history of one of our most important colonies. As to the statistics of native forces, about fifty-six thousand souls, and twenty thousand fighting men, of whom only part joined the rebel movement, and of whom, we were told, two thousand only were in arms against us at one time, their miserable arms and "three old carronades, which they had got from wrecked ships, and which

* The following books have been received for review, and will be noticed shortly:—

Memoir of G. J. Mountain, D.D., late Bishop of Quebec. Sampson Low.

The North-West Passage by Land, by Lord Milton and Dr Cheadle. Cassell and Co.

Peace to the Heathen: a Series of Missionary Sermons, by the Rev. John Harding. Macintosh.

they only fired three or four times," are set against "ten thousand Queen's troops; five thousand military settlers under regular training; five frigates and sloops of war; two steamers belonging to the commissariat; and seven or eight sea and river-going steamers—one an iron-clad with turrets; another ball-proof against small arms—one large 110-pounder Armstrong, and two 40-pounders, with a great number of smaller guns, mortars," &c.; added to five hundred cavalry, well mounted. The picture is so pathetically unequal as to enlist our sympathy strongly on the side of the weaker combatant. And yet these savages have really carried on a long and not unsuccessful struggle with a civilised and warlike nation! This most disgraceful fact contains the gist of the present book. Fallacies, chiefly as to the treatment of the natives, are successively considered; former wars are recapitulated, and the steps which led to the present, narrated with minuteness. Some interesting plans and descriptions of *pahs*, or native forts, are given, and details of their successful defence, hardly creditable at times to British soldiers.

The original He Pai Marire, or Hau Hau fanaticism, occupies a chapter. Another is devoted to the lamentable dispute between Governor Grey and General Cameron.

The native question, in the author's opinion, is, however, only one of time; he believes that the race is melting away; and if there were no more war, it would soon be extinguished. Mr Fox's conclusion on the subject of the war is, that "had the colonists, from the first, been allowed to arrange their own relations with the native race, and conduct their own political intercourse, no serious difficulty would have arisen between the two races." Of course it is out of our power to corroborate or refute this statement; enough is recorded to give it much antecedent probability; whichever way the truth may lie, the whole story is one of the saddest and most humiliating within recent experience.

Work in the Colonies. Griffith & Farran.

As a book of reference, "Work in the Colonies" supplies a want which has long been felt. It gives in a concise form a history of the missionary operations of the Church of England in the colonies, as carried on during the last century and a half by the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel. It is chiefly compiled from the publications of that Society and from the *Colonial Church Chronicle*. The map, showing the position of all the existing colonial dioceses, and the illustrations, sixteen in number, have also been supplied by the Society.

In the second chapter an interesting sketch is given of the gradual increase of the British empire during the last two hundred years, and of the efforts which have been made from time to time by the Church to keep pace with these territorial additions:—

"The dominions of Queen Elizabeth," we are reminded, "never extended be-

yond the sea-girt coasts of England and Ireland; but when Queen Victoria ascended the throne, it was to rule over an empire more than seven times as large as that of her illustrious predecessor—an empire on which, it is popularly said, the sun never goes down, and (what must be a far more gratifying reflection to a thoughtful mind) in which the voice of prayer and praise to the Almighty Ruler of the universe—the Christian's God—is never wholly silent.

"Hour after hour that voice ascends to the throne of grace—now from the magnificent cathedrals, or more humble but time-honoured churches of our native isle—now from the log-built shrines of Newfoundland, and those by the frozen waters of the Canadian lakes. One after the other the congregations in the deep forests of the Red River settlement, and those upon the winding shores of furthest Oregon, gather themselves together as the hour reaches each, in their simple sanctuaries; and, as the matin bell peals from the fresh-built churches of New Zealand, the last hymn of even song is but just sinking into silence round the hallowed temples of the mother country, to rise again and again, as evening darkens into night, from each pure domestic shrine in a thousand happy English homes. When this, too, has ceased, and the busy, toil-worn multitude has sunk to rest, then the sun has risen over Calcutta, the bells from its beautiful cathedral tower are calling even then to morning prayer; soon the churches of Ceylon and Tinnevely take up the sound; next, those of the sea-girt Seychelles and of the South African colonies in their order, until the sacred circle is complete, and England wakes again to offer up her morning song of praise."

Some interesting facts are given, showing the progressive extension of the work of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel since its foundation in 1701. Its first year's income was only £1537. In fifty years it had only reached £3719, and, in a hundred years, only £6457; whilst, in 1851, it had increased to £147,476. The first Colonial Bishop was not consecrated until 1787; as many as forty-seven Colonial sees having been created since that time. The large increase during that period in the number of clergymen, now amounting to upwards of 1700, with more than 1,000,000 members of our communion under their pastoral care, shows how much is due to the fostering care and superintendence of these nursing fathers of our infant Colonial Church.

By comparison, then, the present generation has much cause for congratulation on the progress made; but much yet remains to be done; and the more we realise our responsibilities, the more do we feel the absolute necessity for still greater and more united efforts, for more liberal and more general almsgiving, for more earnest prayers, for more extended and systematic efforts to seek out and to train those who may go forth as labourers into the harvest. We hardly know, in fact, whether such a book as that before us, and which we heartily commend to all interested in the great work of which it treats, should really leave uppermost in our minds a sense of thankfulness for that which has been done, or of utter powerlessness to make any effort which shall really be commensurate with the greatness of that which yet remains undone and unattempted. As we think of the fewness, after all, of the labourers, the thought, "What are they amongst so many?" will intrude itself; and it is sometimes hard to realise that the apparent impossibility of the work is but intended to try our faith, and to see whether we are depending upon ourselves or upon Him, with whom nothing is impossible.

WAIFS AND STRAYS FROM FOREIGN LANDS.*

A SUNDAY IN THE AUSTRALIAN BUSH.

I CAME here on Saturday night, and yesterday (Sunday) Mr T——, an excellent specimen of a bush clergyman, held two services in the wool shed. He comes here four times a year. His cure,—you can hardly call it a parish,—or rather his home, is about seventy miles south of this. He has an immense circuit of duty, and is a most indefatigable rider, and hard worker. They calculate that he rides on an average two hundred miles weekly, in visiting the different stations to which he is attached, and the shepherds' huts belonging to them. Of course, during shearing time there are a great many men living at the station; and as the wool shed seemed to afford the best place for meeting, it was fitted up with extempore seats, and there was a very fair attendance. The ladies having declined to lead the singing, I at last undertook it, and was enabled to give them the Old Hundred, and a peculiar version of the Morning Hymn, in the morning; and Martyrdom, and the regular old grinding tune of the Evening Hymn, in the evening. The carpenter is considered to have a very good voice, and was pledged to back me up. This morning, directly after breakfast, Mr T—— started on horseback to visit some of the huts. He will be back again this evening, and will have ridden, I daresay, at least thirty miles, and the day is very hot, so his labours are by no means physically light. Of course, he always preaches extempore, and he does so very well.

THE "TIMES" IN THE BUSH.

I find the *T. L. News* the best chronicler of all, its information being in so much more suitable and lively a form for our bush life, and the getting news in batches is better than is any more full and detailed account. A neighbour of mine, a *quondam Johnian*, takes the *Times*, and the unhappy man has always a sack full, sometimes two, when he does get his papers. I could as easily fancy a man beginning at the folios at the bottom of your bookcase, and ascending to the Oxford edition of the classics, which grace the shelves above, for amusement, as of wading through that mass of news. When the proposed line of communication is established between the mother country and the colonies we shall feel more in the world. In many points we are still in an uncomfortable chrysalis state, between the Robinson-Crusoe grub and the gentleman-farmer butterfly.

* Being extracts (from private letters) sent to the Editor for publication.



MAP OF THE WORLD,
SHOWING
THE COLONIAL DIOCESES,
WITH THEIR
DATES OF CONSTITUTION.

The present Colonial Dioceses are shown thus, — CAPE TOWN †
1847.
Note.—GRAFTON & ARMIDALE (Australia) and NEW WESTMINSTER (North America) are proposed New Dioceses.



MISSION LIFE.

CENTRAL AFRICAN MISSION.

HOME WORK.

ALL SAINTS' DAY being the anniversary of the great meeting held at Cambridge in 1859, and of the foundation of the Universities' Mission, it is hoped that all who take an interest in the efforts of the Society then formed for the purpose of spreading the knowledge of the gospel through the vast regions of Central Africa, will assist the committee in an effort which it is proposed to make at that season to secure for this work a renewed sympathy and support, without which it is impossible that it can make any adequate progress. The Bishop of Oxford has promised to preside at a central meeting, to be held in London, on November 7, and special services, meetings, and lectures are being arranged about that time in other places.

THE UNIVERSITIES.

A special appeal is also about to be made to the Universities. It is now some seven years since those ancient seats of learning resolved to combine their resources, and to undertake some distinctive part in the Church's work abroad. The largest unoccupied sphere of missionary work in the world was chosen. It was to be no small effort, undertaken conjointly with other societies; but a branch of the Church in all its integrity was to be planted, and to be fostered and cared for by them—to be their special care until such time as it should be able to stand alone, and should thus set their energies free, possibly to undertake some similar work in other lands. The enthusiasm which an effort so worthy

of those by whom it was made could not fail to excite, found fit expression at the inaugural meeting in speeches which must still be fresh in the minds of many.

But in all great works a time must come when enthusiasm must be tested by a rude contact with difficulties which nothing but a long, patient, and laborious effort, and a deep-rooted and abiding sense of a great work to be done, not for man, but for God, can surmount. It is not only that the novelty wears off, and that the *éclat* is gone, but often experience shows that the work can only be carried out by a change of plan, involving at least a temporary abandonment of the very peculiarities which had lent to it its chief charm. The greater the original enthusiasm, the greater under such circumstances must be the consequent reaction.

Short of an entire abandonment of all connexion with the work, the reaction in the present case could not have been greater. The united contributions of the four Universities amounted last year just to £200, scarcely enough to support one missionary! The question now is, will a better feeling gradually gain ground again? Will those who find that the work cannot be carried on in their own way join heartily in the attempt to gain the same end by different means?

List of Contributions Received between Aug. 20 and Sept. 21, 1866.

(New Contributions are marked thus *)

ISLE OF WIGHT LIST.			£ s. d.		
Rev. H. STOKES, <i>Hon. Secretary.</i>					
	£	s. d.			
* Beever, Miss S.....	0	5 0	* Gregory, Rev. F. T.....	1	1 0
* Burland, Rev. J. C.....	0	5 0	* I. M.....Don.	0	5 0
* Hayton, Rev. G.....	0	5 0	* M. B. E.....	0	5 0
* Lee, Rev. W.....	0	5 0	* M'Hardy, Mrs Graham, in-		
* Le Mesurier, Rev. J.....	0	5 0	creased subs.,.....	0	10 0
* Mason, Rev. —.....	0	5 0	* Nunn, Mrs.....Don.	4	13 0
* Seaman, Rev. S.....	0	5 0	* Oldfield, Rev. G. B.....	1	1 0
* Southouse, Rev. G. W.....	0	5 6	* Thomas, Miss.....	1	0 0
* Stokes, Rev. H.....	0	5 0	* Thornton, Miss A., collected		
GENERAL LIST.			from class of girls at Sun-		
* Almack, Rev. Dr.....	1	1 0	day School.....	0	12 6
* Borradaile, Miss.....	1	1 0	Turner, Rev. J. R., two quar-		
* Cooke, Miss Helen.....Don.	0	5 0	ters' subscriptions,.....	0	5 0
* Dowling, Rev. Theodore E.,			* Vernon, Rev. W. T.....	1	1 0
collected by.....	2	5 0	Woodcock, T. Parry, Esq...	5	0 0
			COLLECTIONS.		
			Pulham, near Harleston,....	1	8 6
			Winchester, S. John's.....	1	18 8

FUTURE PLANS.

Our readers are all more or less acquainted with the circumstances which defeated the first effort to establish the Mission on

a permanent basis, and led to the changed plan of action, which, if from its nature necessarily slower in its operation, has received on all hands from those best qualified to form an opinion, the testimony that it is the one most likely, under God's blessing, to lead to the desired results. That plan is briefly this—to train simultaneously, at home and abroad, both English and native ministers and teachers, with a view to the earliest possible formation of stations in the interior of Africa. The Pongas Mission has before been alluded to, as affording an instance of what may be done in this way under apparently much less favourable circumstances. We say, less favourable, because the climate on the West Coast is acknowledged on all hands to be much more unsuitable for Europeans, so much so, that at the present time the whole work of that Mission is carried on by native agency. We may here quote the opinion of the Bishop of Barbadoes, under whose eye, it will be remembered, the Pongas missionaries were trained. Writing in reference to the proposed supply of one or more candidates for holy orders for the Central African Mission, from among the Creoles of African descent, now in training for mission work at Codrington College, and mentioning that one young man is already engaged for that purpose, he says, "Being ourselves engaged in a similar work, on the West Coast of Africa, we feel a lively interest in Bishop Tozer's work on the East, and for my own part, I cannot but regard it much more hopefully since the base of missionary operations has been removed from the continent, where it met with so much trial and disaster, to Zanzibar, and, moreover, that the work has been begun from the beginning in the training of negroes to be teachers, and guides, and examples to their negro brethren. It is what I have urged strongly upon our W. I. Church Association to attempt at Fotuba, one of the Isles de Los; and what, I trust, we shall ere long be able to commence in good earnest, having already an excellent locality for the purpose. The distance is great from Fortuba to Zanzibar; still we are allies in the same great warfare against the Powers of Darkness, which certainly have had possession of Africa long enough, and fearfully enough; but which by union under their one Lord, the soldiers of the Cross may still, in His name, venture to defy."

FOREIGN WORK.

We are sorry to have to report that recent letters speak of Bishop Tozer having been for some time seriously ill. By the latest accounts, he was sufficiently recovered to start with his sister for a cruise in one of the men-of-war on the station, in which a passage

was kindly offered to them. Dr Steere was anxiously expecting the arrival of Mr and Mrs Drayton, being himself obliged to look forward to an early return to England. In order to give Bishop Tozer the option of visiting England, should he find it necessary, the Rev. C. A. Alington, who originally went out with him, has kindly arranged, with the sanction, on behalf of the committee, of the Bishops of Oxford and Lincoln, to go out to Zanzibar again for a time.

In a recent letter received from H. Goodwin, he encloses a sketch of one of the native boys in the school. He says: "He is the smallest but one of the boys. He was taken out of the slave dhow captured by the *Wasp*. He is very lively and good-natured; if I want to draw for any length of time, he will sit or stand like a statue. He will be a handsome fellow when he grows up. He takes a great interest in art of all kinds, especially pictures of ships. To see him with a copy of the *Illustrated London News* would convert the most sceptical on the subject of the teachableness of the African."



M'GENDUA.

SEED-TIME AND HARVEST.

Sermon by the late Rev. JOHN KEBLE, (preached at Hursley, Sept. 15, 1864, at a Farewell Service to the Hawaiian Sisters,) kindly given for publication by the Rev. T. KEBLE.

ST JOHN iv. 36.

“And he that reapeth receiveth wages, and gathereth fruit unto life eternal; that both he that soweth and he that reapeth may rejoice together.”

THOSE whose hearts are in missionary work, cannot but be aware how many sayings there are in Holy Scripture which may be well termed missionary proverbs; such, for example, as our blessed Saviour’s “Freely ye have received, freely give,” and “He that receiveth you receiveth me;” and the most comfortable promise to him or her that giveth but a cup of cold water only: how many of His comparisons and narratives are missionary parables, turning on the future history of God’s kingdom, and the ways of advancing it, the mischief which would be done to it by the sin and carelessness of Christians. Every picture and similitude relating to the harvest, especially, may be said to have a missionary aspect. They, all of them, relate either to the work of conversion, or to the final judgment. Conversion is represented by the reaper’s work, gathering in souls, as sheaves, a few at a time; whereas, the final judgment will be the harvest of the whole earth, as it is written, “Gather the wheat into my barn.”

In all this, dear brethren, we see so many tokens of our Lord’s miraculous condescension, vouchsafing to appear to us, and remind us of Himself in all the commonest forms and processes of life, that all to a believing heart may be full of Him. And just now this love and care of His are brought strongly before us of this place. We have a particular call from Him to acknowledge Him as the Lord of both harvests—the harvest which provides food for our bodies, and the harvest which gathers in our souls to God. Yesterday we offered Him solemn thanks for the abundance of all the fruits of the earth; to-day we have been invited to draw near and call upon Him, with “all prayer and supplication in the Spirit,” to beg with all our hearts a blessing upon a particular work, brought, as it were, under our eyes; part of what His gracious providence seems now to be doing for the salvation of the isles afar. We read, in the Acts of the Apostles, of the inhabitants of a certain town bringing St Paul and

St Luke and others on their way, with wives and children, and kneeling down on the shore and praying with them and for them. So we are this day permitted to join our devotions with some who are on their way, being sent out by the Church, to take care, especially, of the young daughters of the people of the isles called Sandwich Islands, where the king and queen, and many of the principal persons, being already Christians, have sent to England for a Christian bishop. Bishop Staley—that is his name—some of you may remember him preaching to you in this place, and addressing you in the schoolroom; and he, after some two years' work, finds nothing more necessary for the good of the [people] than that Christian women should come over from England and help them. And we, my brethren, who are thus permitted to see them on their way, how can we do less than bid them God speed, and with all our heart pray for them? If we count their Master our Master, and their work His work, we shall be glad at least to do thus much, if we can do no more.

I wish now to remind you all, dear brothers and sisters, and myself also, of the words spoken by our loving Lord concerning the spiritual harvest, when wearied and thirsty for our sakes, He sat on the well of Samaria; wearied by our sins, and thirsting for the salvation of our souls. Wearied He is, and thirsty, but all His thought is of His work. Those to whom He was speaking were His own disciples, who were to be the chief workers under Him. To them the time of harvest labour seemed yet at a distance, but He saw it already beginning. "Say not ye, there are yet four months, and then cometh harvest? Behold, I say unto you, lift up your eyes and look on the fields, for they are white already to harvest." What was our Lord's meaning? Doubtless to quicken their minds and wishes for the work which they had to do for Him. They thought it was afar off; probably they had but faint ideas of it, and did not particularly long for it; so He, using a sort of proverb taken from harvest matters, stirs them up to be good and eager workmen.

"Lift up your eyes, and look on the fields"—as much as to say, "behold these men, these Samaritans, now coming out of the town of Sychar to see and hear me. Why are they coming? One of their town has been here—a woman; she came here, as men say, by accident. I spake to her heart, putting her in mind of her secret sins, and, behold, she is now as one doing the work of an evangelist. She has told her townsmen, and they are coming to see the Lord also; and when I shall have graciously stayed with them two days, they will own me

also, having heard me themselves, to be the Christ, the Saviour of the world." Was not that woman's a missionary work, as truly as theirs was to be to whom Christ was speaking of it? and had not she, by God's mercy, a share in the reward, the fruit, the joy, and the whole blessing, which our Lord went on to promise to them that reap in His field? "Already," He seems to say, "the reaper is there, and is beginning to earn wages and gather fruit; yes, the most blessed of all fruit, souls won unto life eternal. The harvest is begun, the harvest of souls, and ye may look on to the harvest-home of souls, when the sower and reaper shall rejoice together."

Of that joy I shall speak presently: but just consider now, my brethren, to whom our Lord seems to be promising it. Not to His apostles only, favoured and honoured as they were to be ordained as His regular ministers, and sent as His Father sent Him; but to that woman also, not one of the best, who seemed to have fallen in with Him by chance, and had taken such opportunities as she had of introducing her acquaintance to Him in a quiet way. She, if she go on in the faith she professes, is to have a part in whatever is intended by the promise: "He that reapeth receiveth wages, and gathereth fruit unto life eternal." May we not humbly take this for one of the many tokens He has given, that you all, men and women, whom His providence shall duly call at any time to do any part of a missionary's task, if you set about it with a missionary's heart, shall receive a missionary's reward?

But be it an apostle, or successor of the apostles, or be it a weak and tender woman, whom it has pleased our Lord thus to set to work in His field, depriving her, it may be, of earthly friends, and vouchsafing to take their place in her heart; or, without disappointment or bereavement, giving her grace to forsake all and follow Him; and opening the way for her to do so without neglect of any duty. The person, I say, whoever it be, whom our Lord has so favoured and honoured, must expect suffering, and that speedily. Why else is one bidden to "take up the cross?" and why is this ancient proverb also one of the watchwords of Christ's harvest-field? "They that sow in tears"—to them only the word is spoken—they "shall reap in joy." And, doubtless, such as devote themselves to such works as we are now thinking of—to say nothing of bitter separations, and all that is implied in the words, "forsaking all"—have, every one of them, this trial before them, to be like our father Abraham, the pattern of all faith, the head and archetype, before Christ, of all missionaries, in that, when he left his first home, he "went out, not knowing

whither he went." You have, each one of you, your own mission ; but to every one of you it is more or less uncertain. Perhaps you may appear now to yourself to see your way plain enough before you ; yet you know for certain, before you come to your work, that it will not be just what you looked for, but very far from it. Often and often it will be sadly disappointing : even as the husbandman knows beforehand that the weather and seasons are very uncertain ; and that he must make up his mind not seldom to a crop of briars and thorns instead of wheat. Moreover, we all know beforehand—and it is a most painful thought to the loving and dutiful heart—that we shall not always see our way, nor have some one at hand to direct us, and so we shall make mistakes, and mar the good work instead of furthering it : sometimes, alas ! even damage the souls we are most earnest to save. To this also we must make up our minds. Doubtless you have done so ; but how sad it often is ! How frequently have we to utter but too earnestly that affecting petition of the psalmist : " Oh let me hear thy loving-kindness betimes in the morning, for in thee is my trust ; show thou me the way that I should walk in, for I lift up my soul unto thee ! " S. Paul, the chief perhaps of human missionaries, went " bound in the spirit unto Jerusalem, not knowing the things that should befall him ; " only that the Holy Ghost gave him a general knowledge, that in every city bonds and afflictions were waiting for him.

These are recorded or noticed in Holy Scripture that people may be encouraged to go on, in either case, with submissive resignation—where they are distinctly bidden do it—where they are not bearing the burden of their uncertainty and responsibility, and still committing all doubt, as fast as it arises, to their Lord.

I suppose that in this particular mission the *general* line is clearly marked out ; but new unthought-of details will be continually arising. You will resort, as Abraham did, to the altar, and call on the God of Abraham for the graces you need ; and, with S. Paul, you will pray and communicate, communicate and pray : and as surely as he saw Christ in the temple, so surely, in His own good time, He will show you what you must do.

You will have, please God, many remembering you here—many prayers earnestly and affectionately said—often by those who would wish to follow you, if God's providence so pointed their way. Many waiting for news of your work, as men wait for letters and reports of friends and kinsmen out in the Queen's service ; and especially those connected with penitentiary work, who dwell in houses of the

highest kind of mercy : for your work, if I rightly understand, will probably, in an especial manner, correspond with theirs, to cure or assuage, but rather, by God's blessing, to prevent the sin and misery which employs their charity here,—teaching the young persons with whom God may intrust you to know their high calling, and the glory and bliss of purity.

There are encouragements here, and surely we may say in thankfulness that there are great encouragements there. It has pleased Him to bring that to pass in Hawaii, which He hath wrought in divers countries on which He was looking with an eye of compassion : in our own, as you know, for one. The conversion of England began in some sort from a queen ; and in Hawaii He has raised up a queen of whom I will only say thus much—taking it from a letter which I received yesterday from the Bishop of Honolulu himself : “She seeks her consolation,” (for you know that within a short time she has had to part from her only child first, and then from her husband.) “She seeks her consolation in God, and in furthering the work of His Church, and is ever at the side of the sick and dying.” Surely we are not wrong in accepting this as a happy token of what is to come.

In this and in many other respects, I doubt not your experiencing the truth of that other proverb, which our Lord uttered at the well by Sichem for the encouragement of His missionaries : “One soweth, and another reapeth.” Your chosen field is far from being altogether wild and rough : others have been labouring there ; and you the first mission sisters whom the English Church will [have sent out] will now have to enter on the fruit of their labours. Be it more or less, it will be an earnest of the Holy Spirit working in the hearts [of the people], to prepare them for the further help which He has disposed you to offer them.

Of this men see and hear ; but He who has promised to be with us has deep mysterious ways, ways of working in silence to bring about the good which He is providing for those whom He sees fit for His kingdom ; and it becomes us humbly to brace up our faith and hope by meditating sometimes on those His unrevealed means of grace. Who knows but at this very time, somewhere in the country to which our thoughts are being drawn, tender women, mothers, wives, and sisters, in temptation, or in trouble for others who are so, may be praying for just such help as you by His grace will bring to them. God grant that there may be many such prayers—that ours may be worthy to meet them, as it were, in the air, and that both may go up as sweet incense for a memorial before God. Who knows

but that there may be some "woman of Samaria," the course of whose life may be receiving such a turn from God's providence, even in the very sins which He permits but overrules, that by and by she may come, as it were by accident, to the place where some of you will be, and bring a heart ready to hear the words of love and truth which you will say? O my dear brothers and sisters, were it but one soul won in this or any other way to faith in Christ and eternal life, how great, how glorious, how unspeakably sweet and blessed the portion of him or her whom God shall so employ! Think of the apostle's saying, "That I may present you as a chaste virgin to Christ." And think, each one of you, what it must be to have the witness of the Lord himself from His throne of glory, "Thou, even thou, hast been My instrument in bringing this sinner to penitence and perfection; well done, good and faithful servant; do thou—with him or her whom thou hast brought to Me—enter into the joy of thy Lord."

We know not what that "joy" will be, but thus much we know, that it will in part be the same joy which is felt in heaven, in the presence of the angels of God, over one sinner that repenteth, the same joy of which He spake, when He promised His true missionaries not only wages in this world,—the comfort of His loving presence and the delight of working for Him only,—but fruit gathered unto life eternal; when "He that soweth"—that is the Son of man himself—"and he that reapeth," shall "rejoice together."

God only knows which of us all will persevere and win that crown; but we and you may humbly thank Him and take courage from the very lessons providentially read to-day. Our cause cannot fail, for it is written, "The earth shall be filled with the knowledge of the glory of the Lord, as the waters cover the sea," (Hab. ii. 14.) Our strength will be proportioned to our need; for we have Him with us who twice fed thousands with a basket full of bread and fish, (Matt. xv. 32,) who has built a home on the rock for such as take up His cross. We hear His prophet resolving, that if all seem failing on earth, he will "rejoice in the Lord," he will "joy in the God of his salvation," (Hab. iii. 18.) And, what seems to come very near to you, my sisters, we have many of the women, S. Paul's fellow-labourers, the like of those concerning whom he says, "Their names are in the book of life,"—we have them reckoned up one by one, with most affectionate blessings sent from a far land and acknowledgments of labour—"much labour"—done "in the Lord," (Rom. xvi.)

And He has sealed all these good words to us by permitting us to partake of His blessed Sacrifice and Sacrament.

Is it not, we may humbly think, as if we heard His voice saying, "Go forth in the strength of the Lord God"—only have no selfish ends—"make mention of His righteousness only."

THE CHURCH IN HAWAII.

No. II.

IN the last number of this Magazine a sketch was attempted of the social and religious condition of the Hawaiian or Sandwich Islands at the time the first emissaries of our Church—or its apostles, as they might be called with equal propriety—set foot in the capital, Honolulu. Politically, the realm was already organised, and a limited monarchy had for many years been the form of government there. The warrior king, Kaméhaméha I., had, in the first years of the present century, consolidated all the separate islands under one rule; and the fourth monarch of his name was reigning, if not with great power, with humane and enlightened authority, in 1861.

Kaméhaméha IV., the late king, and Kaméhaméha V., the present king of Hawaii, then the Princes Alexander Liholiho and Lot Kaméhaméha, had visited Europe and America in the year 1851. Although young, they were of age sufficient to understand and appreciate what they saw of European civilisation, and possessing unusual intelligence and observation, the visit made a powerful impression on them, and was fraught with important consequences to the future of the islands. A yearning for England had long been a sort of tradition amongst many Hawaiians; but England had not been very demonstrative, and America was nearer and far more numerously represented in the islands. After the visit of the royal youths to Europe, however, more definite ideas of England and France, more knowledge of their manners and their institutions supplied the place of that vague inclination in the minds of the princes. They were kindly received in London and at the Court of the Tuileries, and probably the aristocratic form of society in Europe was more consonant to their sympathies than democratic America, as members of a feudal and monarchical people. Kaméhaméha IV. succeeded to the throne in 1854, and soon afterwards married Emma, the adoptive

daughter of Dr Rooke, an English physician, many years settled in Honolulu. She was granddaughter to John Young, an Englishman who settled in the islands, and married a chiefess of high rank, and whose memory is highly respected there. He left two daughters, by name Grace and Fanny Kakela, of whom the former married Dr Rooke, and the other was mother to the Queen Emma, who, from her infancy, was adopted and educated by him. This alliance, no doubt, increased the young king's English tendencies.

Although the American missionaries, from whom the king had received his education, had in many respects reason to be proud of their pupil, and had striven—and not altogether in vain—to impress the great truths of Christianity upon his mind; yet they had failed to make him what could be called a religious man. From some cause, probably from several causes, he revolted from their teaching, and he did not regulate his conduct by their code. Nevertheless, the good seed they had sown was not lost. After a time it sprang up and brought forth fruit, although not precisely that which the sowers looked for.

The responsibilities and experiences of government, increasing acquaintance with the needs of his people, a happy marriage, the new interests and anxieties of paternity—these things combined awoke in the young king the dormant earnestness that was in his character, and aroused in him nobler and higher aims and aspirations. He felt his own and his people's spiritual needs—there was something he sought in vain in the Calvinism that surrounded him—nor, when he turned to the French Romanists settled amongst his people, was he satisfied. His heart turned to England and England's Church; he provided himself with books, he read upon the subject, the latent idea grew into strong conviction, and at last into definite action: an appeal for the establishment of the English Church was made to England, and was responded to. It is interesting to know that it was a subject of conversation between the king and queen in what way this would be accomplished, and of their wishing that an Episcopal See should be founded in their islands. We need not here dwell upon the manner in which the Mission was gradually organised, but will only briefly say that, with the help and support of the Bishop of Oxford, and with the sanction and cordial approval of the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Bishops of London and Chichester, a little band left England in August 1862, under the leadership of Bishop Staley. Glad and thankful as the friends of the Mission were at Dr Staley's consecration, the day was

a mournful one, for it was the morrow of the death of the late Prince Consort, and no one can forget what a gloom fell on the land that day. Bishop Staley's company consisted, besides his own family, of the Rev. G. Mason, his wife, and child, and the Rev. E. Ibbotson. Another clergyman and his family preceded them by a different route.

The Bishop and his party had a prosperous voyage; but again the shadow of death fell upon them at its completion. The first news they received in the harbour of Honolulu was that of the death of the Prince of Hawaii. Their initiatory public ceremonial was to have been the baptism of the royal child—one of their especial duties his education. Many were the plans, and fond the hopes of his parents and of the nation for this boy, and deep the sorrow for his loss. The king and queen were absent and in retirement on the Bishop's arrival; but he and all his party were received with the utmost kindness, and with every mark of honour and respect, and the king and queen hurried back to welcome them. With all speed they fitted up their temporary wooden church, so as to give it as much of an ecclesiastical character as possible; but they sighed for a more appropriate temple for their worship. They held a service, however, the next morning "in native," which was well attended; and in a very short time they had organised a choir. By the aid of Mr Ibbotson's musical attainments, and most Hawaiians having correct ears and sweet voices, that part of the service was soon satisfactorily in train. The clergy had all begun the study of the language on the voyage, and had made some progress; but it was, of course, some time before they acquired sufficient command of it to preach or converse.

To the king they owed a great and unexpected assistance. He had undertaken the task of translating into Hawaiian our English Book of Common Prayer. The labour had solaced some of his sad hours after his great bereavement; and when the Bishop arrived, the work was nearly complete. He wrote a preface* to it in Hawaiian for his people, the English translation of which will excite feelings of surprise as well as of admiration in its readers. It is certainly a remarkable production, remembering the author's country, position, and education. The king produced upon every member of the party a strong and most favourable impression; and before long, was warmly endeared to them by his kindness to themselves, by his sorrows, and by the unusual interest of his mind and character. The bishop speaks of him in his journal with warm affection: he lived in

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daily and intimate intercourse with him for the last year and a half of the king's life, and that intercourse continually strengthened his attachment and admiration. In Mrs Mason's letters home, she speaks of the charm of his manner, of his playfulness, his courtesy, his consideration for others, his lively interest in everything that could in any way raise or benefit his people. He was very earnest and energetic in forwarding all the Bishop's plans. He accompanied him on his mission tours; he assisted in the establishment of schools, and was especially anxious for the commencement of a girls' school, which was accordingly soon started under Mrs Mason. Mr Mason and Mr Ibbotson also were speedily engaged in this all-important labour of education. With services both in English and native, many and frequent, it will be readily perceived that the labour imposed on every member of the mission was very heavy,—and the greater the success, the heavier grew their task. A district visiting-society, too, was established; and many of the leading ladies, both native and foreign, headed by the young queen, gave their services, and grievous was the revelation of ignorance, degradation, and superstition that followed such an inspection. The magnitude of their work, and the smallness of their means, became more and more apparent to the missionaries. They gave all their powers to it, and looked anxiously to England for help. Alas! it was long in coming. Perhaps the evil most painfully evident was the low condition of the females. A life of idleness and vice deprives them of every attraction. Chastity seemed almost unknown. The women make bad wives and bad mothers, partly from immorality, partly from utter ignorance of the commonest rules of health or of domestic management. The children, whose birth is not welcome, because they give trouble, die away from neglect, from bad food, from no food, from the most preposterous mismanagement; and the mothers are just as careless and as helpless about themselves. To train and teach young Hawaiian girls so as to fit them for wives and mothers, to withdraw them as early as possible from evil associates, to lead them as much as possible to substitute English for their own language, which is terribly corrupt—this was an immediate need. Mrs Mason's school was soon overflowing. She found the children docile, intelligent, and affectionate, but needing great patience, firmness, and watchfulness. But the training, teaching, dressing, amusing, nursing, and providing for thirty children of all ages, was too much for the health and powers of one person, however able, active, and devoted.

(To be continued.)

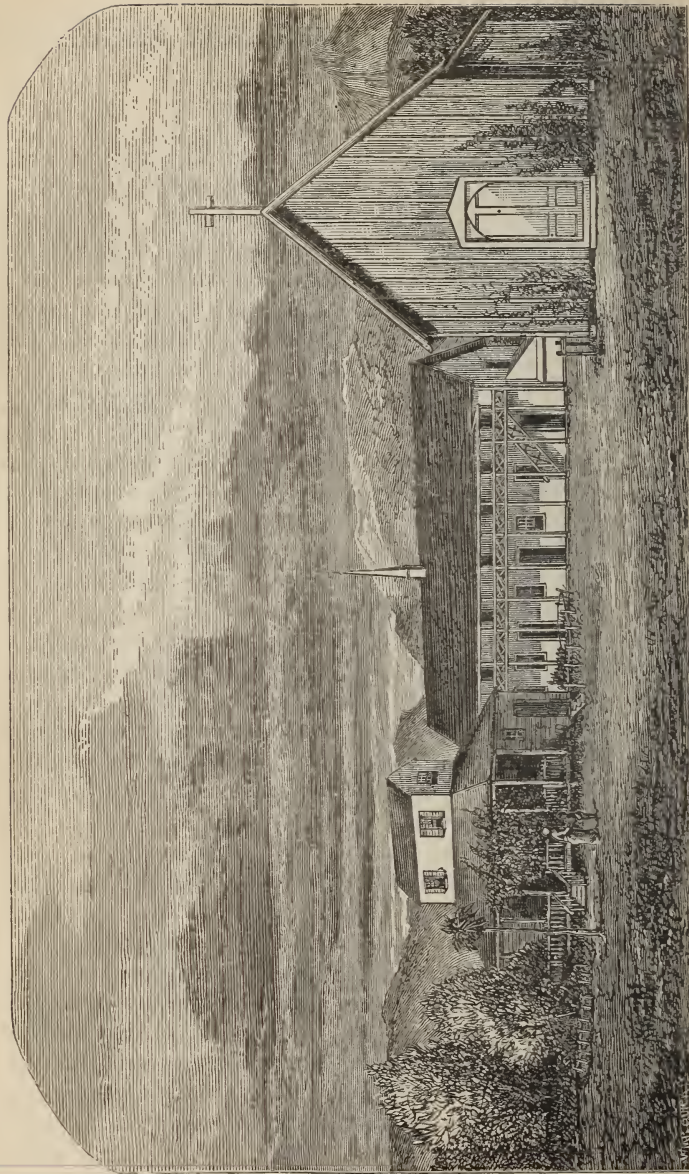
EXPLANATIONS OF ENGRAVINGS FROM HONOLULU PHOTOGRAPHS.

(By the Rev. E. IBBOTSON.)

S. ALBAN'S COLLEGE was established in 1864. It was commenced in a building adjoining the church, but as the pupils increased in numbers, it was found necessary to remove to more spacious and better adapted premises a mile out of Honolulu, upon a most suitable piece of land at the junction of the Nuuanu and Pauoa valleys. The buildings now consist of a large house eighty feet long, which provides a school-room, dining-room, and dormitories for the boys ; a residence for the warden, washing and bath-houses, and a college chapel.

The situation is cool and pleasant. The winds from the mountains blow over it, and being on high ground it overlooks the city, bay, and harbour of Honolulu, and the shipping entering and leaving the port. There are daily choral services in the college chapel, with frequent celebrations of the blessed sacrament. The boys are all musically inclined, and take a great interest in singing. The choir of the Cathedral in Honolulu is supplied from this college. There are about thirty pupils (boarders) and a few day scholars. The present warden is the Rev. R. B. Post, a priest of the American Church, who joined the Bishop of Honolulu on his late visit to the United States. The college has, by God's blessing, thriven more than could be expected. It has gained the confidence of the king, the government, and the inhabitants of the country, and it is hoped that the present infant institution may prove to be the foundation of a future thriving and important missionary college on a large scale.

Adjoining the college is the country residence of one of the most earnest and devoted members of the Hawaiian Church, the Hon. David Kalakaua, a portrait of whom is given. He is a chief of very high birth, and was educated in one of the English schools when a boy, and is happily conversant with the English language. He joined the English mission immediately after the arrival of the bishop and clergy, not because the late king did so, but from a thorough conviction that the English Church was the purest branch of the Holy Catholic Church. He had read many theological works before the Mission arrived, and studied church history to no small extent, so that he could grasp the doctrines of the sacraments, apostolic succession, &c. He was among the first who presented themselves for confirmation. About a year after, he was married to a



S. ALBAN'S MISSIONARY COLLEGE, HONOLULU.

native lady named Kapiolani. They both spend much of their time in church work. Kapiolani is the secretary of a working society, of which Queen Emma is superintendent, and also one of a band of district visitors. They are both members of the Hawaiian choir ; while Kalakaua often assists in the English choir also. He is a brother of "the Guild of S. Alban," which was established in the earliest days of the Mission ; the members are communicants, and bind themselves to work in any way in which they can further the objects and interests of the Church—such as bringing children to baptism and confirmation, making known the principles of the Church, enlisting new members, church decorations, assisting in funerals, visiting the sick, and reporting cases to the clergy. The guild meets monthly in the church for prayer and meditation. Kalakaua is the king's chamberlain, secretary to the Privy Council, member of the House of Nobles, and colonel of the household troops. When not occupied in his official duties he will sit for hours, day after day, in his verandah reading books which he has borrowed from our libraries upon theological and historical subjects. He enjoys, for instance, such works as Bingham's "Antiquities," Hooker's "Ecclesiastical Polity," Robertson's "Church History," &c. Kalakaua hopes some day to visit England. We are quite sure that if ever he carries out his wish, the English Church will give him a hearty welcome.



Yours truly
L. Kalakaua

AFRICA : ITS COASTS AND ITS EARLY MISSIONS.

(By the Ven. H. P. WRIGHT, M.A., Archdeacon of Columbia.)

CHAPTER I.

(Continued from p. 294.)

EARLY CHRISTIANITY IN AFRICA—RISE, PROGRESS, AND FALL.

FROM Egypt to Ethiopia we naturally turn to Carthage, but unhappily history tells us very little of the first planting of the cross in that renowned city. Indeed, all is a complete blank until suddenly, at the close of the second century, we find a wide-spread Christianity, extending over all the Roman provinces of Northern Africa, with one of the most eloquent and learned of the fathers, the great Tertullian, telling of a firmly-established church and its noble bearing during a period of violent Roman persecution.

The infant church of Carthage seems to have acted more wisely than that of Alexandria. Alexandria had at a very early period entangled itself in learned speculations of various kinds. It had, moreover, sought out in the East, and particularly in the districts of Arabia, its sphere for active missionary work, whereas the Christians of Carthage appear, in a special manner, to have directed their whole attention to planting and establishing the Church of Christ in their own native land. And well it was so, for there was a large field before them. Carthage, it must be remembered, after its reconstruction by Julius Cæsar, raised itself to be the second city of the world. Its geographical position, as well as the statecraft of the Roman government, tended to make it so. It was the seat of a Roman proconsulate, and besides its flourishing trade by sea, carried on large commercial intercourse with the tribes of the interior. Its splendour and magnificence were deemed fit subjects for poets. In its streets vast crowds of people gathered together from all nations, and then again separated, to spread themselves over the face of the earth. From the desert of Barca to the shores of the Atlantic, the successors of the old Phœnician inhabitants, as well as hordes of African nomads, had settled themselves in powerful tribes within its boundaries, or wandered with their herds over its fertile plains. Thus, as far as the unconquered Gætuli, the way was open to the missionaries of Christ to carry fearlessly their message of salvation.

In their progress they, like missionaries of our own day, found supports and trials closely linked together. One great advantage was the wisely spread Latin language. From the day in which the country was conquered by the Romans, colonists had settled there in large numbers. Not only did the capital swarm with Romans, who had been attracted by the love of gain, or the ease of getting a livelihood, but they were found in great numbers throughout all the towns and villages. Indeed, so speedily did the Roman population increase that one large town after another rose up, among which Utica, Adrumet, Hippo, &c., are well known. Thus the Roman language soon became the chief means of intercourse throughout the African provinces. This fact tended greatly to facilitate the progress of Christianity among a large and important portion of the population.

On the other hand, a few of the inhabitants were successors of the earliest colonists, a Punic race, speaking Phœnician, a tongue nearly related to the Hebrew. These, as usual, had been pushed out from the cities into the country, and were chiefly occupied with agriculture. Their strange language rendered missionary work in this quarter far more difficult. Augustine complains in many places of his epistles (Ep. 209, 84, 66, &c.) of this serious drawback, mentioning particularly the fact that so few of the clergy could be found who spoke the Phœnician language. This obstacle, we may believe, had not always been found so difficult to deal with, since, in the writings of Cyprian, a great number of bishops with Phœnician names are mentioned, whose missionary labours were entirely confined to their own people.

A third class consisted of indigenous Africans, Numidians, and Mauritanians, who, in the course of centuries, had become partially united with the Phœnician settlers into one people, but continued to use their own language, which was different in every way from the Phœnician and Roman. Like their descendants in Barbary of our own days, they led a wandering life, roving with their numerous herds of cattle through the mountain districts, as far as the present kingdom of Morocco. This strangeness of tongue and unfixedness of abode made them very inaccessible to Christian influence. In later times, however, the sound of the gospel did reach even these. S. Augustine, in his 80th Epistle, observes, "With us there are still innumerable races of Barbarians, to whom the doctrines of Christ have not yet been declared, which is daily to be seen from the numerous prisoners who are brought in to become the slaves of the Roman colonists." He then adds, "For a few years past some of these races

which lie on the borders, and have no chiefs of their own, have betaken themselves to the protection of the Roman government, and they are now under Christian guidance." Arnobius also relates that in his time "many nomads of Gætulia and Mauritania had received the faith in Christ," which probably is only to be understood of those who lived in Roman Africa, since the history of this and later centuries has given us no certain token that the knowledge of Christ ever penetrated the Sahara desert, or any part of the interior of Africa.

We have thus seen the early missions of the Church in Africa were remarkably successful. In the second century Christianity was firmly fixed in Egypt, and throughout the proconsulate of Carthage. Before the middle of the fourth century it was the acknowledged faith of Ethiopia; and among the many great names which adorn the history of the Church in its first struggles against the world, none are more renowned than those of bishops who laboured in behalf of souls in Africa.

So that Christianity had become dominant over the whole of then known Africa, and had gathered in from her sons holy and learned defenders of the faith. But unhappily, beyond these pleasing truths the history of the African Church has a sad tale to tell of ungodly divisions and cruel strife, of dark heresy, and gross immorality, which received at the hands of God so speedy a visitation, that before the close of the seventh century Mohammedanism had swept over the churches of Alexandria and Carthage, and left but a miserable wreck behind. Of the Church of Carthage nothing remains to this day. Of the Church of Egypt, once the great champion of truth, the two opposing communions, Copts and Catholics, into which it is so unhappily divided, still exist; but the latter is a mere name, the former a melancholy picture of depraved Christianity. In Cairo the Copts, under a Christian patriarch and Mohammedan ruler, drag out a wretched existence, spiritual and temporal, while their brethren in the faith, the Abyssinians, living under a Christian king and a Metropolitan, allied only ecclesiastically with Egypt, are in an easier, and, if one may say it of such an afflicted church, in a somewhat less paralysed condition.

CHAPTER II.

PORTUGUESE DISCOVERIES ON THE WESTERN AND EASTERN COASTS
OF AFRICA.

As our attention must now be directed mainly to the more southern coasts of Africa, the question at once arises—When was south Africa first visited by civilised men? We answer, certainly at a very early period indeed. Herodotus speaks positively as to the fact of Africa being a peninsula. “As for Libya we know it to be washed on all sides by the sea, except where it is attached to Asia.” He then, as a proof of his statement, tells us that “this discovery was first made by Necho, the Egyptian king, who, on desisting from the canal which he had begun between the Nile and the Arabian Gulf, sent to sea a number of ships manned by Phœnicians, with orders to make for the pillars of Hercules, and return to Egypt through them and by the Mediterranean. The Phœnicians took their departure from Egypt by way of the Erythæan sea, and so sailed into the Southern Ocean. When autumn came, they went on shore wherever they might happen to be, and having sown a tract of land with corn, waited until the grain was fit to cut. Having reaped it, they again set sail, and thus it came to pass that two whole years went by, and it was not till the third year that they doubled the pillars of Hercules and made good their voyage home. On their return they declared, (I for my part do not believe them, perhaps others may,) that in sailing round Libya they had the sun upon their right hand. In this way was the extent of Libya thus discovered.” The circumstance that as they sailed “*they had the sun upon their right hand*,” is incontrovertible evidence of the fact, intrinsically so hard for one then living to credit, that Africa was circumnavigated by the Phœnicians as early as the seventh century of our era.*

Sir Gardiner Wilkinson draws a further conclusion. He infers from Necho’s ordering the Phœnicians to come round by the pillars of Hercules, that the form of Africa must have been already known, and that therefore this was not the first expedition which had gone round it.† He also observes, in support of Herodotus, that the sowing and reaping grain “is less surprising in an African climate, where barley, doora, peas, &c., are reaped in from three months to one hun-

* Rawlinson, “Herod.,” vol. i. p. 101.

† Ibid., vol. iii. p. 34, note.

dred days after sowing, and vegetables in fifty or sixty days.”* We have also some particulars of a voyage made by Hanno, a Carthaginian, who took the opposite course to that of Necho. Passing through the pillars of Hercules and touching at Gades, he returned by the end of the Arabian Gulf. Colonel Wilkie, an able geographer, not only believes in these early expeditions round the Cape of Good Hope, but thinks that a combination of natural causes rendered them by no means so difficult as would at first appear. “After leaving the Straits of Babelmandeb and doubling Cape Guardafui, they would have, during the N.E. monsoon, a fair wind until they were well to the southward and westward of Madagascar, and keeping along shore they would soon fall into the powerful current that runs along the L’Agullas bank to the westward.”†

But whatever knowledge the ancients may have had of Southern Africa, we may consider that it was soon lost to the world, and that up to the time of the conquest of Northern Africa by the Saracens, its eastern shores had been unvisited by Europeans beyond the Straits of Babelmandeb, and that on the west they had never sent a vessel much farther south than the limits of Mauritania. Pliny, it is true, mentions the Fortunate Islands, giving Canaria as the name of one of them, and declares them uninhabited. Plutarch also mentions the Fortunate Islands, but with inhabitants, who believed them to be “the seats of the blessed.” Ptolemy goes so far as to name the Cape fronting the Fortunate Islands, “Canaria Extrema.” But those notices do not in the least disturb our conclusion as to the extent of geographical knowledge in Europe at the commencement of the eighth century, inasmuch as the Fortunate Islands lie so close to Mauritania that they may fairly be considered within the limits we have prescribed.

For six centuries after the occupation of North Africa by the Arabs, maritime enterprise was almost unknown to Europe; but early in the fourteenth century our attention is again drawn to the Fortunate Islands. About the year 1330 a French ship was accidentally driven by a storm among these islands, and the captain, on his return to France, entered a Spanish port and gave an account of his discovery. Upon this, a Spanish nobleman, named Don Luis, procured a grant of the Fortunate Islands from Pope Clement VI., upon condition that he would cause the gospel to be preached to the natives. To show the utter ignorance of those times, we may state that when the grant was made the English ambassadors, who then happened to be

* Rawlinson, “Herod,” vol. iii., p. 35, note. † *United Service Journal*, Feb. 1841.

at Rome, were so alarmed that they despatched an express to England, in order that the conveyance might be stayed, imagining that by the Fortunate Islands Great Britain alone could be intended. Having secured the Pope's grant, Don Luis at once obtained a licence from the King of Arragon to equip a fleet ; but was prevented by death from carrying out his plan. This unforeseen event delayed communication with the Fortunate or Canary Islands until about the year 1370, when an adventurous Spaniard, Don Ferdinando, landed on the island of Gomera, and made so favourable an impression, that the King Amalvige and many of his people were baptized, and a priest left behind to instruct the islanders in their new faith. The priest, we read, died shortly after the departure of Don Ferdinando ; but not before he had converted a large number of the natives, and prepared the way for a kind reception of any Spaniards who for the future might visit them. That these visits were not so rare as many suppose, we may conclude from the fact, that in 1406 the Spaniards were so dominant, that John de Belancourt, commonly but erroneously called the discoverer of the Canary Islands, on leaving for Spain, ordered his nephew to build two churches in Lancerata ; and in 1407 so firmly was Christianity fixed in four of the islands, that Pope Benedict XIII. appointed Albert, a Franciscan friar, bishop of the Canary Islands, with the title of Bishop of Rubicon. We have spoken more at length of this early discovery, because its history tells us of the first successes of Christianity on the western shores of Africa.

During the whole of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, we find the Spaniards and Portuguese remarkable for their spirit of maritime adventure. Indeed, it is impossible to over-estimate their daring and endurance. Would that they had been as distinguished for Christian gentleness ! But our attention will now be confined entirely to the Portuguese as they directed their earliest researches, more particularly to Africa and the East, whilst their rivals, the Spaniards, applied themselves chiefly to the conquest of the New World. And here I may observe, that the more important voyages of the Portuguese southwards were the result of accident,—or, to speak more wisely, the will of a kind Providence directing war to a good end. At the beginning of the fifteenth century, Prince Henry of Portugal, nephew of our Henry IV., was engaged with his father in an expedition against the Moors of Barbary, which proved so successful that at last the important city of Ceuta fell into the hands of the conquerors. The young prince, being a zealous geographer, and

yearning to discover a new way to India, made close inquiries of the natives about Africa and its various tribes. The answers he received were deemed so encouraging, especially with respect to a rich country on the coast of Guinea, that he determined to turn his attention in that direction, and, if possible, sail round Africa, and so secure for Portugal the vast stores of wealth which had hitherto been at the exclusive command of Genoa and Venice. Nor was the object of Prince Henry merely to obtain worldly advantage for his country. He possessed largely a noble desire, very prevalent in his days, to convey the bright truths of the gospel to the dark places of the earth.

An expedition, consisting of two small vessels, was fitted out by the prince in 1415, which not only succeeded in doubling the long-dreaded Cape Nun, but advanced nearly 200 miles further along the coast. There the sea was found so boisterous, that the captain, afraid to proceed, turned his vessel homewards. The promontory which so much alarmed him was the renowned Cape Bojador, which was doubled in 1433 by Gilianez, who gave to it its present name. In a second expedition during the following year, Gilianez sailed 120 miles farther south; and in 1440, Antonio Gonzales made Cape Blanco in lat. $20^{\circ} 47'$, leaving it to be doubled in 1443 by the daring Nunno Tristan.

The successes of these early navigators induced some of the more spirited of the Portuguese to form a company for the encouragement of African discovery. Under their auspices, Dinis Fernandez sailed due south from Blanco, and reached Cape Verde $14^{\circ} 28'$, N. lat., in 1446; and in the following year, Lancerote discovered a large river between Cape Blanco and Cape Verde, which he named Sanagà, the same now known on our maps as the Senegal.

The progress, it will be observed, is throughout very gradual. In 1447, Nunno Tristan advanced nearly 200 miles beyond Cape Verde, and discovered the Rio Grande, on the banks of which river he and nearly all his crew were slain by the natives. Between 1449 and 1462, all the Cape Verde Islands were visited by Antonio di Noli, a Genoese in the service of Prince Henry. In 1467, the coast of Sierra Leone was reached; in 1469 the navigation extended to the Grain Coast; and during that year, Fernando Po discovered the island now known by his name, but formerly called Hermosa, (the Fair.) At length, in 1471, the line was passed by John de Santarem and Pedro de Escalona, who succeeded in making Cape St Catherine in $2^{\circ} 30'$ S. lat.

This was the farthest point reached during the reign of Alphonso, who died in 1481, and was succeeded by his son John II., who came to the throne an object of envy to the monarchs of Europe, with his high title of the "Lord of Guinea," assumed by him in virtue of a Papal grant, which conferred upon him all lands lying to the south of Cape Bojador. To make this title more than a name, it was necessary to form a settlement upon some part of the coast most convenient for commerce. It was therefore determined, in 1481, to build a factory on the Gold Coast, which received the name "El Mina," (the mine,) and was made the capital of the Portuguese African possessions. Christianity was, as usual, at once set before the idolatrous natives, and it is said that many readily accepted its great truths. But its teachers could expect no lasting blessing upon their labours, seeing that the very first gains of Christians at El Mina were the fruits of an active traffic in slaves and gold dust. The spirit of those noble missionaries who first declared Christ to Western Africa and its islands we are compelled to admire; but deeply is it to be lamented that they lived in an age which permitted them to sanction that trade in human beings which, to this very moment, has been Africa's curse and torment.

(To be continued.)

A JOURNEY ON THE RIVER SHIRE.

(Continued from page 288.)

It was a lovely morning as we left our hut on the day after our arrival at Mankokwe's village. The sun was just rising over the top of Mount Choro in front of us, brightening the masses of white mist as they slowly floated up the valley beneath, and giving to the sky that peculiar bluish gray colour, which promised a fine day for our ascent of the mountain. We were late in starting, owing to the tardiness of the people in bringing anything to sell for breakfast; but employed the interim in talking to Mankokwe, who gave us the required permission to proceed on our journey, and seemed very favourably inclined towards our proposed change of residence. Knowing, however, that any display of eagerness would simply damage our cause by exciting his suspicions, we did not press the matter to-day,

intending to come and ask his decision another time ; but, as will appear in the sequel, our real difficulty lay in quite a different direction.

The Rundu's attire, I am sorry to say, suggested the idea of former dealings with the Portuguese, and that in a traffic we could have little doubt about, when we remembered that the tribute, paid periodically by the sub-chiefs of his country, consisted almost entirely of slaves. Last evening he came into our hut habited in a wide-sleeved surtout of brilliant orange (such as we knew to be a favourite style of dress at Quelimane), minus, of course, trousers or boots ! Then this morning he appeared in a white shirt, with blue collar and wristbands, and red buttons, very like part of the uniform of the Portuguese soldiers. We gave him a present of some ornaments and cloth, and having provided us with a guide, he bade us farewell in as cordial and friendly a manner as we could wish.

After crossing the river in a canoe, we soon reached the foot of the hills. Following our guide Chapongwi, a capital "son of Mankokwe," we soon came to a good-sized village, with a very civil fellow for chief, by name Namatucha ; he was sitting with several other men round him in the middle of the village as we entered, but no surprise was shown, our guide evidently being an old acquaintance. While we were talking, one of the men whispered to another that the English were come to buy slaves. William's quick ear at once caught the words, and addressing the man, he publicly reproved him for uttering such a calumny, and showed that he was wrong in a manner that seemed greatly to amuse the rest,—people who wanted slaves did not climb mountains for them ; they went to the great chiefs in the valleys. It appeared, however, that what had caused the remark was the fact of a slaving party being then on the other side of the mountain : they did not belong to the Senna or Tette people, but came from some tribe to the northward, or from the Arabs. The people told us there was a small village above this, and the evening not having yet begun to draw on, we resolved to go forward ; but as they said the people there would be afraid of us, we obtained one of Namatucha's people to be our guide and introduce us.

The plateau we had just left proved to be the commencement of a broad ridge sloping upwards, broken into numberless small hills and dells, and flanked on both sides by higher hills, some of them as singular as they were beautiful. The scenery was altogether very attractive, with the green of forest depths on the hillsides, and the little stream pouring over its bed of rocks and stones under shadowing

boughs of lofty trees, or overhung by magnificent bamboos which grew in abundance on the verge. The grass, too, now changed its character, and instead of the low tufted species which prevails on the drier parts of the plain below, our path lay through patches of that which is found on the highlands—long, straight, and heavy-headed. All was most enjoyable, had it not been for one slight drawback; our guide had deposited his share of the hippopotamus flesh in the bag which he carried at his back, and as the breeze swept by him and passed on to the aftercomers, it was unpleasant to be continually reminded how much too long the contents of the bag had been kept!

After another hour's walk we reached the village of which we were told at Namatucha's. It was built on an eminence, and surrounded with trees called "Ntawa," a sort of banyan with bushy fibres drooping from the lower branches. Among these we noticed one or two bearing the large bean so frequently met with in the Delta, called "Banggaluzi" by the natives here: some of the pods are above two feet in length, curved like a scimitar; and the beans, which are of a dark red colour, measure at least two inches in diameter. They are boiled and eaten as food when corn is scarce, but are not, I should imagine, very palatable. The chief Mieri, a mild, shy-looking individual, was inclined to be afraid of us as we had been forewarned; but being reassured by Namatucha's men he soon became sociable, and ordered his people to bring us food, while he set about preparing a hut for us to sleep in. The fineness of the night tempted us to wakefulness much longer than usual, and we sat till late round the fire outside our hut, talking to the men, and enjoying the moonlight and the cool mountain air, so acceptable after the oppressively hot nights of our valley.

We were off the next morning soon after sunrise. The increasing steepness made it hard work for us, but the delicious mountain air, fragrant with flowers, of which there was a profusion around, gave ample remuneration for the toil; so wonderfully exhilarating was its effect, that we could even excuse the presence of Chipongwi's bag in front; and of this a breeze would every now and then make us fully sensible, although the dainty morsel it contained had been exultingly shared with Mieri's people for the previous evening's supper! After a heavy pull up the now almost precipitous slope, an effort which two men who came with us as guides from the last village dare not attempt, we found the ascent so trying that we were obliged to halt about every fifty yards to rest our men with their burdens. We were now more than 2000 feet above the level of the Shire

Valley, and the view from this point was truly grand. Immediately below us lay the wide extent of hill and dale, pointed peak and deep ravine. Beyond this lay the plain, stretching into the far distance bounded by its varied mountain ranges, and threaded by the winding silver line of the Shire. Above us rose Mount Choro itself, the side indented with gorges, down which mountain streams took their course, bordered by sheltering lines of wild bananas. In every way the scenery was of a very uncommon character ; and we were shortly given to understand that the mountain itself was uncommon in a way we should not otherwise have guessed. I hinted, rather as a joke, that I had a great desire to change our direction and ascend the central height of the mountain. Upon this, our men looked at me with a half incredulous laugh, and an uneasy glance at their burdens, which were laid down for a few minutes' rest ; but Chapongwi jumped up, and at once began an oration accompanied with vigorous gestures " That is very bad. How can we go up there when it is all tree, tree, tree ; bush, bush, bush ; grass, grass, grass ; so very much. Suppose we go down here, and a little way up there," pointing to a ravine below us, and the ascent on the opposite side, " then the sun will be dead, and we shall have to sleep in the bush. In the morning we shall go on, and when we get so far," pointing about half way up the mountain, " the sun will again be dead, and we shall have to sleep. But on the third day we shall go on, and when we get to the top of the mountain (mpiri) the sun will be dead, and we shall not find a hut. The path is very hard : no people walk on it to their home up there. But," continued he, and I noted down his words almost directly after, " that mountain is full of spirits (azimu) : they live up there, and that part never wants rain. There may be none here, none there, none there," pointing in different directions around ; " but on that mountain there is plenty always. And when war is anywhere near, the people fly to that place, and though nothing but bush and grass can be seen they never have hunger as long as they stay there. They pray to the spirits, and the spirits feed them : the spirits plant their seed and the rain comes : the people sleep, they do no work. But when they wake they find pumpkins growing on the trees, very large and very many ; and they find them every day, so that as long as they live there they never want food." We felt very much inclined to laugh ; but as there were some points of the story which were interesting—such as the belief it showed in a good order of spirits—and as our guide appeared so much in earnest about it, we refrained from anything that might be offensive ; and

Chapongwi again led us forward, glorying in the pumpkin-growing powers of his "azimu." I could only think of the joy it would be to tell him hereafter of the true Giver of rain and the fruits of the earth : and it was encouraging to feel that even a creed like this was better than none, and that if belief in a spiritual world already existed, one difficulty in higher teaching was already removed.

We soon ascended the remainder of the steep hill before us, and found ourselves in a beautiful hollow on the side of the mountain, overlooked by the two peaks I have spoken of above. The scene was one vast extent of peak and ridge, slope and ravine, with a rich covering of forest wherever we looked, to which the yellow tinge of leaves decaying before the close of the marimwé (dry season) gave the appearance of English woods in the early autumn : but in a couple of months or so, before the trees of England would have well lost their summer clothing, these forests would be decked with a fresh glory of African green ; and of all shades of the colour that of the bamboo in November is certainly the most beautiful !

We had not proceeded far along the hollow, or rather saucer-shaped plateau which we had now gained, before we came in sight of a village, of which the chief's name was Mchawa. The people all took to flight as we approached, on account of the guides from Mieri's village having deserted us, and there being no one to introduce us except Chapongwi, who was evidently not known here. We found the chief in the place, a timid old man, who seemed wishful to get rid of us as soon as possible : but after a few words from William, we obtained leave to remain and cook our breakfast, while a basket of green corn was brought as a present, and some fowls offered for sale by some of the people whom the chief had called in. They were afraid, as we fancied, that we were coming to bring war ; so we hastened to assure them to the contrary by saying we were English, and had come to pay them a visit ; but we did not think it prudent to mention our hope of settling about this part, as under the present circumstances it must have defeated our object at once. It seemed better to go on to-day, and return to make overtures when we had all together decided on the best position. In order to create a favourable impression on the chief, I drew out a small box I always carried, and offered him a pinch of snuff ; it was a charm that had won for us many a Mang-anja heart before ; but to my astonishment old Mchawa rejected my friendly advance, and refused my hand when we went away at last, waving me off and bidding me, " Go on your way, go on your way." He repeated to William what the guide had

told us about the spirits of the mountain ; and I was also informed, on the authority of Chapongwi, that when Mankokwe prayed for rain, he went to Namatucha, (who seemed to possess a kind of priestly office,) and that they then proceeded to the top of a neighbouring hill, where the prayer was offered to the spirits of Mount Choro !

Our reception on the part of Mchawa was particularly disappointing, since the spot in which his village was situated seemed the very one where our station ought to be built. Not only was the position all that could be desired, but there was an abundance of ground near fit for cultivation, while an easier way of access than that by which we had come might evidently soon be found. However, it could not be helped ; so we turned our faces homeward, intending to keep on this side of the Shire, and after descending the spurs of Choro, passed the village of a chief, Chépa, where the people were suffering from small-pox. One child had died ; but as the others who had taken the disease were in a fair way of recovery, the attacks were not of a very virulent form. There could be little doubt that slave-trading had something to do with this. Nothing of importance occurred on the rest of our journey home, except one incident, which shows that the feeling of gratitude is not strange to these poor people. At our stopping place that evening, where the inhabitants behaved in the kindest manner possible, I noticed a little fellow, about two or three years old, with nothing on in the way of clothing except a shred of dirty rag. To tear off a piece of calico and give it to his mother for him, was what any one ought to have been glad to do. She seemed very much delighted, and the child no less so, as he strutted off before her with the strip of blue cloth round him. Presently one of the elder children came up to me with a "chiko," or cup made from a gourd, which he put into my hands, smiling, and without the least token of fear. It was one of the most valuable things she possessed, and she had sent it as a return-present. I was so pleased with her appreciation of the trifling kindness I had done for her, and the very nice way in which she showed it, that I at once offered her another and larger piece of cloth ; but it was still more pleasing perhaps to see her unwillingness to accept anything more ; nor would she have taken the cloth, I believe, unless I had laid it down by her side, telling her it was for one of her other children.

A few days after my return, we once more turned our attention to Mount Choro. Waller undertook to go and treat with Mankokwe, intending after that to see if Mchawa would receive us as his neighbours on the mountain. He was accompanied by Mr Stewart,

who had been sent by the Free Kirk of Scotland to make an inspection of the country, and who was our very welcome guest just at that time. The attempt was altogether unsuccessful. I had already received a hint that Mount Choro was a sacred place ; but Waller learned a good deal more on the subject, and the particulars he gave us were highly interesting. Not only is Choro the abode of spiritual beings, but it seems that they are presided over by a spirit chief, who is an object of reverence among the Mang-anja. At certain periods a wife is assigned him by the surrounding chiefs in turns, who lives by herself in a solitary hut somewhere not far from Namatucha's village. This fact was discovered as follows : The periodical change of the spirit's wife was about to take place, and it was Mankokwe's turn to provide a substitute. On arriving at his village, therefore, our friends found it occupied by an embassy from the spirit chief, who had come for the purpose of fetching her away. It consisted of a number of people from the mountain, bringing with them seed of corn and pumpkins, &c., blessed by the spirit, and carrying the spear he was said to have used while alive among his earthly subjects. In consequence of this a difficulty arose. Mankokwe, it appears, not daring to live in his village as long as the envoys of the chief remained there, had hidden himself in the bush outside, and when summoned by our exploring party, came out of his retreat to speak to them. On asking for a guide, he promised to let them have one ; but as they must not think of entering his village, he asked them to sleep on the opposite side of the river, and a man should be sent to their hut next morning. Not a little surprised at the singular state of affairs, they did as they were directed, and crossed to the place which had been pointed out. Nothing disturbed them until late in the night, when an outcry was heard on the opposite bank, close to Mankokwe's village. A poor woman, the wife of one of his sub-chiefs, had been seized for the wife of the spirit, and the cries were the loud lamentations of her friends, as they saw her carried off.

Another difficulty presented itself on their arrival at Hamatucha's place the following day. The chief himself did not make his appearance ; but on seeing his spokesman, and telling him their object, he seemed greatly alarmed, begging them to go back at once, and blaming Mankokwe's guide for bringing them at all. After talking for some time, and assuring him that they intended no harm, they obtained leave to proceed, a guide being granted to introduce them at the next village. This was Mieri's ; and on reaching it, they found the people in alarm, waiting for them, armed with their bows and

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A few days after my return, we once more turned our attention to Mount Choro. Waller undertook to go and treat with Mankokwe, intending after that to see if Mchawa would receive us as his neighbours on the mountain. He was accompanied by Mr Stewart,

who had been sent by the Free Kirk of Scotland to make an inspection of the country, and who was our very welcome guest just at that time. The attempt was altogether unsuccessful. I had already received a hint that Mount Choro was a sacred place ; but Waller learned a good deal more on the subject, and the particulars he gave us were highly interesting. Not only is Choro the abode of spiritual beings, but it seems that they are presided over by a spirit chief, who is an object of reverence among the Mang-anja. At certain periods a wife is assigned him by the surrounding chiefs in turns, who lives by herself in a solitary hut somewhere not far from Namatucha's village. This fact was discovered as follows : The periodical change of the spirit's wife was about to take place, and it was Mankokwe's turn to provide a substitute. On arriving at his village, therefore, our friends found it occupied by an embassy from the spirit chief, who had come for the purpose of fetching her away. It consisted of a number of people from the mountain, bringing with them seed of corn and pumpkins, &c., blessed by the spirit, and carrying the spear he was said to have used while alive among his earthly subjects. In consequence of this a difficulty arose. Mankokwe, it appears, not daring to live in his village as long as the envoys of the chief remained there, had hidden himself in the bush outside, and when summoned by our exploring party, came out of his retreat to speak to them. On asking for a guide, he promised to let them have one ; but as they must not think of entering his village, he asked them to sleep on the opposite side of the river, and a man should be sent to their hut next morning. Not a little surprised at the singular state of affairs, they did as they were directed, and crossed to the place which had been pointed out. Nothing disturbed them until late in the night, when an outcry was heard on the opposite bank, close to Mankokwe's village. A poor woman, the wife of one of his sub-chiefs, had been seized for the wife of the spirit, and the cries were the loud lamentations of her friends, as they saw her carried off.

Another difficulty presented itself on their arrival at Hamatucha's place the following day. The chief himself did not make his appearance ; but on seeing his spokesman, and telling him their object, he seemed greatly alarmed, begging them to go back at once, and blaming Mankokwe's guide for bringing them at all. After talking for some time, and assuring him that they intended no harm, they obtained leave to proceed, a guide being granted to introduce them at the next village. This was Mieri's ; and on reaching it, they found the people in alarm, waiting for them, armed with their bows and

arrows. They were allowed to pass on, but not until William had explained who they were.

At last the steep ascent leading to Mchawa's village was accomplished, and the guides sent forward to announce their approach. The people were greatly afraid, and seemed at first unwilling to grant admittance; but a little persuasion induced them to relent, and even to lend a hut, in which Waller and his party passed the night quietly. Things looked rather better in the morning. The people had got rid of their fears, and were disposed to be more friendly, so it was resolved to make a last effort to obtain a settlement on the mountain. Presents of cloth and trinkets were made to the chief, the advantages to be gained by our coming were pointed out, promises of help and teaching were given, everything that could be thought of was both said and done to induce the old chief to favour us; but it was useless. He would not hear of our settling near his village. He spoke as if the spirits were listening to what he said. Why had they ventured up the mountain at all? Strangers never came by the path they had done, but passed round in the valley, and the people took them food. As for living there so near Zurima's hut,* such a thing must not even be thought of! And the old man concluded with the same words he had said to me: "It is good now that you go on your way." Such was the story we listened to on Waller's return; and so ended our hopes of even making a home on the heights of Mount Choro.

* Such was the name by which the chief designated the solitary wife of the spirit. Mr Waller believed it to be the title belonging to her as such; and from the fact of another name being given to me afterwards, clearly that of the woman herself, it seems quite probable that he was right.

SPECIMENS OF THE SWAHELI LANGUAGE.

THE INQUISITIVE WIFE.*

(Translated from the Arabic by the Sheikh, MOHE ED DIN BIN SHEIKH, with a verbatim Translation by the Rev. E. STEERE, LL.D.)

PALINA Mtu tajiri, alina mali na nyama alina mtumke na vijana, na Mwenyezi Mungu ali'mpa maarifa ya ku jua lugha za nyama wote na lugha za ndege wote. Na masikani ya huyu tajiri yalikua mashamba, na katika nyumba yake alikua na ngombe na punda. Akaja Ngombe, siku moja, mahali akaapo Punda. akaona pamefagiwa, pamerashiwa kwa maji, amewekiwa zakula shairi safi haiina taka, na ye amelala katika raha, na baathi ya siku mwenyewe hu'mpanda akenda naye katika baathi ya shughuli zake akarejea, aka'mweka mahali pake. Hatta baathi ya siku, amesikia tajiri maneno ya Ngombe. Akamwambia Punda. Mimi ni katika taabu, wewe u katika raha, hula zakula zema, kuhudumiwa, na baathi ya siku bwana hukupanda, akenda nawe, akarejea nawe, na mi dayima ni katika kazi ya ku lima na ku saga ngano. Punda akamwambia. Wakati wakutwapo ku enenda kazini, waki kutia kamba shingoni, lala, wajakupiga, usiondoke, ji laze ukijinua, wakikupa majani, usile, wala usinwe maji, siku moja, ao siku mbili, ao siku tatu, utasitiribi. Na huyu tajiri akisikiliza maneno yao.

THERE was a merchant, he had goods and beasts; he had a wife & children, and the Almighty God had given him knowledge of to know the tongues of beasts all and the tongues of birds all. And the dwelling of this merchant was in the country, and by his house there was both an ox and an ass. Came the Ox, one day, to the place where lived the Ass, saw (it) swept, 'sprinkled with water; there was put food, barley clean with no dirt, and he slept in peace, and some days his owner he rode him, went with him about some of his affairs, returned, put him in his place. Now one day heard the merchant the words of the Ox. He said to the Ass. I am in trouble, you are at rest, you eat good food, you are waited on, and sometimes the master he rides you, goes with you, returns with you, and I always am at the work of ploughing and grinding wheat. The Ass said to him. Then when they take you to go to work. If they put you a rope on the neck, lie down, if they beat you, do not get up, lie down if you rise, if they give you grass, do not eat, nor drink water, one day, or two days, or three days; you will rest. And this merchant listened to their words.

* This and several similar fables have been printed at the Mission Printing Press at Zanzibar, as an appendix to the Swaheli grammar and dictionary.

Alipokuja mtunga wa ngombe aka'mletea zakula, akala kidogo, hatta assubui akaja mtunga ku'mtwaa ngombe kwenda naye shamba ku lima, akamwona amekua thaiifu, aka'msikitikia, akanena, haya ndio sababu ya ku toa weza kula chakula jana; baadaye akaja mtunga ku tajiri, akamwambia, tajiri ngombe hawezi, usiku hakula chakula, tajiri akajua kuwa maneno, walioyana nena jana.

Tajiri akamwambia mtunga, nenda uka'mtwae punda u'mtie katika kazi ya ku lima mahali pa ngombe, alime leo kutwa. Akanenda naye. Aliporejea jioni ngombe aka'mshukuru kwa raha ya ku'mpumiza kazi siku hiyo. Punda ame'mjibuneno, akajuta majuto bora. Hatta siku ya pili akaja mkulima aka'mtwaa punda, akalima naye kutwa, hatta magarebi hakurejea punda illa ametunika ngozi za shingo kwa taabu, ngombe aka'mtezama, aka'mshukuru, aka'msifu, punda akanena shaara—

Kuntu ka'idan bitauli
Fa ma khallani futhuli.

Maana yake — nalikaa katika kwa raha, ufuthuli haukuniata. Baadaye punda akamwambia ngombe, mimi nakupendelea mema, nime'msikia funzi wetu akinena, na kwamba ngombe leo hakuondoka'mpeni mchinja ngombe a'mchinje, tutumie ngozi yake, nami nakuhofia ku chinjwa, nimekunasihi. Aliposikia ngombe maneno ya punda, ame'mshukuru, akanena, keshu nitakwenda nao kazini. Baadaye ngombe akala zakula zake zote, hatta

When came the herdman of the ox he brought him food, he ate a little, now in the morning came the herdman to take the ox to go with him a field to plough, he saw him become weak, he pitied him, he said, this truly the reason of not being able to eat food yesterday; then came the herdman to the merchant; he told him, merchant, the ox is sick, at night he eats no food; the merchant knew it to be the words they had said the day before. The merchant told the herdman go (and) do you take the ass put him to the work of ploughing instead of the ox, let him plough all to-day. He went with him. When he returned in the evening the ox thanked him for the rest through easing him of work that day. The ass answered him a word, he repented with a great repentance. Now the second day came the ploughman took the ass, ploughed with him all day, even at sunset had not returned the ass till was flayed the skin of the neck with the labour, the ox looked at him, thanked him, praised him, the ass repeated the verse—

Kuntu ka'idan bitauli
Fa ma khallani futhuli

Its meaning (is) I lived in the midst of rest, officiousness did not let me be. Afterwards the ass said to the ox, I favour you greatly, I heard our master saying, and if the ox to-day has not got up give him to the butcher, the ox let him slaughter him, let us use his skin, & I fear for you to be slaughtered, I have advised you. When the ox heard the words of the ass, he thanked him, (and) said, to-morrow I will go with them to work. Then the ox eat all his food, even

akaramba chombo kwa ulimi wake. Na maneno yao yote tajiri akisikia. Yalipokuwa assubuhi, akatoka tajiri pamoja na 'mke wake wakanenda katika kipanda cha ngombe, wakakaa. Akaja mtunga aka'mtwaa ngombe akatoka naye. Ngombe alipomwona mtunga wake akausukasuka mkia wake. Tajiri akachekeka hatta akalala kwa tani. Mtumke wake akamwambia, wachekeka nini? Akamwambia nimiwona mambo ya siri, nimeyasikia siwezi kuyanena, niki-nena nitakufa. Mtumke wake akamwambia, haina buddi kunambia sababu ya kicheko chako uya-pokufa. Akamwambia, siwezi kukuambia nachelea kufa. Akamwambia, wewe wanichekeka mimi, aki-kariri — sharti utanam-bia, hatta akachoka. Akawita wanawe, akamwita na kathi na mashahidi, akataka ku usiya, apate ku thihirisha siri yake afe, kwa ajili aki'mpenda mtumke wake mapenzi bora, na yee ni binti amu yake, ni mama yee zijana zake, na yee umri wake miaka mia wa ish-rini. Akawita ahli zake wote, na jirani wote. Akawambia, nina hikaya, nikimwambia mtu nitakufa. Jamia ya watu waliohuthuria wakamwambia uate maneno haya, mumewo asife baba yee zijana zako. Watu wote waka'm-wasa mtumke asisikie abadan wakamwata. Baadaye ta-jiri akaenenda katika nyumba ya nyama ku tawatha arejee hapo mbeye watu anene afe. Naye alikuwana jogoi, na huyu jogoi yuna waaake khamsini, naye alikuwana

he licked the vessel with his tongue. And all their words the merchant heard. When it was morning the merchant went out together with his wife, they went near the shed of the ox, they sat down. Came the herdman, took the ox, he came out with him. The ox when he saw his herdman flourished his tail. The merchant laughed till he lay back. Wife his said to him, you laugh at what? He said to her I saw things of secrecy, I heard them, I cannot tell them, if I tell I shall die. Wife his said to him, you must tell me the cause of your laugh though you die. He said to her, I cannot tell you, I fear dying. She said to him, you are laughing at me, she went on—of necessity you will tell me, till he was tired. He called his children, he called both the Cadi and witnesses, he wanted to make his will, that he might tell his secret (and) die, because he loved his wife with great love, and she was daughter of his father's brother, was mother she (of) his children, and he his age years a hundred & twenty. He called all his family, and all the neighbours. He told them, I have a story, if I tell any one I shall die. The assembly of people which was there they said to her let be these words, your husband let him not die, father he (of) your children. The people all besought her, the wife, not to hear at all; they let her be. Afterwards the merchant went by the house of the cattle to make his ablutions that he might return then before the people, speak (and) die. And he had a cock, and this cock had hens fifty, and he had

umbwa. Tajira aka'msikia umbwa aki'mtukana jogoi, akimwambia, wewe wanafuraha, na bana wetu anakwenda kufa! Jogoi akamwambia umbwa, sababu ni nini? Umbwa akamwambia jogoi sababu zake. Jogoi akanena Wallah! bwana wetu mchachi wa akili, mimi nina wanaake khamsini hurithiana nao hupatana nao, na bwana wetu hana illa 'mke moja hajui siyasa ya ku patana naye. Kwani kutoa twaa fito za mti wa tuti, aka'mtwaa manamke akaenenda naye ghalani aka'mpiga hatta akafa ao akatubu asirejee tena ku'mwuza neno. Aliposikia tajiri maneno ya jogoi akimwambia umbwa akamwita mtumke wake, baada ya ku'mkatia fito za tutu, akamwambia ndoo hatta nikambia maneno ya siri ndani ya ghala, nife asini-one mtu. Manamke akangia ghalani akafunga mlango wa ghala, aka'mpiga kwa fito hatta akaghomiwa, akanena, natubu, aka'mbusu mumewe mikono na maguu, akatubu. Wakatoka yee na mumewe, watu waliokuwa ndi wakafurahi. Wakakaa kwa hali ngema hatta khatima.

a dog. The merchant heard the dog scolding the cock, saying to him, you are rejoicing, and our master is going to die! The cock said to the dog, the cause is what? The dog told the cock its causes. The cock said our master (is) little of wits, I have wives fifty, they are at peace, they agree, and our master has not but one wife, he knows not the art of agreeing with her. Why not take switches of the mulberry, and take the woman and go with her into a dark room and beat her till she die or repent that she may not return again to asking him a word. When heard the merchant the words of the cock talking to the dog, he called his wife, after having cut himself switches of mulberry, he said come till I have told the secret words within the ghala, that I may die and no one see me. The woman went into the ghala he fastened the door of the ghala, he beat her with the stick till she was faint, she said, I repent, she kissed her husband, hands, and feet, she repented. They went out, she & her husband, the people who were outside rejoiced. They lived in good plight until the end.

SIMBA NA KULUNGU.

THE LIONESS AND THE ANTELOPE.*

Hapo kale palikuwana simba, akachukua mimba, akavya mtoto alipokwisha vya mtoto akashikwa ni njaa siku saba. Akasema, nita-

Long ago there was a lioness, she was with young, she bore a cub; when she had born the cub she was hungry seven days. She said, I will

* Dr Steere mentions that this and the next story were told him by a man living on the mainland, just opposite Pemba, an island near Zanzibar.

toka kwa 'nje, nitafute chakula.
Alipotoka 'nje akamwona kulungu alisha. Aka'mnyatia.
Yule kulungu akasungusha shingo
akamwona simba akamwambia,
Hachi, mjomba! Huyu simba
akafanya haya, asipate ku'mkamata,
ame'mgeua ku'mfanyiza
mjumbawe.

go out outside, that I may find food.
When she went out she saw an antelope feeding. She stole up to him. The antelope turned round (his) neck, and saw the lioness and said to her, Welcome, friend! The lioness became ashamed, so that she did not seize him, she turned to make him her friend.

NYANI NA SIMBA NA NYOKA.

THE APE, THE LION, AND THE SNAKE.

Hapo kale palikuwana 'mji, pana mwanamke, akachukua mimba, mumewe akafa. Alipokufa mume akakaa hatima ku zaa mto-to mume. Na yule mume amali yake ku tega mitego, akagwia nyama, akauza viakula.

Hatima kufa kwake yule manamke akauzwa ni mtoto wakwe—mama twafa na njaa—akamwambia yule mwana akamwuzamamaye—Mama, baba alikuwa ku fanya kazi gani akavumbua chakula? Akamwambia — Babayo kevu akatega mitego akavumbua chakula. Bassi na mi tatega mitego nipate nyama, tupate uza, tupate chakula.

Akasinda kutwa, akakata matawi ya miti. Siku ya pili akasinda kutwa, akakata mitego. Siku ya tatu akasinda kutwa, akapakasa ngole. Siku ya 'nne akasinda kutwa, akasimika mitego. Siku ya tanu akasinda kutwa ku tega mitego. Siku ya sita akaenda ku onja mitego, akana-mua nyama, akawachinja, akapeleka nyama mjini, zikaenenda

In old times there was a town, there a woman, she was with child, her husband died. When died husband, she stayed till bearing a man child. And that husband his work to set traps, he caught animals, and sold meat.

After his dying, that woman was asked by her child—mother we die of hunger—he said to her that son and asked his mother—Mother, father was doing work what, and got food? She told him—Your father was one who set traps and got food. Well and I will set traps that I may get meat, that we may sell, that we may get food.

He worked all day, and cut branches of trees. The second day he worked all day, and cut traps. The third day he worked all day, and twisted rope. The fourth day he worked all day, and put up the traps. The fifth day he worked all day setting traps. The sixth day he went to look at the traps, he took out animals, he killed them, and sent animals to the town, they went

zikauzwa nafaka. Majumba yao
yakajaa tele viakula,
wakapata nafasi ya ulim-
wengo.

Hatima akaenda akaonja
mitego haipati kitu.
Siku ya kwanza alipokwenda mite-
goni, amegwiwa nyani. Aka-
taka kuliwaga. Lile nyani likasema,
—Ewe bin Adamu! usiniwage njo
ninamue katika mtego, niponya
kwa mvua, nije nikuponye
kwa jua. Alipokwisha na-
mua nyani, likasema, nakupa wasia
wangu bin Adamu si mwema, usi'm-
tende mema, ukifanye, kesho ata-
kuja ku fanya viovu.

Hatima akaja siku ya pili,
katika ku onja mitego, ame-
gwiwa nyoka. Akapiga mbio ku ita
watu mjini. Akasema
nyoka,—Rudi, bin Adamu, usiende
mbio mjini, usiende kuniitia
wakajaniua, nifae katika huu
mtego, nami keshu nije
nikufale, ilakini binadamu hafanyie
mema 'mtu. Siku ya tatu akaenda
ku onja mitego, akafika mte-
goni, amegwiwa simba ni mtego.
Binadamu yule, mwenyi mtego
akamwona mzee simba akamatwa
ni mtego, akapiga mbio kwenda ku
ita watu kuja'mua. Simba
akamwambia — La, niponya wa
mvua, na nije nikuponye
ya jua. Ilakini alipokwisha
namua katika mtego, yule simba
akamwambia, Binadamu, umeni-
faa, umenitenda mema, ilakini
wasia wangu nakusia, binadamu
hafanywe mema. Siku ngine
mtu amegwiwa ni mtego, yule
mtu mwenyi mtego aka'mnamua.

Hatima yule kijana k'ande zik-
amwishia katika nyumba zote, wa-
kapatiwa ni njaa, yee na

and were sold for corn. Their houses
were filled in plenty with victuals,
and they got the stores of all the
world.

At last he went and looked at his
traps, they had not taken anything.
The first day when he went to his
traps, was caught an ape. He
wanted to kill it. The ape said,
—You man! don't kill me, come,
let me out from the trap, save me
from rain, that I may come to save
you from sun. When he had taken
out the ape, he said, I give you my
word men not good, don't
do him good, if you do to-morrow he
will come to do evil.

Afterwards he came second day,
about looking at the traps, was
caught a snake. He ran to call
the people of the town. Said
the snake,—Come back, man, don't
run to the town, don't go to call to me
who will kill me, please me about this
trap, and I to-morrow may come
and please you, but man will not do
good to man. The third day he went
to examine the traps, he reached the
trap, was caught a lion by the trap.
That man, owner of trap,
saw an old lion caught
by the trap, he ran to go to
call people to come kill him. The lion
said to him—No, save me from
rain, and I may come and save you
from sun. But when he had done
letting him out of the trap, that lion
said to him, Man, you have pleased
me, you have done good, but
I pledge you my word, man is not
to be done good to. Another day
a man was caught by the trap, that
man owner of trap let him out.

At last that youth victuals were
ended to him in all houses, they
were found by hunger he and

mamiye. Akamwambia mamiye
Mama, nifanyie mikate saba.
Alipokwisha ku fanya mi-
kate saba, akashika uta wakwe,
akaingia mwituni ku winda
nyama, akapotea, mikate akaila
sita, ikaisha, ukasalia 'mmoja.

Uluposalia ule 'mmoja, akaenenda
hata mwituni mwitu mkuu
na nyika kuu, akaenenda, wakaon-
ana, na lile nyani. Yule bin Adamu
akaulizwa habari ni nyani. Aka-
mwuliza—Ewe bin Adamu! Wen-
da api? Akamwambia kwamba
nimepotea. Akamwambia bwaga,
moyo hapa, nimi nikulipe
leo yale mema yako uliyoten-
dea juzi ukanitoa katika
mtego, bassi starehe, unigo-
je hapa. Akaenenda nyani hatta
mashamba mwa watu, akaenda aka-
iba mapapai mabivu, akaiba na
ndizi mbivu, aka'mchukulia yule
bin Adamu, akamwambia, twaa
vyakula hivi, ndizi na mapapai,
aka'mpa yule bin Adamu. Aka-
mwambia, watakani wat-
aka maji? Akaenda akaiba ki-
buyu kya maji aka'mpa bin
Adamu akànyua, akaisha kúnyua,
wakaagana, wakawaambia, Kwa
heri. Kwa heri ya ku onana. Ak-
enda zakwe.

Alipofika kule mbele, akaen-
enda, wakakutana na simba.
Alipokutana akamwambia simba.
Watoka wapi, Binadamuwe?
Yule binadamu akamwambia simba.
Nimepotea. Simba akamwambia.
Kakitako hapa, nikulipe
yale mema yako ya ju-
zi ulionifaa nami
nikufale, kaa hapa. Akastarehe
Binadamu, aka'msaburi simba.
Simba yule akaenda akakamata
nyama, aka'mletea Binadamu, aka-

his mother. He said to his mother,
Mother, make me seven cakes.
When she had done making the
seven cakes, he took his bow,
and went into the forest to hunt
game, he lost himself, cakes he ate
six, they done, was left one.

When remained that one, he went
as far as in the forest a great forest
and a great waste, he went on, they
met (he) and that ape. That man
was asked news by the ape. He
asked him—You man! Where
are you going? He told him saying
I am lost. He said to him, rest
yourself here, I, let me repay you
to-day that your kindness which you
did the other day, and let me out of
the trap, well remain quiet, wait for
me here. The ape went as far as
the fields of people, he went and
stole ripe papaws, he stole too
ripe bananas, and carried to that
man, and said to him, take
these victuals, bananas and papaws,
he gave (them to) that man. He
said to him, what do you want, you
want water? He went stole a
calabash of water and gave it the
man, he drank, he had done drinking,
they took leave, they said, Good
bye. Good bye to meet again. He
went his way.

When he got there forward, he
went on, they met (he) and the lion.
When they met, said to him the lion.
Where do you come from, you man?
That man told the lion.
I am lost. The lion said to him.
Sit down here, that I may repay you
those your good deeds of the other
day which you did me and I may
satisfy you, stay here. The man
sat still, and waited for the lion.
That lion went and caught
game, and brought to the man, and

sema, umepotea, vyakula hivi la, nije lipe yale mema yako ya juzi. Aka'm-pa nyama na moto wa ku oka nyama. Akaoka nyama, akala. Alipokwisha kula nyama akatawakali, akaenda zakwe Binadamu. Alipokwenda zakwe Binadamu akaenda akatokea shamba, pana mana'mke shaibu la juza, akatokea mtu pale, akamwambia, uko mjini kwetu kuna mtu amehawezi, kana wawezi ku fanya dawa, twatake ukafanye dawa. Akasema, mimi sijui ku fanya dawa. Hatta akafika njiani, aona ndoo, pana kisima kando. Asema nende kànyue maji pale kisi-mani. Akafika kisimani, akaona pandepande za ndoo. Akasema nichungulie hiki kisima cha maji, nipate maji, ninyue. Hatima akachungulia 'mle kisi-mani amwona nyoka mkubwa. Akamwambia, Bin Adamu, nisaburi kwanza. Yule nyoka akatoka kisi-mani. Akamwambia. Bin Adamu, wenda api? Umenifahamu? Akasema. Sikujui. Akamwambia. Ni mimi uliyenitoa katika mtego wako, ha-kuambia, nitoa wa mvua, nami nije nikutoe wa jua, nawe mgeni wendako, ilakini lete huwo mkoba wako, niku-tilie vitu vyende vyakakufale nawe huko wendako. Aka'm-pa ule mkoba, aka'mtilia mikufu ya thahabu, na mikufu ya fetha. Akamwambia. Chukua ukatumie mkoba tele. Alipofika katika mji, ule mji aliokwenda, alipofika awali akakutana na mtu yule aliyegwiwa ni mtego. Aka'mpokea mkoba,

said, you are lost, these victuals eat, that I may repay those your good deeds of the other day. He gave him meat and fire for roasting meat. He roasted the meat and ate. When he had done eating meat, he felt confidence, went his way the man. When went his way the man, he went, he came out to a field, there was a woman extremely old, came out the man there, she said to him, there in our town there is some one sick, if you can make medicine, we wish and you should make medicine. He said, I know not to make medicine. When he got upon the road, he sees a pail, there is a well beside it. Says he let me go and drink water there at the well. He got to the well, he saw at the side of the pail. He said let me look at this well of water, let me get water, let me drink. Then he looked in, there in the well he sees a great snake. He said to him, Man, wait for me first. That snake came out of the well. He said. Man, where are you going? Do you remember me? He said. I don't know you. He told him. It is I whom you took out of your trap, did he not tell you, take me from rain, & I may come & take you from sun, and you stranger go on, but bring that scrip of yours, let me put you in it things to go and be of use to you there where you go. He gave him that scrip, he put him into it chains of gold, and chains of silver. He said to him. Take it and use the scrip much. When he arrived at the town, that town he went to, when he arrived first he met with that man who was caught by the trap. He took from him scrip,

akaenda nayo hatta nyumbani kwake. Alipomwona yule mgeni mkewe, akapika uji, aka-sema, na'mpikia mgeni wetu.

Yule mwanamume aliye'mtoa katika mtego akaenda hatta kwa Sultani 'mle katika mji. Akamwambia Sultani yule mgeni anayokuja kule kwangu, 'msithane kwamba bin Adamu, ndiye nyoka, akaaye kisimani 'mkathane kuwa nyoka, wala si nyoka ni yee huyule ndiye ajigeuaye nyoka. Bassi Sultani, aenende mtu aka'mtwae na mkoba wakwe, nimeuona na mikufu ya thahabu na mikufu ya fetha. Akaenda mtu ku'mtwaa yule mgeni, akaja naye na mkoba wakwe. Ukafunguliwa ule mkoba, na watu tele wakashuhudia vyombo vya mwana wa Sultani, wakashuhudia tena na vyombo vya watoto wa Waziri, na watu mjini. Hatima akafungwa mikono nyuma kwa kamba. Ile joka likatoka kisimani, likija hatta mjini. Akasunguka mji, akasimama panapo yule bin Adamu. Watu wakataharruki katika mji hatta waka-sema na yule bin Adamu, wakamwambia, sema na huyu nyoka, ende zako. Nyoka yule akaja. Watu waka'mfungua yule bin Adamu mikono nyuma aliofungwa. Nyoka yule akarudia kisimani kwakwe, akamwambia. Ewe Bin Adamu, kadri utakapofanywa maovu, nipigia ukemi, nami takutokea marra. Naye akapata heshima katika inchi. Akaulizwa kwani wee huyu kuwa mwenyeji wako, akakufanya maovu? Akawaambia katika nyoka na simba na nyani, walinambia kwamba bin Adamu hafanywe

and went with it as far as to his house. When saw that stranger his wife, she cooked porridge, and said, I am cooking for our stranger.

That man whom he had let out of the trap went to the King that of the town. He told the King that stranger who is come there to me, do not think that [he is] a man, he truly a snake who lives in a well and do ye think to be a snake, or if not a snake is he that man truly who turns himself into a snake. Now O King, let some one go and take him and scrip his, I have seen it with chains of gold and chains of silver. Went a man to take him that stranger, he came with him and his scrip. It was opened that scrip, and people plenty witnessed to articles of the child of the King, they identified further too articles of the children of the Vizir, and people in the town. Then he was tied hands behind with a rope. That great snake got out of the well, coming even to the town. He went round the town, and stopped where was that man. The people were troubled in the town until they spoke with that man, and told him, say to this snake, go away. That snake came. The people untied that man hands behind who was bound. That snake returned to his well, and said to him. You man, whenever you shall be wronged, give me a call, and I will come to you at once. And he got honour in the land. He was asked how you this man to be host of you, and he did you wrong? He told them about the snake and the lion and the ape, they told me that man is not to be done

mema uka'mtenda mema bin
Adamu yee hukutenda maovu, nayo
ni kweli wala si wongo. Yale
mema nilio'mtenda naye ani-
fanya maovu, ule wasia wa nyoka
na simba na nyani ni kweli,
wala si wongo. Sultani akauza
maana yake, kamueleza
yalivyokwenda. Sultani akasema
huyu yastahili ku tiwa katika
fumba akatoswa baharini,
kwani hajui mema—yee ame-
fanywa mema, amelipa maovu.

good to, and if you do good to a
man he he does you evil, and it
is truth and not falsehood. That
good which I did him and he did
me wrong, that word of the snake
and the lion and the ape is truth,
and not false. The king asked
its meaning and he explained to him
how things had gone. King said
this man ought to be put into a
matting bag and be sunk in the sea,
because he knows not good—he was
done good to, he repaid it with evil.

LIFE OF CAPTAIN ALLEN GARDINER, THE FOUNDER OF THE PATAGONIAN MISSION.

IN 1852 there arrived in England a tale of mingled tragedy and heroism, which roused the attention of the public to a long career of self-denial which had then recently been ended by a lingering and cruel death. It is hard to realise, by any effort of imagination, the protracted horror of death by starvation. On a distant island in the South Pacific Ocean, uninhabited by man, and scarcely ever visited, save by a few of the savages from the neighbouring shore of Tierra del Fuego, seven of the bravest of England's sons had fallen victims to hunger in a courageous endeavour to plant the banner of the cross among the untaught heathen of South America. Allen Francis Gardiner, a commander in the Royal Navy, was the leader of that devoted little band. Till then known only to the small number who take an active and constant interest in missionary enterprise, the sadness of his fate gave an interest to his former labours which their intrinsic character might probably not have secured for them. Yet for nearly eighteen years he had been labouring in Africa, in America, and among the scattered islands of the Indian Ocean, to carry the message of a Saviour to the heathen, or distribute the Bible among the Roman Catholic population of the Spanish republics of South America. A brief sketch of his wide-spread labours may be interesting to the readers of *Mission Life*, of whom

some may have forgotten, and others never known, the story of his active life.

The following extract from a full and very interesting memoir of Captain Gardiner, by the Rev. W. Marsh,* (from whose work, indeed, many of the facts in this paper are taken,) gives an account of Captain Gardiner's early life :—

"Allen Francis Gardiner was born at Basildon, in Berkshire, in June 28, 1794 Mr and Mrs Gardiner maintained family prayer, and established schools for the poor in a day when these things were less general than they are now. . . . The children of religious parents cannot fail to receive religious impressions in their early childhood, but they too often wear away in the excitement of school and holidays. The depth of these early impressions in Allen Gardiner may be in some degree tested by the fact that, notwithstanding his extreme vivacity, restless activity, and all the temptations which attend a nautical life, they were, though very severely tried, not entirely swept away.

"From infancy he evinced a desire for travel. On one occasion his mother, going as usual into her children's nursery before retiring to rest, was surprised to see her son Allen asleep on the floor. On being aroused the child gave as his reason for not being in bed that it was his intention when a man to travel all over the world, and therefore he wished to accustom himself to hardships.

"He first went to sea as a volunteer in 1810. In the roving life of a sailor he saw little profession or practice of true religion. Excitement carried the day, and by degrees even the form of religion was lost. At one time he fell among infidel companions, by whose false reasoning and flippancy his mind became so poisoned, that, though he never avowed himself an infidel, (and he always avowed his decided convictions, whatever they were,) he began to look on the study of the Bible as folly. While in this state of mind he was once at some obscure inn, and there overhearing a father reading the Bible with his children, he could scarcely refrain from interrupting him, and remonstrating with him on what he considered to be such senseless conduct. No exact date can be assigned to his recovery from this dangerous state. There was such a time, and Allen Gardiner, in the midst of his gaiety, was roused to reflection, and when he thought over the past years of childhood and the habits of prayer thrown away, and the words of Scripture forgotten, he determined once more to read the inspired volume. But so long a time had elapsed since he had looked into the Scriptures that he now had not a copy, and he went out to purchase one. He has in after life described how, when he came to the bookseller's shop, he was ashamed to go in and ask for a Bible, how he paced up and down the street watching for a quiet opportunity of entering the shop when there were no other customers within, and how odd he thought it must appear to the bookseller when he went in and asked for a Bible."

In the course of the next two years many circumstances tended to deepen the impression thus made, and to prepare the way for the final resolution which determined the future course of his life. The immediate cause of his determining to devote himself to a missionary

* Published by Nisbet & Co.

life is thus related. The vessel in which Gardiner was sailing had occasion to touch at Tahiti :—

“ This afforded Gardiner an opportunity of witnessing the result of missionary effort both there and in some of the neighbouring islands. The following day was Sunday, and great was the astonishment of the sailors at the stillness of the bay. The day before it had been covered with canoes, and the decks of the *Dauntless* were crowded with natives; but now not a canoe was launched, and scarcely any one seen moving on the beach. Gardiner being anxious to see how a Sunday was spent at Tahiti, went ashore with other officers. Mr Wilson, the missionary, showed them great attention. After attending the English service, they watched the catechising of ninety native children by a native teacher. The greatest order was observed, and the presence of strangers did not appear to cause much inattention. On inquiry, they found that the first native service had been held soon after daybreak, and that the second would be at half-past four. At that time Gardiner and his friends entered the chapel, and found a congregation of 220 already assembled.”

The Zulu Kaffirs were the first objects of Gardiner's newly-aroused zeal and philanthropy. In 1834, although war was then imminent between the British Government and the Kaffirs, he determined to push his way through the various tribes which occupied the country between Cape Town and Port Natal, where at that time a few English traders maintained a precarious footing against the constant incursions and robberies of their African neighbours. It was not long before he made trial of the perils of a missionary life. The device by which he extricated himself from his first difficulty, may serve as a specimen of the sailor's ingenuity and fertility of resource, which so often afterwards on similar occasions stood him in good stead. At one of his halting-places, while the cattle which drew the waggons of his party were grazing, he and his companions found themselves surrounded by a threatening band of Kaffirs. He ordered the bullocks to be yoked as quickly as possible, and in the meantime the attention of his unwelcome visitors was diverted by the use of a razor. One of them was prevailed upon to submit to the barber's skill, and was then shown in a looking-glass the alteration made in his appearance. The objections raised by the uncouth warrior to the moustache, which had been suffered to remain, were soon removed by an assurance of its conformity to English military fashion. No further opposition was offered, and the missionary party was permitted to proceed in peace.

When Gardiner reached the district round Port Natal, he found that the Zulus in its neighbourhood had recently, after the frequent manner of African tribes, passed under the dominion of a new chief,

Dingarm, who had lately acquired his dignity by the murder of his brother. Gardiner found himself unable to make any progress in religious teaching, he, however, acquired some personal influence over the chief, and obtained from him a grant of territory near Natal. The advantage derivable from this position induced him to return to England to seek assistance from the Church at home. The result of his efforts was that, in 1836, he returned to Natal in company with the Rev. Francis Owen and his family, and mission stations were planted at Hambanati and elsewhere in the territories of Dingarm. The Bible was read and interpreted, schools established, and instruction given in reading, sewing, planting, building, and fencing. Many were the questions asked by Dingarm when the doctrine of the resurrection was expounded. "How can the dead get up again?" "Will they have the same body?" "Will it be on a Sunday when they get up?" But the savage heart of the Zulu chief was not touched. War quickly ensued between his followers and an invading army of Dutch Boers, and the missionaries were forced to leave the country. Yet the first ground had been broken, and the first and greatest difficulties in the way of the preaching of the gospel had been in a great measure overcome.

Driven by war from Natal, Captain Gardiner, undaunted in his resolution to do what he could for his Master's service, crossed the ocean to Rio de Janeiro, and thence proceeded to Buenos Ayres, his intention being to reach the Indians on the borders of Chili and the Buenos Ayrean provinces. Having distributed some Bibles and religious tracts in Buenos Ayres, he started with his wife and children, (we should have mentioned that in 1823 he had married a daughter of John Reade, Esq., of Ipsden House, Oxfordshire,) who accompanied him across the Pampas, undeterred by fatigue or the dangers incident to the journey. After a long and often perilous journey performed on mules through Mendoza, and across the snowy height of the Cordillera, Captain Gardiner and his family reached Santiago and Concepcion. Whatever the character of the accommodation—generally rude enough—offered by the post-houses or inns, the party always stopped on their journey during the whole of Sunday, which they consecrated to purely religious exercises. At Concepcion, when now near the Indian territory, to visit which was the chief object of his long pilgrimage from Africa, the captain parted from his wife and family, making the remainder of his journey with only a native attendant. An incident, extracted from his own narrative, entitled "A Visit to the Indians on the Frontiers of Chili,"

may be given as a fair illustration of the adventurous spirit needed in the pioneers in missionary enterprise. Describing the passage of a river he says:—

“The Biobio is exceedingly rapid, and the balsa, by which alone it is fordable, was adrift, and a new one had to be prepared out of some spare logs, already collected for the purpose Much time was consumed before the new balsa was reported to be ready. It consisted of merely four trunks of trees, eighteen feet long, lashed closely together by hide thongs to two transverse poles, one at each extremity, and when laden with ourselves and our saddles, &c., it was scarcely an inch at the highest part from the surface of the water. As a matter of precaution, I took off not only my shoes and stockings, but also my coat and waistcoat, which seemed to be regarded by the rest of the party as by no means unnecessary; for I had scarcely stepped upon the yielding raft when an inquiry was made whether I could swim or not. But in the construction of this balsa, there was nothing new, the real novelty, at least to me, was in the method of navigating it. One of my horses, which was noted as an excellent swimmer, had not escaped observation by the way, and his powers were now to be tried in a most ludicrous manner. His tail was first smoothed out, and the hairs being doubled back, were firmly knotted to the end of the tow-rope. A naked lad then sprang upon his back, and in plunged the horse and his rider. By a simultaneous effort of those on shore, the balsa he was destined to tow was at the same instant pushed off into deep water. Partly by riding, partly by swimming, now on one side, now on the other of the horse, firmly grasping a tuft of long hair always left on the mane expressly for this purpose, the boy succeeded by the aid of his heels, his hand, and his voice, in urging on the snorting and half affrighted animal, until he actually conveyed us, with no other help, in safety to the opposite bank, when he was immediately disengaged, and the balsa secured until we landed.”

The success of Gardiner's efforts was small. The political relations existing between the Chilian authorities and the neighbouring Indians, coupled with the jealousy of all missionaries entertained by the simple natives, prevented his effecting any permanent footing among them. Their past experience had taught them that wherever the military power had erected a fort or established a garrison, there the zeal of the friars had founded a mission station; and they now feared, lest by a reverse process, the establishment of a Christian teacher among them might entail on them a renewal of the military terrors, which in later years had been relaxed. Disappointed, but calmly resigned to his Master's will, and still firmly believing that an opening might ultimately be made among the Indians of the Chilian frontier, the captain rejoined his family at Concepcion, and shortly afterwards, with an untiring restless energy, and thinking almost as little of a voyage of many weeks as many a man does of a few hours' journey, sailed from Valparaiso with the intention of reaching New Guinea by way of Sydney.

The year 1839-40 was spent among the islands of the Indian Archipelago. Often in his wanderings among the Mohammedan or idolatrous tribes, who formed the native populations of the islands, Gardiner was pained by the ignorance and debasement of the Christians whom he met, even more than by the absolute darkness of the heathen. He would fain have laboured amongst these nominal Christians, but was hindered by the exclusive policy of the Dutch government officials.

Baffled in his endeavours to overcome the obstinate antagonism of the Dutch, and unable to reach Papua, the intended goal of his expedition, the active missionary now again transported himself and his family to Valparaiso. His old idea of being an evangelist to the South American Indians had a strong fascination for him, heightened probably by the anticipated opposition of the clergy of the Roman faith. By a strange coincidence, one of his fellow-passengers on board the vessel which conveyed him from Valparaiso to the island of Chiloe, was a friar named Manuel, whom he had met two years previously, and who had then used his influence to prevent Gardiner settling among the Indians. On arriving, therefore, at San Carlos, a beautiful harbour in Chiloe, it was a disappointment rather than a surprise to find the same influence exerted to prevent the inculcation of what the friar could not do otherwise than believe to be heretical, and therefore mischievous teaching. Village gossip exaggerated the captain's ill repute, and before long the honest seaman was regarded as a heretic bishop in disguise. However, Friar Manuel afterwards showed that he had no personal ill-will to the object of his religious antagonism, and before he left San Carlos, he called upon Gardiner, and, adopting a kindly tone, said, "Let us be friends, man! You wanted a Chilidugu dictionary: here is one." The book was a rare one, and was received with the greatest gratitude.

Gardiner was unable on this as on the former occasion to penetrate the Indian territory: and the time he spent in San Carlos was therefore occupied in the sale or gratuitous distribution of Bibles and religious books among all who would receive them. In the extreme south of the American continent, he hoped he might at length be successful in reaching the heathen; careless of the sphere of his operations "if by any means he might save some," and preach the religion of the Cross among those who had never heard its name. He kept the Christmas festival of 1842 at Port Louis, in the Falkland Islands, and then, after providing accommodation for his family, chartered a crazy little schooner, which was scarcely fit to coast from

island to island, and sailed for the Straits of Magalhaen. Observing the smoke of a fire on the shore of Tierra del Fuego, the captain was induced to land, and kindled a second fire, which soon attracted the attention of the natives. A party of them approached their English visitors, shouting as they advanced, but seeming to be averse to enter into communication with them. Gardiner intimated to them that his landing had no hostile purpose, by adding fresh fuel to his fire. This action they rightly interpreted as an invitation to join his party; and two of them accordingly descended to the beach, but immediately made signs for the strangers to depart. They were ready to accept the presents of buttons, clasp-knives, and a looking-glass, which were offered them; but it was impossible to overcome their unfriendly demeanour, the captain and his attendants being ignorant of their language, and obliged to carry on intercourse with them entirely by signs.

A few days afterwards, Gardiner was more fortunate. He opened communications with a tribe of Patagonians, among whom a Spaniard, named San Leon, was living, who had gained great credit and influence among the savages, by his unhesitating courage. From him they learnt that a party of American missionaries had taken up their abode for a short time among the Patagonians, but were driven away by the thievish propensities of their visitors from the neighbouring shore of Tierra del Fuego. These marauders not content with stealing the food of the missionaries must needs cut up their books. The Patagonians, however, who at all times were anxious to show themselves superior to the Fuegians, with whom they were not unfrequently confounded, were quite willing that Gardiner should take up his abode among them, and Wissale, their chief, promised his friendship. In the spirit of most savages, he was fully alive to the possible advantages of barter, and promised to teach Captain Gardiner his language in return for instruction in the "good tidings," which it was the captain's sole object to impart. Such being the friendly disposition of the Patagonians, Gardiner determined to bring his family over from the Falklands to reside among them. But when he had once returned there, he found it impossible again to obtain a passage to the Patagonian coast, and after a delay of some months he resolved to return home and plead in person the cause of the Patagonian heathen. England was reached in February 1843.

(To be concluded in the November Number.)

RECOLLECTIONS OF MINISTERIAL WORK IN THE DIOCESE OF NEWCASTLE, NEW SOUTH WALES.

(Continued from page 259.)

CHAPTER III.

ENTERING ON WORK.

WHATEVER traits of Old England may be found in her colonies, yet the circumstances of the young progeny differ so materially from those of the parent kingdom—rich, populous, and fettered as well as adorned by the labours and precedents of centuries—that a fresh immigrant has much to learn before he can act vigorously and effectively in his new country.

Hence every sensible settler, however many improvements he may have in his brain, follows the routine which he finds around him for a while, until he has become accustomed to the peculiarities of the climate and soil, the value of labour, and the means of transit. A self-willed theorist soon finds himself losing his capital, instead of gaining interest for it.

The same holds good with Church work. The Catholic faith and the essential principles of the Church are the same everywhere; but a bishop or clergyman, transplanted from English to Australian soil, finds the *circumstances* of the Church to which he is introduced very different from those to which he has been accustomed in the old country; and time is required to enable him to understand what things he may hope to reproduce after a while, what he must be content to let go altogether, and what new modes of working he must adopt in order to meet the new state of things in which he finds himself.

In the meantime there is abundance of important work on which he may zealously begin, and through which he becomes acquainted with the people and they with him; and when he has learnt to understand the nature of the material on which he has to work, he may, under God's blessing, apply his former experience with good effect.

It was, therefore, resolved that we should begin to work with things as we found them,—learning by observation the existing needs,

supplying them as we were able, introducing improvements in detail as our experience increased, and so preparing ourselves and the people for any new plans and more general efforts.

The first scheme postponed was that which we had cherished in England and talked of on the voyage, the commencement of a theological college for training candidates for the ministry ; and this has continued in abeyance up to the present moment. Neither at the time of our arrival, nor since, has there appeared the prospect of a sufficient number of candidates to make it worth while to establish and keep up a separate college for their training.

Instead of establishing a distinct clerical college, which would have been weak from paucity of pupils, those who were candidates for the ministry were placed by the bishop under some clergyman, from whom they received assistance in their reading ; and by working in his school and visiting in the parish under his direction, they gained experience of parochial work. When he was absent at some of his many places of service, they read the prayers and a sermon appointed by him to any congregation to which he sent them.

This is, no doubt, a state of things far from satisfactory. A hard-worked parish priest has not time, and scarcely strength, to devote to keeping up in himself and imparting to his pupils a thorough knowledge of theology ; and the beneficial training which numbers give to each other is wanting. But we were obliged to adopt it as the best course which the circumstances admitted. Some very good and useful men, who have now for some years been ordained to the priesthood, have been trained in this way. As to the lay services, the congregations had by this means the opportunity afforded them of hallowing the Lord's-day ; and while they were habituated to the regularity of assembling for prayer, praise, and teaching, they never confounded the office of the lay assistant with that of the ordained clergyman.

At the time of our arrival, there was nothing like any regular offering from the people towards the maintenance of their ministers. The English Churchman, accustomed at that day more than now to see his clergyman in the old country maintained, without his aid, by tithes or pew-rents, or living on his own private means, or on the profits of pupils, with a mere nominal income from his parish, carried to the colony, almost as a part of his Churchmanship, the idea that the voluntary support of the pastor by his flock was a burden to the flock and a degradation to the pastor ; and seeing that the ancient offering of tithes had been enforced by the law of the land, he looked

to the Government to provide for his clergyman from the public funds; and where the sum provided by the state was insufficient, the Church Societies of the mother country were expected to come to the aid of the Colonial Church.

In the early days of the colony, when the convicts were many and the free settlers thinly scattered over the country, such extraneous aid was necessary. But the more the free population increased in numbers and in wealth, and the more largely the powers of self-government were conceded to the colony, the more evident it became that the Church must look for her maintenance and growth to her own inherent vitality,—in full accordance with the apostolic rule, “*Let him that is taught in the word communicate unto him that teacheth in all good things.*” *

The necessity of ceasing to rely on the Government and on the English Societies was but dimly before the minds of the bishop and clergy at first: the laity of the Church had no better perception of it. It was therefore resolved that working among and for the people, under the existing state of things, must precede any organised attempt to obtain from them support for the maintenance or extension of the Church's work.

But though the principle of the support of the ministry by the offerings of the laity was not rightly understood, pecuniary aid for any Church work was expected through the medium of the Bishop. A bishop, as being in connexion with the Church Societies at home, and as an influential person with the members of the Colonial Government, was apt to be looked on as an inexhaustible source of revenue. Hence the Bishop of Newcastle, soon after his arrival, had requests poured in upon him on every side for aid in building new churches, schools, and parsonages.

He had, no doubt, some means at his disposal. But a little inquiry soon revealed the fact that many of the existing church buildings were considerably in debt, and that the churchwardens and trustees were contentedly acquiescing in this state of things, paying from year to year out of that miserable source of income, pew-rents, the interest due on the debts, but making no endeavour to wipe out the principal by fresh subscriptions. Only a few days after his arrival at Morpeth, I received a letter from him, dated Feb. 5, 1848, in which he says, “Certainly the state of our church is most unsatisfactory. Every church and building belonging to the Church down here is encumbered with debt.” The Bishop therefore preferred the

* Gal. vi. 6.

less showy course of getting the existing debts cleared off, to the more pleasant one of at once beginning new buildings.

I believe I am correct in saying that he in no case paid off all the debt for the people, but that he promised them a certain amount of aid, on condition that they raised the rest, either at once or within a specified reasonable period. A little persuasion, backed by a conditional promise of £10, £30, or £50, inspirited many, who had for some time been sitting down hopelessly under their burdens. Fresh subscription lists were opened; and within a short time the church buildings were free.

It is but fair to say that many of these debts had been contracted during the times of prosperity, and that the sudden and deep reverses which the colony had suffered, and from which it was only slowly emerging when we arrived, had prevented many who had put down their names for large sums from fulfilling their promises. In the meantime many had been forced to sell their properties at a great sacrifice, and to make a fresh start on a more humble scale in some other part of the wide unoccupied territory. Some had migrated to California, in order to retrieve their fortunes, little thinking that the feet of many Australian flocks and herds were wandering over mines of gold, which, in three years more, would attract shiploads of energetic men from Europe, and give a vast impetus to the prosperity of the country.

The coming outburst of such prosperity was at that time hidden from us; and I remember the Bishop expressing to me his disappointment that he could not use the means at his disposal in forwarding new works, which he saw were urgently needed. But he rightly considered it most important to begin with the humbler work of honesty for the past. And he was content to *seem* to be doing little, and to bide his time, until he could begin fresh works on a clear foundation. His was a species of self-denial little known and not much appreciated, but very genuine.

The pressure of business which came upon the Bishop's shoulders on his first arrival at Morpeth may be imagined by those who consider what the arrival of one who was both head of a large party and Bishop of a new See implies. I had started for my cure at Muswell Brook within a few days after my arrival at Morpeth, as my predecessor had left the parish a fortnight before we landed. Mr Irwin went up to Singleton the week after the Bishop came from Sydney. The Bishop therefore kindly undertook the small details of receiving all our goods from the ship, as well as his own, and forwarding them

to us. At the same time he was settling himself and his household in the parsonage at Morpeth, looking after carpenters and other workmen, and seeing clergy, churchwardens, or settlers who desired to pay their respects to the new Bishop, and to make known to him their wants. Letters began to come in upon him from distant parts of his diocese, so that it is not to be wondered at that in his first letter to me from Morpeth he says, "I am here in a perfect whirl of business, with scarcely a moment free from intruders." Two days later, Feb. 7, he wrote, "My head is nearly splitting, from the number of things I have to think of. It will be a great treat to me to pay you a visit."

The same letter mentions that one of his episcopal troubles had found him out on the threshold of his work in the loss of one of his clergy, and the need of supplying his place by another. The important district of Moreton Bay, which has since grown up into the colony of Queensland and the bishopric of Brisbane, stretching northward from about the 28th parallel of latitude, had but one clergyman in its whole extent. Of this he writes, "There is another district now vacant, Moreton Bay, the Rev. Mr Gregor having been unfortunately drowned last week while bathing."

The Bishop had never seen him, nor had there been time as yet even to communicate with him by letter. This loss could not therefore be felt as that of a friend; but in our little band, which we desired to stretch as widely as possible to tend Christ's scattered flock, it made a perceptible gap. The death of one clergyman in an English diocese, unless he be a man of great eminence, is not felt beyond the sphere of his own parish and personal friends, but in an Australian diocese one loss is felt through the whole. The whole number of clergy whom the Bishop, on his arrival, found in his vast see was but twelve.* His two new clergy were at once needed for two vacant cures, and now one of the most extensive and distant districts, which had no neighbouring clergyman to bestow on its people even an occasional service, was suddenly left destitute.

To meet this great need the bishop was obliged to arrange with the clergyman who was vacating Singleton, and had intended to leave

* The cures which Bishop Tyrrell found provided with clergy were, on the coast line, Newcastle, Port Stephens, Port Macquarie, Moreton Bay; on the Hunter River, Raymond Terrace, Hexham, Paterson, East Maitland, West Maitland, Jerry's Plains; above it, Scone and Armidale. But the clergyman of Port Macquarie was, from the infirmities of age, able to do very little duty. And before long the bishop ordained a clergyman to take the great work of the district.

the diocese, to go up to Moreton Bay. He was only too thankful to be able in any way to supply so serious a vacancy. The arrangement was but temporary, yet, by God's blessing, the present need was met, and the Bishop turned to work vigorously upon the duties which, thick and increasing, were claiming his energies.

I have seen Bishop Tyrrell, during the thirteen years I enjoyed the privilege of working with him, under many heavy trials and disappointments. He has sometimes written to me, mentioning how sharply for the moment he has felt the seeming blighting of some cherished scheme for the Church's good. But he has a happy disposition, or rather a clear faith and buoyant hope, which enable him quickly to perceive God's overruling wisdom in such crosses; and he has set himself cheerfully to the task of repairing the loss, and of doing the work next before him, instead of fretting over the vanished hope, or fearing idly for the future. He has seemed to have learned the lesson which our Keble puts so beautifully—

“Live for to-day! to-morrow's light
To-morrow's cares shall bring to sight.
Go sleep like closing flowers at night,
And Heaven thy morn will bless.”*

In the midst of these busy weeks, which claimed his attention and care on every side, he was preparing for the solemn time of his first ordination. The letter is before me in which he announced that it was to be on the second Sunday in Lent, March 19. And the dates at three different parts of the letter, with several days' interval between them, will illustrate his words in it: “I really am incessantly occupied. Last night I was writing till 1.30, and was up again at 6 this morning,”—not an unusual event, I may remark, when work was pressing him, only that sometimes the hours of rest on the narrow iron bedstead were still fewer.

That first ordination, like all the subsequent ones, was held at Morpeth: and the Church was crowded with those who came from the neighbourhood to be present at the service. Mr Irwin said the morning prayer; it was my duty to present the candidates: and the Bishop preached a sermon, of which I have now no record: but can only remember that it was an earnest and valuable one, addressed to the congregation as well as to the candidates.

With what thankful hearts and solemn hopes did we leave St James's Church that morning! Who can foresee at such a time the mighty possibilities of success in Christ's service, which open out be-

* *Christian Year.* 15th Sunday after Trinity.

fore him? Who can forecast the enemies and battles, and alas! perhaps the failures that lie before those, who then have girded their armour on?

One of those Deacons, since made Priests, was sent before long to the Darling Downs, in what is now the Diocese of Brisbane: where, in spite of weak health, he has laboured on faithfully, and has been made Archdeacon by the Bishop of Brisbane. The other was placed at Morpeth, where he remained for about two years, and then returned to England. The duties of Morpeth being thus provided for, the bishop was enabled to assist the clergy in the neighbouring districts of the Hunter Valley; and so to work toward the object, which he had proposed in a letter written some weeks previously: in which he said, "it is my purpose to work well this line of country, that all may see in some degree what our Church is when fairly and efficiently carried out into practice."

In the course of this first year a second ordination was held in September, at which three deacons were ordained. Two of them candidates brought with us from England, and one who had been for many years residing in the colony.

On looking back to that first year it seems marvellous how much of his diocese the Bishop was enabled to visit, holding confirmations whenever he found candidates prepared for him; and gaining that general view of the wants, and acquaintance with the chief inhabitants of the diocese, which would enable him to lay his plans for the future.

The Lent ordination, and Lenten work in and around Morpeth, occupied him well through March, and nearly to the end of April.

About the middle of May he went through the district of the Upper Hunter for about eighty miles, visiting Singleton, Muswell Brook, Scone, and Jerry's Plains, where clergy were stationed, as well as the smaller intermediate townships.

In June he went by sea to Brisbane, and visited the distant northern portion of his diocese, where settlers had gone out, and clergymen were greatly needed to follow them. This visitation occupied about a month.

In September he rode down almost, if not quite, to the southern extremity of the diocese: and visited Brisbane Water* and its beautiful neighbourhood, where the population chiefly consists of

* Brisbane Water in the south must not be confounded with Brisbane in the north. They are separated by some six degrees of latitude, or rather more than 400 miles.

sawyers, and those connected with the timber trade. Tall thick forests cover the hill sides, and in the deep valleys the dense glossy foliage, the festoons of creepers, and the cabbage-tree palms, with occasionally a tall ant hill three or four feet high, give a semi-tropical character to the shady tracks through which you ride.

Soon after the ordination in September, the Bishop passed up the Hunter to the rich western grazing districts of Merriwa and Cassilis, and, having visited these, rode northward across the Liverpool range to the towns of Tamworth and Armidale. Thence he worked his way eastward down the rugged hills, which fall from the tableland of New England towards the coast line ; returning by Port Macquarie and Port Stephens to Morpeth.

I am not aware that he had visited the districts of the Clarence and the Richmond rivers ; but by the end of his first year far the larger portion of his huge diocese could be realised in his own study at Morpeth. Besides these long journeyings, he was continually riding to places ten, fifteen, or twenty miles off, to give those who were remote from their clergyman opportunities of divine service.

Of course, plenty of work awaited his return, and his correspondence grew in proportion to the places he had visited. But in the midst of this, his reading was never forgotten. He wrote shortly after his return from his last long visitation ; "I have just been under severe discipline, not of illness, thank the Lord, but self-discipline, changing the habit of ten hours daily riding to the same period of daily reading and writing."

There are always dark shades in every picture, and some of these appeared in the midst of our first year's work.

Two out of the candidates for the ministry were instances of what is too often found, men who from their own hypocrisy or the carelessness of those who professed to know them, obtained recommendations, which they did not deserve, and whom it was found impossible to make anything of. It was so far well that partly on the voyage, and partly soon after their arrival, their entire unfitness was discovered. The passage of both was paid to England : and one, the least unfit, sailed. Of the other, who had been intrusted to me, and had for some time caused me deep anxiety, I can say no more than that to my bitter sorrow I followed him to his grave in Sydney four months after our landing.

One more, a gentle holy-spirited youth, who doubtless would have done good work had he been spared, was diseased in the lungs when he sailed, and he only drooped and died. In the September of our

first year, I received the following account from the Bishop—"Poor Mr Ison was released most easily and happily on Monday evening, and I followed him to the grave as chief mourner yesterday. It was a melancholy scene."

Such was our beginning—" *Toiling, rejoicing, sorrowing.*"

(*To be continued.*)

REVIEW.

A Year's Journey through the Diocese of Rupert's Land. Being a review by the EDITOR of the North-West Passage Over-Land. Messrs Cassell, Petter, and Galpin.

SOME few years back the writer of the present notice had the pleasure of meeting the then Bishop of Rupert's Land in a not altogether uneducated company, in the neighbourhood of Oxford, and well remembers the repeated whisper, Where is it? Without, therefore, venturing to presume upon the same ignorance in any of our readers, it may be well to say that the diocese of Rupert's Land, before the dioceses of British Columbia and of New Westminster were taken from it, was nominally conterminous with the vast territory of the Hudson's Bay Company, stretching across the Rocky Mountains, from the Atlantic, on the one hand, to the Pacific on the other. Its present extent may be illustrated by the fact* that, at a recent meeting of his clergy, the Bishop, when accounting for the absence of two of their body, had to explain that the district in which one was placed was distant 1200 miles to the east, and that the other would have had to travel no less than 2500 from the north-west. We may add, that the country is named after Prince Rupert, who, in 1688, erected Fort Charles in James's Bay. The Hudson's Bay Company was incorporated by Charles II. in 1670—its object being to trade with the Indians in furs, which are still the staple commodity of the country.

The *native* population of Rupert's Land is upwards of 100,000, and that of British Columbia, on the other side of the Rocky Mountains, is estimated at 80,000. We have only to bear these facts in mind to understand the interest which must attach to an account of a lengthened sojourn in such a country. A glance at the map which accompanies this number of *Mission Life* will show at once the importance, from a more general point of view, of a North-West Passage by Land, and the advantages which must accrue to commerce and civilisation, not less than to the cause of religion, by the opening of what is likely to become the great high road of the world.

* Work on the Colonies, p. 82.

As on the occasion alluded to above, the then Bishop of Rupert's Land, giving an account of a visitation tour through his diocese, described himself as travelling for weeks together, lying upon his back in a native canoe, and reviving old associations in the midst of the wild solitudes through which his weary journey lay, by conversing with one of his few *compagnons de voyage*, a pocket edition of Horace, his words left a vivid impression of the central figure of a picture, of which the fuller description of the work before supplies the details. Judging from our own experience in this instance, we believe that it will add considerably to the interest with which this book is perused, if the reader can be led more or less to identify any of the scenes described with the everyday life of the self-denying men who have voluntarily exchanged the comforts of English homes and the amenities of English life for the manifold hardships of this most trying of all the spheres of missionary labour. We shall, therefore, offer no apology for suggesting a subject for a companion picture to the above from the travels of the present Bishop of Rupert's Land :—

“The Bishop is off on a trip of two or three months. He thinks he may do it under that time, but I don't think he will; even with every advantage of men, weather, and dogs. He left this . . . stowed away in a dog-sleigh; he and his three men started for the Company's post on the Memitoban. He has sketched out for himself a great mass of work, and a long long trip for the severe winter months. May he be strong for it, and leave a blessing behind him in those remote places. What a change from college life! from the university to the wilderness, from every mode of agreeable travelling to the dog-sleigh, sleeping out in the bush, or on the plains, the canopy of heaven very often for his roof, bushes and boughs for his bed, carefully excluding every breath of air beneath his buffalo robes and blankets, shivering and shaking with cold in a morning when he opens up, *i.e.*, throws off his furs and blankets, making a poor meal, and again consigning himself to his coffin-like sleigh for the day, or occasionally running to get some warmth and circulation.” *

But to our book. First for the authors, for it is a joint production—Lord Milton and Dr Cheadle. We may mention, as likely to establish in the minds of some of our readers a sort of brotherhood with them in their travels, that they are both Cambridge men; and if we are not mistaken, the stalwart figure of the latter has before now found an appropriate place in the centre of the University eight. The expedition was, to use a common euphemism, a pleasure-trip, a prolonged long-vacation ramble. The travellers left Liverpool in June 1862; Quebec—“with its bright white houses tricked out with green clinging to the sides of a commanding bluff, which appears to rise up in the middle of the St Lawrence, so as to bar all passage”—was reached on the 2d of July. The journey to Wisconsin, on the banks of the Mississippi, was performed by rail. The Mississippi was then ascended in a steamer. The steamer was again exchanged for the stage waggon running through the outsettlements of Minnesota. Arriving at the Red River, the question was, How to get to

* *The Mission Field*, Sept. 1866.

Fort Garry, situated, indeed, on its banks, but 500 miles distant? Two crazy birch-bark canoes, sitting so lightly upon the water that a puff of wind would drive them about like a walnut-shell, were eventually chartered, but no guide could be secured. The baggage was necessarily limited by the nature of the conveyance—it consisted of twenty pounds of flour, the same of pemmican, (a species of dried meat,) a little salt pork, some grease, tinder, and matches, a small quantity of tea, salt, tobacco, and plenty of ammunition, a tin kettle and frying-pan, some blankets, and a waterproof sheet, a small axe, with a gun and hunting knife a piece. Many were the adventures of the journey. At first all went well.

“We glided along pleasantly enough, lazily paddling or floating quietly down the sluggish stream. The day was hot and bright, and we courted the grateful shade of the trees which overhung the bank on either side. The stillness of the woods were broken by the dip of our paddles, the occasional splash of a fish, or the cry of various birds. The squirrel played and chirruped among the branches of the trees, the spotted woodpecker tapped on the hollow trunk, while perched high on the topmost bough of some withered giant of the forest the eagle and hawk uttered their harsh and discordant screams. . . . Thoroughly did we enjoy these wild scenes and sounds; but soon the unvarying sameness of the river, and the limited prospect, shut in by rising banks on either side, gave a monotony to our daily journey; and the routine of cooking, chopping, loading and unloading canoes, paddling and shooting, amusing enough at first, began to grow rather tiresome.”

After a few days' monotonous voyaging, it was decided to try a night journey. The night was clear and starlight, but ominous clouds soon began to roll up. Before long—

“The darkness became complete; then, without previous warning, a dazzling flash of lightning lit up for a moment the wild scene around us, and, almost instantaneously, a tremendous clap of thunder, an explosion, like the bursting of a magazine, caused us to stop paddling, and sit silent and appalled. A fierce blast of wind swept over the river, snapping great trees, like twigs, on every side; the rain poured down in floods, and soaked us through and through; flash followed flash in quick succession, with its accompanying roar of thunder. We made an attempt to land at once, but the darkness was so intense that we could not see to avoid the snags and fallen timber which beset the steep, slippery bank. . . . There was nothing else for it but to face it out till daylight, and we therefore fastened the two canoes together, and again gave ourselves up to the fury of the storm. . . . Hour after hour passed by, but the storm raged as furiously, and the rain came down as fast as ever. . . . The canoes were gradually filling with water, which had crept up nearly to our waists, and the gunwales were barely above the surface. It became very doubtful whether they would float till daybreak. The night air was raw and cold, and as we sat in our involuntary hip-bath, with the rain beating upon us; we shivered from head to foot; our teeth chattered, and our hands became so benumbed that we could scarcely grasp the paddle. But we dared not take a moment's rest from our exciting work, in watching and sheering clear of the snags and rocks, although we were almost tempted to give up, and resign ourselves to chance. Never will any

of us forget the misery of that night, or the intense feeling of relief we experienced when we first observed rather a lessening of the darkness, than any positive appearance of light. Shortly before this the storm began sensibly to abate, but the rain poured down as fast as ever, when we hastily landed in the gray morning on a muddy bank, the first practicable place we came to. Drawing our canoes high on shore, that they might not be swept off by the rising flood, we wrapped ourselves in our dripping blankets, and, utterly weary and worn out, slept long and soundly."

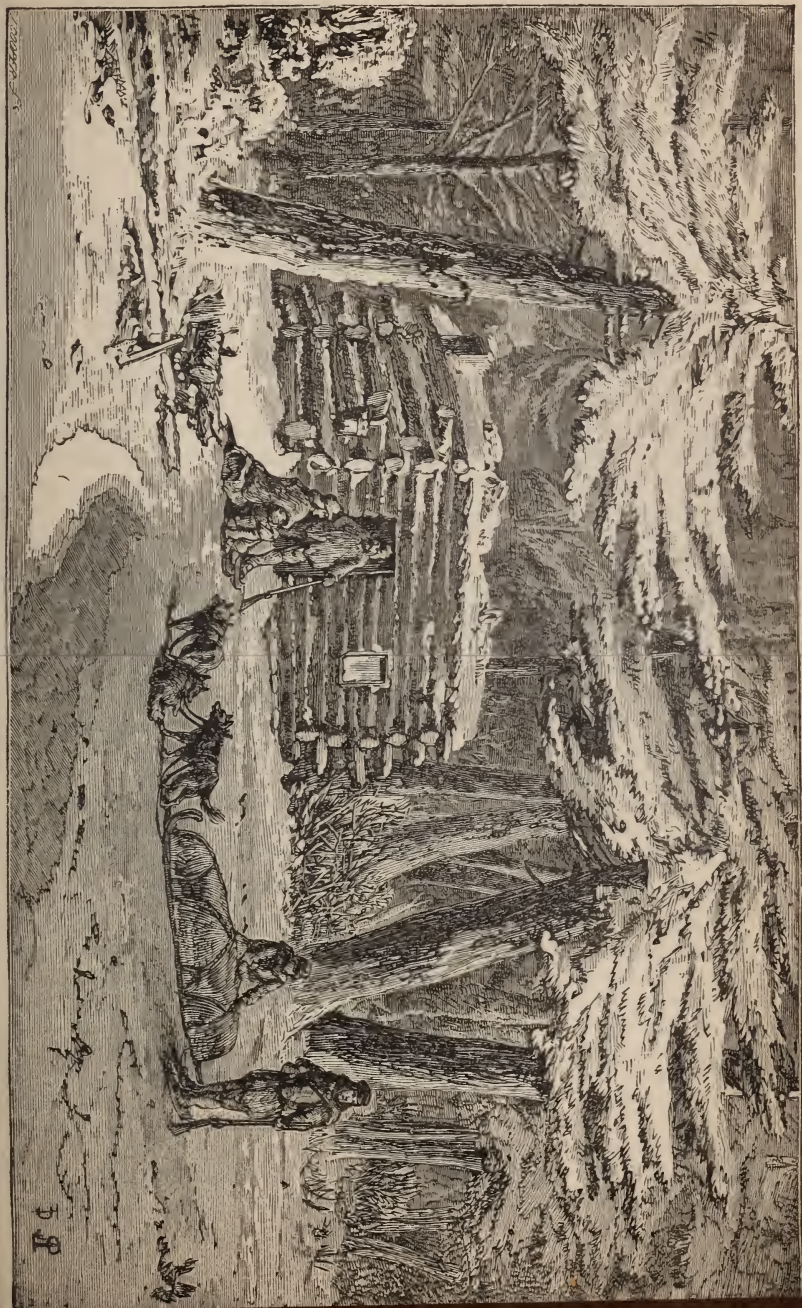
This is but a specimen of the perils and hardships which were encountered, and which were increased by two similar storms during the eighteen days' voyage.

We are next introduced to the Red River settlement, and a post or fort of the Hudson's Bay Company. Here our travellers met Bishop Anderson, whose kindness and hospitality is duly recorded. The settlement comprises a heterogeneous community of about 8000 souls,—English, Irish, Scotch, English and French Canadians, Americans, English and Canadian half-breeds, and Indians,—nearly all of whom are dependent upon the Company. The farmers are well-to-do. "The soil is so fertile that wheat is raised, year after year, on the same land, and yields fifty and sixty bushels to the acre, without any manure being required." The only drawback being that there is no market for the produce. "It is the interest and policy of the Company to discourage emigration, and to keep the country as one vast preserve for fur-bearing animals. . . . At least 60 millions of acres of the richest soil lie ready for the farmer when he shall be allowed to enter in and possess it." Hopes are held out that this time may not be far distant, and that this last great monopoly is likely to give way to a more enlightened policy.

As it was found impossible to attempt to cross the Rocky Mountains until the following spring, it was decided to make a farther advance into a good hunting country, and then take up winter quarters.

The record of the next few months is full of interest. The winter house, which was immediately built on the banks of a small lake, and of which, by the kind courtesy of the publishers, we are enabled to give the accompanying engraving, is thus described :—

"A rude enclosure, fifteen feet by thirteen, was first made of rough poplar logs, morticed together at the corners of the building. The logs, however, did not by any means lie in opposition, and the spaces between them would admit of a hand being passed through. As yet there was neither door, window, nor roof, and the walls were but six feet high in front, and little over five feet behind. These deficiencies were however soon supplied by the ingenious La Ronde, in a much simpler fashion than we had expected. A doorway and window was hewn through the solid walls ; a door constructed of boards from the carts ; whilst a piece of parchment supplied the place of window-glass. The roof was covered in by straight poles of young, dry pines, and over this was a thatch of marsh grass, weighted down by loose earth thrown over. The lowness of the building externally was remedied inside by digging out the ground two feet, rendering the



building very much warmer. The interstices between the logs were filled up with mud, mixed with chopped grass, to give it tenacity. . . . The parchment windows of our little hut were so small and opaque that we could hardly see even to eat by their light alone, and were generally obliged to have the door open ; and thus, although the room was very small, and the fire-place very large, a crust of ice formed over the tea in our tin cups, as we sat within a yard of the roaring fire. One effect of the cold was to give a most ravenous appetite for fat. Many a time have we eaten great lumps of hard grease—rancid tallow, used for making candles, without bread, or anything to modify it.”

The journey (about 800 miles was still to be accomplished) was recommenced in April, but the final preparations for crossing the mountains were not made till June, at Fort Edmonton. There several pack horses were obtained, and the services of a half-breed hunter, rejoicing in the name of Assiniboine, were secured, the only drawback to the efficiencies of the latter being that he was one-handed, and insisted on taking his wife and son with him. An unexpected addition was also made to the party in the person of an ex-schoolmaster and graduate of Cambridge, who, on the breaking out of the American war, had fled from the Southern States, to escape the anticipated honour of being elected a “Captain of the Home Guard,” and who pleaded hard to be allowed the advantage of an escort to British Columbia. We do not wonder that the reviewers of the North-West Passage have been unanimous in regarding Mr O. B. as a mythic personage ; and whilst, therefore, accepting the statement of the authors, in their preface to a late edition, that he is *not* a fictitious character, but a real actor in the story, portrayed as faithfully and truly as it lay in their power to depict him, we can only express a regret that some enterprising publisher has not secured the individual, for the sake of making known his history, which, if put forth, say under the title of the “Gentleman in Black,” would most effectually and for ever eclipse its only possible rival in the way of biography, “The Woman in White.”

From Fort Edmonton the only available track was that of a party of Canadian emigrants, who had gone on the same route the preceding year, but of whom nothing had since been heard. The following extract will give some idea of the nature of the travelling from this point :—

“The huge trunks which barred the path rendered our progress very laborious. The pack horses wearied us by breaking away into the forest, rather than leap over the obstructions in the way, and from morning to night we were incessantly running after them to drive them back. Then they rushed about in every direction but the right one, crashing and tumbling amongst the timber, and often involving themselves in some serious embarrassment. Jamming their packs between adjacent trees, trying to pass under an inclining trunk, too low to admit the saddle, or jumping into collections of timber, where their legs became hopelessly entangled. . . . The trail had been made by the Canadians when the river was low, and was now frequently lost in deep water. At these points we were obliged to cut a new line for ourselves along steep, timber-strewn hill-sides. The forest was as dense as ever, and the trees of the largest ‘Muskegs’ occupied the hollows

between the pine-clad hills, which ran up, at short intervals, with steep front towards the river. The horses mired, and were dragged out—walked into the river, and were hauled back—entangled themselves in fallen timber, and were chopped out—or hid themselves in the thick wood, and had to be sought.”

On one occasion a raft, which had been laboriously made for one of the numerous crossings of the river, was upset, and one of the horses lost, and almost all their stores. Here is Mr O. B.’s commentary on the event:—

“I’ve had a terrible shock to-day—a terrible shock! *Mihi frigidus horror membra quatit.* I’m trembling with the recollection of it now. Ah! doctor, doctor, you don’t know what I suffered. The sound of this dreadful water in my ears is more than I can bear. I want to know whether you think there will be any more rivers to cross. But please move on a few miles, please do—there’s a good fellow, just to oblige me, out of hearing of this terrible noise. *Heu me miserum! iterum iterumque, strepitum fluminum audio!*”

However, Mr O. B. betook himself, as usual in such emergencies, to the study of a pocket edition of Paley’s “Evidences,” and soon regained his equanimity. But at the next river, nothing would induce him to attempt the passage “until, roused by the prospect of being left behind, just as the last horse left the bank, he rushed madly in, and grasping its flowing tail with both hands was towed triumphantly over. After this great success his anxiety about prospective rivers was greatly decreased.”

On the 27th of July, some days after the descent of the western side of the mountains had been commenced, and when still more than one hundred miles from the nearest post, Kamloops, *the trail came to an end.* The emigrants had evidently given up the work of cutting their way by land in despair, had killed their horses, and made a raft, and committed themselves to the river. A council of war was now held—the river was known to abound with rapids—the requisites for making a suitable raft were wanting, it was therefore determined to persevere, and try to cut a way along the banks of the river. Terrible were the hardships endured, and it was only by killing and eating two of their horses—themselves reduced to skin and bone—that they escaped a miserable death by starvation. From two to five miles a day was the average progress made, and that only by the desperate exertions of men struggling for their lives. At last, however, at the end of August Kamloops was reached. Here tidings were first heard of the Canadian emigrants. Their raft had been upset at the “Grand Rapid,” and a large number of them drowned. The others had reached Kamloops more dead than alive. Three of their number who had been separated from the rest had perished in the most horrible manner, two of them having murdered their companion, and one of the two having prolonged his life a few days by killing his fellow-murderer.

By the middle of September, *New Westminster* was safely reached.

We are sorry to say that throughout the book the only allusion to the efforts for the introduction of Christianity into the countries described is

an account of a Romish Mission Station. An unfavourable impression of Protestant Missions in Rupert's Land seems to have been created, some explanation of which may be found in the fact that the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel is only able to expend somewhat less than £400 a year in this diocese, and that though the Church Missionary Society is enabled to support as many as nineteen clergymen, its revenues are manifestly unequal to the task of evangelising so vast a territory. The blame, therefore, if any, rests with the general body of English Churchmen.

We quote the description of the presiding Romish priest :—

“Père Lacome was an exceedingly intelligent man, and we found his society very agreeable. Although a French Canadian, he spoke English very fluently, and his knowledge of the Cree language was acknowledged by the half-breeds to be superior to their own. Gladly accepting his invitation to stay and dine, we followed him into his house, which contained only a single room, with a sleeping-loft above. The furniture consisted of a small table, and a couple of rough chairs, and the walls were adorned with several coloured prints, amongst which were a portrait of his holiness the Pope, another of the bishop of the Red River, and a picture representing some very substantial and stolid-looking angels, lifting very jolly saints out of the flames of purgatory. After a capital dinner on soup, fish, and dried meat, with delicious vegetables, we strolled round the settlement in company with our host. He showed us several very respectable farms, with rich corn-fields; large bands of horses, and herds of fat cattle. He had devoted himself to the work of improving the condition of his flock, had brought out at great expense ploughs and other farming implements for their use, and was at present completing a corn-mill to be worked by horse power. He had built a chapel, and established schools for the half-breed children. The substantial bridge we had crossed was the result of his exertions. Altogether, this little settlement was the most flourishing community we had seen since leaving Red River, and it must be confessed that the Romish priests far exceed their Protestant brethren in missionary enterprise and influence. They have established stations at Isle à la Crosse, St Alban's, St Ann's, and other places far out in the wilds, undeterred by danger or hardship, and, gathering half-breeds and Indians around them, have taught, with considerable success, the elements of civilisation as well as religion.”

After a short sojourn at Victoria, Vancouver's Island, undeterred by their former experiences, Lord Milton and Dr Cheadle undertook another journey, to visit the gold districts of Cariboo, of which a most graphic description is given.

The interest of the “North-West Passage” must be our apology for this long notice. We heartily commend the book to our readers, only adding that, besides its many other attractions, it is admirably illustrated, and printed in a type to which we only regret that publishers do not oftener treat the reading public.



THE MURCHISON FALLS ON THE VICTORIA NILE.

MISSION LIFE.

CENTRAL AFRICAN MISSION.

HOME WORK.

IN accordance with the notice in the last number of the magazine, the following arrangements for special services and meetings have been made :—

At 2.30 p.m., on All Saints' Eve, a special service at Holy Trinity Church, Windsor. Preacher—the Venerable Archdeacon Wordsworth. It is hoped that the choirs of several adjoining parishes will assist at the service. At four o'clock a meeting will be held in S. Mark's School-Room, at which Col. Playfair, H.M. Consul at Zanzibar, has kindly promised to attend.

November 1, All Saints' Day, an evening choral service, at the parish church, Horsham. Preacher—the Rev. J. D. Watson, incumbent of S. Gregory the Great's, Canterbury.

November 7, a Public Meeting at Willis's Rooms, London, at three o'clock p.m.—the Bishop of Oxford will preside. The Bishop of Lincoln, the Dean of Ely, Rev. Canon Cook, Col. Playfair, H.M. Consul at Zanzibar, will attend.

November 15 and 16, Sermons at Taunton and Over Stowey, near Bridgwater. Preacher—the Venerable Archdeacon Freeman.

On Sunday November 18, Sermons at Holy Trinity Church, Upper Tooting, by Rev. H. Boyd, incumbent of S. Mark's, Victoria Docks, and the Rev. J. J. Halcombe.

November 26, a lecture in S. John's School-Room, Great Yarmouth, by the Rev. J. J. Halcombe.

November — (day not fixed,) a special service at All Saints, Cambridge. Preacher—the Rev. T. T. Carter, rector of Clewer.

List of Contributions Received from Sept. 21 to October 20, 1866.

(New Contributions are marked thus *)

CONTRIBUTIONS FOR S. AUGUSTINE'S FUND.

	£	s.	d.
Hook, Mrs W.....	0	5	0
Prescott, Rev. G. F.	2	0	0

GUILD OF S. ALBAN.

LONDON DISTRICT.

*Crickmay, A. W., Esq.	0	5	0
*Walker, C. V., Esq., F.R.S.	0	6	0
*Gunyon, Joseph, Esq.	0	5	0
*Main, Robert, Esq.	0	5	0
*Delano, James, Esq.	0	5	0
*Lea, J. W., Esq.	0	5	0
*Trevarthen, John, Esq.	0	10	0
*Drake, Miss O. T.	0	2	6
*Sister Superior, S. Ethelreda Sisterhood.....	0	5	0
*Page, P. S., Esq.	0	2	6

BIRMINGHAM DISTRICT.

*S. Agnes Sisterhood	0	10	0
*Kirk, Mrs, Ruthin.....	0	2	0

HULL DISTRICT.

*Brotherhood of S. Edward the Confessor.....	0	5	0
*Walton, Thomas, Esq.	0	2	0
*English, J. W., Esq.	0	2	0
*Lloyd, C. G., Esq.	0	2	0
*Sylvester, —, Esq.	0	2	0
*Browne, Rev. G. O., M.A....	0	2	0
*Holden, J. F., Esq.	0	2	0

NOTTINGHAM DISTRICT..... 0 5 0

BRISTOL DISTRICT

*Mayor, T. O., Esq.	0	5	0
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BRADFORD, BROTHERHOOD OF HOLY CROSS.

*Walton, J. G., Esq.	0	5	0
*France, C., Esq.	0	2	6
*Williamson, J. E., Esq.	0	2	6
*Sewell, W. A., Esq.	0	2	0
*White, J., Esq.	0	1	0
*Sewell, G. F., Esq.	0	1	0
*Pearce, G. C., Esq.	0	1	0
*Rogerson, H. G., Esq.	0	2	0
*Lincey, J. H., Esq.	0	1	0
*Buxton, J., Esq.	0	1	0
*Brook, T., Esq.	0	1	0
*Kellett, W. T., Esq.	0	1	0
*Lincey, R., Esq.	0	1	0

*Walker, A. H., Esq.	0	1	0
*Ward, H. H., Esq.	0	1	0

GENERAL.

*Wright, Rev. T. P.	1	1	0
*Garton, J. A., Esq.	0	5	0
*Hawkins, J., Esq.	0	5	0
*Gray, G., Esq.	0	2	6
*Howe, —, Esq.	0	1	9
*Benfield, —, Esq.	0	1	0
*Walters, Rev. C.	0	5	0
	£8	0	3

GENERAL CONTRIBUTIONS.

SOCIETY FOR THE PROPAGATION OF THE GOSPEL.

*Houghton, Conquest.....	2	12	9
*S. Mary Woolnoth	1	1	0
*Tong, Yorkshire	1	1	0
F. Beresford, Esq.	1	1	0
*Theological College, Wells, Somerset.....	8	10	6
Amount received from Ireland, previously acknowledged, £14, 12s.			

GENERAL LIST.

*Bowden, Capt., R.N.	2	2	0
Chambers, Mrs, Collecting Box.....	1	12	0
*Cornish, Mrs.	1	1	0
*Fraser, Mrs J., by Col. Playfair, don.	1	4	0
Hanson, Miss.....	1	0	0
*Hill, Mrs Julia, don.....	0	10	0
*Hook, Mrs W., don.....	0	4	0
Inman, Rev. E.	1	1	0
Long, Rev. C. E.	2	2	0
*Scott, Mrs Thomas.....	2	2	0
*Smyttn, Mrs G. H.	2	2	0
St Aubyn, Miss.....	1	1	0
*Subscriber—viz.:			
G. Cottam's....	0	11	8
R. Weston's....	0	12	5
Widow Hill's... ..	0	9	0
Illidge's.....	0	3	9
	1	16	10
*Willis, the Misses, for maintenance of a child at Zanzibar.....	6	0	0

OFFERTORIES.

	£	s.	d.
* Llandudno, by Rev. J. Morgan.....	3	0	0
* London, S. James', Ratcliffe, by Rev. R. H. Atherton.....	2	5	0
* Slaley, by Rev. W. Sisson..	0	10	6
* Thorverton, by Archdeacon Freeman.....	3	3	0
* Whitley Chapel, by Rev. W. Sisson.....	0	12	6

WELLS TOZER FUND.

<i>Hon. Sec., the Rev. J. W. FESTING.</i>			
<i>Contributions received during September and October.</i>			
Babb, Rev. G.....	1	0	0

	£	s.	d.
Bacon, Rev. F.....	0	10	0
Baker, Rev. R. L.....	1	1	0
Barnard, Rev. H.....	0	10	0
Barton, Rev. M.....	0	10	0
Bennett, Rev. A. S.....	1	1	0
Bennett, Rev. B. E. W.....	1	0	0
Bowers, Rev. G. H.....	0	10	0
Carey, Rev. T.....	1	0	0
Clayton, Rev. E. H.....	0	10	0
Davenport, Rev. G. R.....	5	0	0
Du Cane, Rev. A. R.....	2	0	0
Festing, Rev. J. W.....	0	10	0
Gibbs, Rev. J. L.....	5	0	0
Hawkins, Rev. H.....	0	10	6
Ommanney, Rev. G. D. W.	1	0	0
Oswald, Rev. H. M.....	2	0	0
Plumtre, Rev. W. H.....	0	10	0

FOREIGN WORK.

We regret to say that the accounts of Bishop Tozer's health have continued to be such, as to give cause for much anxiety, and that Dr Seward, the medical officer at Zanzibar, has ordered his immediate return to England, both for the benefit of the voyage, and of a few months' complete rest and change. Miss Tozer, speaking of the commencement of her brother's illness, says:—"I am persuaded that he took his illness at a funeral. It was at three o'clock, in the full glare of the sun, and he had not even an umbrella held over him." The Bishop intends coming round the Cape, for the benefit of the voyage, and will probably not arrive until the end of November.

The following extract from a letter written, or rather dictated, by Bishop Tozer, dated 6th September 1866, shows the anxiety with which he is looking forward to commencing work on the mainland:—

"The present establishment at Zanzibar is but a stepping-stone to the central tribes, and can never be considered as the 'Ultima Thule' of our hopes and plans, unless we forego the very object for which the Mission was inaugurated. For my own part, I shall never rest satisfied, should God spare my life, until I find myself, in some sense, the Bishop of the 'tribes around Nyassa, and the adjoining country in Africa,' according to the terms of the royal licence under which I was consecrated. How best to carry out this work is the problem which we have to solve.

Those who have studied the Mission's past history know well the cost at which it has been maintained; and the state of the entire continent is such, that for many many years to come, we must depend solely on the home Church for pecuniary aid."

Miss Tozer, speaking of the Mission School, says:—"The children are very satisfactory; the boys improving daily, and the girls are very different to what they were a year ago. Miss Jones is very fond of them, and takes infinite pains to make them domestic and useful."

The latest news about the Mission will be gathered from a correspondent's letter, printed at p. 430.

LIFE IN ZANZIBAR.

(Continued from p. 251.)

OCTOBER 21, 1865.—The Banians' feast-week is going on, and the noise at night is portentous; the first night incessant singing, (oh, such a misnomer!) and dancing, and howling, and shrieking, and yelling, the whole night; then for two nights they fired pistols and guns, and let off crackers. Now they have finished their powder, I hope, and are illuminating their streets and dwellings. They decorate their rooms, and light up coloured lamps, and get all their friends to come in and admire, and talk—there seems to be no feasting. These Banians are heathens, they are peaceful and gentle, but look awful and ferocious. Their colour is an ugly yellow, and they shave the front half of their heads, and let the black long hair stream behind in the wind—this gives them a very savage look. They drape themselves in many yards of thin white muslin, and look far less clothed than the blacks in their loin cloths. They often stop as they go by to bathe, if I am at the window, and salaam down to the ground, and smile and wave and say, "Jamba, sana, sana." A few like Banians are Mohammedans; they are called "Bora." We have one at work in the house now, a quiet dignified creature, so picturesque in his white flowing garb; he is nearly as white as we are. The Banians do not bring women and children, but come from Cutch and Candahar for a few years, make fortunes, and go back. The Boras have

women, as we see, white-looking women, and children sitting in their street.

I never saw anything like the growth here. I sowed radishes, mustard, mignonette, and balsams, one morning; on the fourth day the radishes were two inches high; and after some beautiful rain, the following morning the balsams and mignonette came up quite thick. A melon plant sent in a little box now covers twenty feet of ground, the leaves are as large as a parasol, huge yellow flowers, and a promise here and there of fruit. The children's gardens on the roof are just as wonderful. Such sugar-cane, Indian corn, beans, onions, and melons, you never saw. Mr J. brought me a present of yams and cocoa palm—*i.e.*, young trees cut down and stripped of the outer bark. You cut the interior up into a delicious salad; it only lasts two days, so is an extravagant dish. You ask about milk—we get it twice a day, very good, quite pure, I think, from four to six pice a bottle. The difficulty is in keeping it, as after about an hour it turns, if not boiled, and often in boiling it turns to curd; for instance, to-day at dinner we had coffee without milk. The noise while I write is perfectly horrible; about fifty women, carrying sand in baskets, are come to a stand-still under my windows, either for a dance or a quarrel, or some event, and are jabbering, screaming, yelling, dancing, singing, regardless of the cries and exhortations to “nenda, nenda,” (go, go,) of two men with sticks, whose duty it is to keep them at work. They never touch them, but yell out, “nenda, nenda,” “hi-ā hi-ā,” until your ears and head are wearied to death—the noise is something unearthly and shocking. Salim suggested that we should buy Pūndas to carry the stones and sand, which, now that we are building walls, myriads of screaming females bring on their heads. He remarked that they (the Pūndas) would carry more, and be quiet.

S. SIMON AND S. JUDE'S DAY.—This is a most delicious morning; at 5.30 the sea lay like a sheet of burnished glass, not a movement on it, while Chumba and French Island, and the other basket-like islets in sight, seemed to be lifted up into the sky, and their white streaks of beaches stretched out against the clear blue. This atmospheric effect is very common here. The ships and dhows lay just as if asleep, with shadows tending landwards, until the sun was quite risen, and up went, in all directions, scarlet or red flags, the sultan's colour, which, flying everywhere, makes everything look so gay; plain red, just the colour of that dyed red twill we have in England. Our little girls have the red twill for their heads, (dusamili or ukaia,) and with little

frocks of sailor's shirting, (fitting close round the throat,) look quite picturesque. In chapel this morning, as we began our Saint's Day Service with a hymn, "Captains of the Saintly Band," all around seemed asleep, and we only awake and singing; I never saw such a perfect calm. By the time we came up to breakfast at 6.50, all was changed; a ripple covered the sea, the flags flew out, and a flight of silver-white birds kept travelling, like flakes of snow, from one end of the bay to the other. Mr S. had begun to bring up his never-ending bags of cowries, and the black women had begun their yells. All was life, and noisy life too.

December 18.—I wish to tell you of a visit we had last week from two young men, sons of the king of the Uniamwesi country—you will see it in the map, very near Tanganika Lake. They had come down on a visit to his Highness; one was about eighteen, the other twenty-three—the younger was married—we could understand them very well, but we had an interpreter. We sat round, as is usual, in a circle, a little table in the middle, and on this we spread the atlas, to show them all the names near their home. They knew both Speke and Grant—both had much composure and dignity, but the elder was most intelligent. I think, at first, they were shocked to see me unmasked, and kept their eyes on the ground, but in a little time got over my white face. *They* were black as coals. The Bishop sent many messages to the king, their father, who in his youth, thirty years ago, had himself come down to Zanzibar, and had evidently sent these lads on the *grand tour* in the same way. We have one Uniamwesi boy, Macaniassar; so he was sent for, and came in, awfully frightened, in his best clothes, to salaam. They held out their hands to him, and he went and knelt down between them. The younger asked him many questions in a dignified quiet way—whether he were happy, &c. Macaniassar answered them, almost in a whisper, that "he had forgotten country and parents, because he was so well off, and had so much to eat." This was, at any rate, complimentary to us. An old party, less black than the princes, was with them as governor and mentor. We gave them two of the little sets of cards which are so very much valued, one of our Lord's miracles, and one (the favourite) of birds of England, and played them a tune on the piano. They were charmed with the telescopes, and looked through them intently. The Bishop then took them up to the roof to see the big bell, and they saw some of the children, and were shown where the boys slept, &c. We explained to them that we wished the king to send us some boys—not for slaves, for our sultan

would be very angry if she heard of any Englishman having slaves—but to teach them to read and write, and to know the great God, and then we would send them home again to tell the people of Uniam-wesi. We also explained to them who the Bishop was, and why he came here, and told them the reason England was so great and rich was, that she feared this great God, and sent her sons out all over the world to tell others the same ; also, that we had a Book written by our God, which we should like to teach them to read and understand—they bowed their heads and said “ Good.” When they departed, they promised to come again before they returned home, that we might send salaams and a present to the king their father ; so we shall see the lads again. It was a nice little visit, and I liked them. I longed for you one morning lately, when some poor creatures, who were at work here, attracted by the pictures in the corridor, stopped to look. I happened to be passing, and began to explain the “ draught of fishes ;” but my Suaheli coming short, I called your God-son, George, who went into the whole as readily as possible, and went through the set with great brightness. They were the most struck with the “ good Samaritan,” and George told them, bowing his head reverently, about Him, the Good Shepherd—the Son of God, who came down from the sky to seek everywhere for the miserable ones, and bring them to His Father. They asked numbers of questions, and laughed aloud with pleasure over some. My pleasure was to hear the boy explain so well and clearly, evidently understanding all himself. They know such a quantity of Bible history, and I always wonder at their conduct in chapel. They literally *never move* an inch—even the baby kneels up, with folded little black hands motionless, except on Sunday, when sleep always surprises him, and he is flat on the floor long before the end. They behave exactly as we do, and join in all the parts they know. They read the Psalms in their own books ; of course, they cannot follow very fast, but they never lift their eyes from their book.

May 21.—Now I am to tell you about your pretty red handkerchiefs. As pocket-handkerchiefs, they are of no use, but they are always much prized, being turned into banderas or flags ; so they were cut up, and three more added from Miss Jones’ store, and given away on Ascension Day. We made them understand that a kind bibi in England had sent them, and showed them your photograph.

May 21, Whit-Monday.—Shaik Suliman, who used to be Suliman ben Ali, the prime minister, came on Friday ; he was very pleasant.

We have been inundated with Arabs of late, and our books are dispersing fast. They must be all over Zanzibar by this time. We all agree that the great influx of late must mean something unusual. There is some shake of faith among them, and they are evidently searching the Scriptures. They diligently read and translate too, which is still more strange. It is a most lovely day, a real Whitsuntide. We had such nice services yesterday—first, early communion at seven, then morning service at eleven, with a large concourse of English—all the officers of the P. & O. Company's steamer, and a pretty, gentlemanly boy, the son of the captain. Our boys could hardly walk into chapel straight, their eyes all fixed on him. Our new organ, which is a beauty, will go well when Harry is accustomed to it, and George can blow better. Our guests seemed to like it much. (Evening service is at six o'clock on Sunday, early communion at seven, and morning service at eleven.)

I was called away from finishing your letter to receive two Arabs, Dr Steere being at his Usambara lesson, and the Bishop out. I went and sat with them. They both kissed my hand. One could speak no Suaheli, only Arabic; we had a quantity of books. I fetched my own Gospel of St Matthew, and read a chapter to the old one—the other sitting by with uplifted hand and a chucking “hu! hu!” noise, to express his astonishment at a woman being able to read. I then said, “The Arab women know nothing—in England, women *plenty sense*, know everything. Which is best? I can sew, read, and write. I know to play on the big, big music. I can help Bishop in his business. I know to cook and make curry. I can ride, and talk, and do all things, like the men.” You would have marvelled at my list of accomplishments. I always want to make them see how superior we are to their poor creatures, and certainly I think I succeed. Both kissed my hand again, and are gone, very happy in the possession of a Testament each. Seed sown on the waters.

The walk to our shamba is across Nazamayo, the open sort of plain which divides the town from the country. This is wild and uncultivated, strewn with graves and tombs, all looking very neglected, tufts of small trees, and hillocks of sandy grass, and then across what is water when the tide is up, but otherwise dry enough to walk over, at the other side of which we come to the shambas or country-seats; then you go in by any of the curious little paths, among dense foliage, and under mangoes, with their stately shade and tall cocoa-nuts, which never afford any cool shade, and look so forlorn and tall. After going for some time along these wild paths,

you emerge on a beautiful park-like slope, dotted with trees more beautiful than anything you can see in Zanzibar. Some of the single mangoes are large as English oaks, and very fine ones too. A few cocoa-nuts, enough to be picturesque, for it is odd but true that cocoa-nuts singly are ugly, and a great quantity equally so; but among other trees, or in groups of a dozen, they are most exquisite and graceful. The Pemba cocoas are exceptions, always lovely and telling in a picture. They do not rise on a high stem, but spread out from the root, or from a very short stem. Tangled about among the trees are bushes and creepers, but it is disappointing to find no flowers; beautiful shrubs and creepers, which promise so much, possessing only perhaps a diminutive yellow or green blossom, such as our own English mercury or agrimony; and all researches in yesterday's walk were repaid with only one sprig of sweetness, a jessamine, or "yasmin," as the Arabs call it, a little like our own common white jessamine, and most fragrant.

It is curious how different the children are to English children. You give them something to carry, and they never lose or forget it, but bring it safe home, and they rarely break anything. They carry it on their heads, from an empty basket to a great pile of plates or dishes, or a jar of water, chair, table, book; in short, everything goes instantly up on the head, and there it is perfectly safe. There is so great a trade carrying on now in cocoa-nuts by all the foreign houses, that we expect they will become quite scarce. The nuts are cut in two, and dried on the roofs for some days, constantly turned, then packed, and sent to Marseilles, where the oil is pressed out; and they find this more profitable than pressing them here. Probably they have machinery there which would be too expensive here.

STORY OF AN AFRICAN CHIEF.

THE name of Chibisa has been so often mentioned in connexion with the Universities' Mission to Central Africa, that probably some further account of him may not be uninteresting to the reader ; especially as a sketch of his life will serve to illustrate very forcibly the state of this unhappy country, and the strange vicissitudes to which the people and their chiefs are subject ; and if I observe that these details were all, with the exception of what came under my own notice, related to me by the chief himself, they may perhaps be read with additional interest.

The name of Chibisa's village on the Shiré,* where the mission had its station so long, is called Mikarongo. Another village, bearing the same name, about twenty miles due south of it, also belongs to Chibisa ; this we will call Mikarongo (2.)

Mikarongo (2) was the birth-place of Chibisa. The chief was his uncle, (mother's brother,) upon whose death he inherited the chieftainship, in accordance with the Manganja law, which keeps the succession, very singularly, in the female line. Thus when a chief dies, not his son but his brother succeeds him ; and if he should not happen to have a brother, the eldest son of a sister ; or, failing this again, then the nearest relation on the mother's side.

Soon after Chibisa became chief, the Landeens, a Kafir tribe living inland, south of the Zambési, advanced to the river, and, crossing it, invaded the country on the north side, under one Banda their chief. They passed up the western bank of the Shiré, ravaging the villages and gardens, and killing many of the people, whose slaughter was increased, said Chibisa, by their lingering, as they fled, to look at the strange beings who were bringing the war, doubting whether those uncouth forms, covered with the skins of beasts, shouting, and leaping wildly as they came on, were really those of men. Chibisa, hearing of this invasion, went after the Landeens, and fought several battles, with varying success. Being unable to beat him, according to his own account, the Landeens retreated from up the river towards Lake Nyassa, and since that time no more Landeens have crossed the Zambési into the Shiré districts ! The natives in these parts call them Mafite or Mapsite, and it is quite certain that Dr Livingstone recognised the Landeens of the Zambési in some of the people he saw near Lake Nyassa.

* See map in the July number, p. 165.

Such was Chibisa's first experience of war. Not long after this, however, a new enemy appeared in Dombo-dombo, a powerful chief living near Tette, to the south-west of Mikarongo (2.) The cause of the war in which Chibisa was soon engaged did not come out, but was most probably a quarrel about territory, arising from his own excessive desire of acquisition. The first attack was made by Dombo-dombo. Coming against Chibisa with a large body of his men, he made a sudden and vigorous onslaught, compelled Chibisa to fly from his village, and took all his wives and children prisoners. Worsted, but not conquered, Chibisa soon collected a number of his people, made an attack upon Dombo-dombo by night, and, after succeeding in the rescue of his wives and children, retreated quickly to the banks of the Shiré. There he was followed by Dombo-dombo, who recovered the captives on the following day, and once more obliged his enemy to fly. A second time Chibisa made a counter-attack by night, and regained possession of his wives and family; this process of attack on Dombo's part, and retreat and recovery at night on Chibisa's, going on for some time. At length Dombo gave up the pursuit, returned to his own village, and, so said Chibisa, died very soon afterwards.

Chibisa now returned to Mikarongo, having gained the reputation of a brave warrior from his deeds; but Chisaka, Dombo-dombo's successor, did not allow him to remain at rest long. A desultory war ensued, in which the advantage was sometimes with Chisaka, and sometimes with Chibisa; but it ended in Chisaka following the example of his predecessor, and dying shortly after relinquishing the pursuit of Chibisa. It was in this way that the latter became celebrated among the Mang-anja; and to the renown which he had gained in both these wars, was added the fame, through the death of the two chiefs, of being an individual favoured by the unseen powers, and one whom it was therefore dangerous to provoke. Chisaka's pursuit, however, must have been a vigorous one, for Chibisa, it appears, was obliged to cross the Shiré, and fly to the highland country near Lake Shirwah, where he took up his abode some time with relations. While there, he said, rumours came that the Alomwe, a tribe of the Makoah, were going to invade the country; but on hearing that *Chibisa* was preparing to meet them, they were doubtful of the issue, and did not venture to advance. Not getting on well with his relations, he came down to the Shiré, and settled at Mikarongo (1,) and it was somewhere about this time that Dr Livingstone made his acquaintance. Hearing that his little steamer was passing

on the river, Chibisa sent an invitation to the doctor to come and drink some "moa" with him, which was hailed as a good token, and gladly accepted: a very cordial meeting took place, the chief promising his help, and asking the doctor to consider Mikarongo as his home; and thus Chibisa was the first to welcome him into the Manganja country, and to become, as he liked to call himself, "the friend of the English." Chisaka's successor was his brother Chisungu; but as he was a man of peace, and did not wish to fight, because Mpambi forbids men to kill one another, he and Chibisa made friends, and the old feud came to an end.

The activity, and, I may add, probably the ambition of our chief, would not permit him to remain quiet at Mikarongo (2,) to which he returned after Chisaka's war closed with his death. Complaining of the scarcity of game at Mikarongo, he removed to a district called Doa, not far from the Zambési, between Senna and Tette, where game was abundant, especially the larger kinds; and there he established himself with the reputation of a brave and powerful chief.

But the real cause of his removal was as follows:—Chibisa had a younger brother named Kapiji, of whom, for some reason or other, he was very jealous. He most likely suspected him of wishing to get possession of the chieftainship. Soon after the war with Dombodombo, Chibisa accused his brother of having been the cause of it by means of powers which he attributed to witchcraft. The trial by "mwavi" (drinking poison*) immediately followed, in which Kapiji proved himself innocent by recovery. This led to the suspicion that Chibisa only wished to kill his brother by making him drink the "mwavi," and he at once retired to Mikarongo (1,) which at that time belonged of right to a chief, Da-kana-moio, but was taken from him by the more powerful Chibisa. Kapiji soon sent to him, asking him to be friends, and come home, and perform the rite of public shaving—customary on the part of the accuser, when the "mwavi" ordeal results in the acquittal of the accused, as an acknowledgment

* The "mwavi" is the poisonous bark of a tree bearing the same name. At the close of a "mirandu," a decoction of this is brought in a gourd, and the accused, having drunk it, is made to walk backwards and forwards in front of his accusers, who keep crying out, "If you are guilty, let the mwavi kill you. If you are not guilty, let it soon leave you." If vomiting ensues, the innocence of the prisoner is declared; but if he dies from the poison, his guilt has received its due punishment. In certain offences, the "mwavi" may be given to a dog or a fowl, and the death or recovery of the proxy proclaims the guilt or innocence of the accused. If guilty, he is generally only fined, the usual forfeit being cloth, beads, corn, or some of his live stock, goats or fowls.



Storehouse.

Dining room.

of his innocence. Chibisa consented at last to do this ; and, after vindicating himself from the charge of wishing to murder his brother by recovery after drinking "mwavi," he betook himself to Doa, believing that he and his brother would be better friends apart. He left Kapiji as "mbiri," or sub-chief at Mikarongo (2,) and on applying for a grant of territory from the chief of Doa, it was very willingly granted. But the real truth is that Doa was an important place, while Mikarongo (2) was what we should call "out of the world."

Peace, however, was not to be the portion of Chibisa. Near Doa, he said, lived a certain great chief, formerly a friend of his father, who died, leaving his territory to the elder of two nephews, the younger, whose name was Makulula, living with his brother. As was only too likely, a quarrel speedily arose between them, the elder accusing the younger of conspiring to seize upon his country, and treating him in every way as a bitter enemy. The persecuted Makulula fled to Chibisa, and asked his protection, which was instantly given ; "because," said Chibisa, "our fathers were as brothers." Not only did Chibisa assign him a district over which he was to be chief ; but they also entered into a friendly agreement, by which each was to share with the other whatever he might acquire either in hunting or by traffic. And so things went on, but only for a short time. The Portuguese began to taunt Makulula with not being such a great chief as his predecessor, and for this and other reasons, Chibisa had, as he said, good cause to believe that Makulula was desirous of driving him away, and of making himself chief at Doa. A pretext for quarrel soon presented itself. One of Chibisa's people happening to die, he directly brought a "mirandu" against Makulula, accusing him of being a "mfiti," (wizard,) and of working magic to injure him and his people. On his stoutly denying the charge, Chibisa ordered him to prove his innocence by drinking mwavi. This he refused to do ; but, fearing that he would soon have to fight or fly in consequence, he chose the latter course, and went to Signor Terou, a wealthy Portuguese at Senna, from whom he besought assistance in making war on Chibisa. Not meeting with any encouragement in this quarter, he applied to Terou's son, who at once espoused his cause, and promised to give him help against his enemy. Assembling each a number of men, they banded together, and attacked and burned some border villages of the Doa district, and Chibisa in his turn now went to Terou, complaining of what had been done. The consequence was, that Signor Terou immediately put a stop to his son's

irregular proceedings, and forbade him having anything more to do with Makulula.

On one of the islands of the Zambési, not far from Tette, lived a Portuguese, Signor Belshore, whose name the natives had corrupted into Marichoro. This island, it appeared, he kept fortified, maintaining a large body of his slaves armed with guns, as a sort of garrison, the object being to intimidate the Tette officials, and prevent any interference with his private affairs. Makulula, in his difficulty, now bethought him of Marichoro, on his island in the Zambési, and having repaired to him with a request for aid against Chibisa, it was readily granted. No doubt, Makulula had previously known him in connexion with slaving expeditions: for all the native chiefs north of Tette have been corrupted by the Portuguese, who make use of them to pass their slaving parties to the hills, and to feed the various gangs as they return to the Zambesi. On hearing of this alliance, Chibisa sent a deputation to Marichoro with a present of ivory, asking him to give up Makulula; but, instead of compliance, the request was only met by a stern refusal. It is but too probable that Marichoro had good reasons of his own for standing by Makulula, and taking arms against the "friend of the English:" of the former he was sure; but with the latter, one of the most powerful of the Shiré chiefs, already on the side of the enemies of the slave-trade, how soon might the path be closed to the highlands on the north, and the supply of slaves cease from the most valuable source!

It was just at this time that famine and the Achawa war—favoured, we have too good cause to believe, if not actually assisted by Portuguese emissaries from Tette—compelled the removal of the mission-station from Magomero to the banks of the Shiré. Only a few days after we had all reached Mikarongo, we were surprised by the coming of a messenger from Chibisa, asking one or two of the English to go to him. What the messenger then told us was only the repetition of a report we had heard two or three months before on the hills—viz., that, on account of the favourable reception Chibisa had given to the English, the Senna and Tette people (Asenna and Anungwe) had combined to attack him, having already burnt two villages in his country: he also spoke of Makulula as having caused the combination. Ignorant of our arrival at Mikarongo (1,) he was going on to Magomero, to request some of the English to go to his chief, saying, that if the leagued people heard of our being with him, they would desist from the intended attack. Of course we refused to have anything to do with the affair; but, wishing to

know something more about it, I asked one of the Makololo (whom Livingstone had left at Mikarongo) to return with the messenger, but to take no part in any fighting ; only to hear all he could, and then come back and tell me.

He returned in a few days, accompanied by another messenger from Chibisa. When he arrived at Doa, the attack had been made ; Chibisa had stoutly resisted his enemies for two days ; but, having lost several of his men, and all his powder and arrows being expended, he had been obliged to fly from his village, which was burned, and take refuge in the bush, where he was living with his people when the messenger went to him with our Makololo. The man told us this, in addition to certain particulars already related, (the full account was afterwards given by Chibisa himself,) and as a touching proof of the truth of his statement exhibited a lump of charred "chimanga," (maize) which had been taken from one of the burnt huts. He ended by asking if some of us would not go and help Chibisa? I said, "No ; tell the chief that we have not come to fight, but to teach. We only wish to live here quietly, and cannot interfere in a matter in which we have no concern. We shall not fight unless anybody comes to attack us ; and if we are obliged to do that, it will be better to leave the country." And with this answer we sent him away. We had left war on the hills only to encounter it in another form in the Shiré Valley—the difficulty of carrying out any regular system of missionary work may be readily imagined under these circumstances.

About a month after this, we were told that Chibisa, unwilling to await another attack from his two enemies, was retreating from Doa to Mikarongo (1) with a number of his people. He arrived on June 12, 1862, and on the following morning we received a message that he wished to pay us a visit, but was unwilling to do so until he had obtained our leave. Of course we sent back a polite answer, and in due time the great chief, whom we were all anxious to see, from his wide-spread reputation, arrived at the station. As far as outward appearance went, we were somewhat disappointed ; for, however great his prestige, he was diminutive in person, though a second look convinced one that this was no index of either his intellect or character. A large head, with very prominent forehead, overhung a pair of bright eyes, which moved restlessly about, full of observance and keen penetration. A well-shaped nose—though people with the European standard before them would have considered it a little too round—gave the impression of a face rather pleasing than otherwise.

Had his mouth been good, he would have been really handsome ; but the front teeth projecting considerably, gave a prominence to the lower part of the face ; which, though the lips were not thick, reminded one too much of the negro type of countenance. But there was no need to look beyond the eyes, with their quick movement, but unquailing glance, to be assured of Chibisa's shrewdness and power, while the general expression of his features, full of quiet determination, yet free from anything sinister or reserved, was a pretty clear indication that you had a genial spirit to deal with, yet one at the same time brave and resolute. His dress was simply the ordinary square of native cloth, fastened by a girdle of the same material, some brass rings on his wrists and ankles, and a belt of squirrel skins slung cross-wise from his shoulder, to which were attached three small knives with carved ebony sheaths. He evidently seemed to be no stranger to civilised ways ; for, seating himself in a chair, and filling a short wooden pipe with tobacco, he lighted it with a lucifer match, without being surprised at its sudden ignition, and smoked away with the most perfect ease and self-possession. He expressed a strong desire to have some European clothes, said he knew what tea and coffee were, and that he could drink brandy,—though we declined giving him an opportunity of showing his abilities in that respect, however little we doubted them ! We told him how sorry we were to hear of his troubles, and that we should be glad to have him for our neighbour ; but he gave us to understand that he was not going to stay long, that he had only brought his wives and children for safety to Mikarongo, and that he should soon return to Doa, and, if necessary, die in its defence. He appeared quite satisfied with our answer to his request for help ; and after a long talk about Doa, and the Achawa war on the hills, in which he said he would have assisted the Mang-anja, if he had not had so much to do at home, we gave him a few presents, and he took his departure.

And having now presented the chief himself, I must reserve the rest of his story for another number.

THE CHURCH IN HAWAII.

NO. III.

It was shown in our last Number that the work of the Bishop and all his staff was severe, and it must continue to be so for a long time to come; yet the members of the Mission had their white days too. The tours which they found it necessary at intervals to make, although fatiguing, were extremely enjoyable from the beauty of the scenery, the novelty of the life, the charm of the climate, and the hospitality they generally met with. Their journals contain graphic descriptions of the great volcanoes, one active and one extinct, which after some time they found opportunity to visit. They had their festivals also, which in the early days of the Mission usually owed something to the kindness and sympathy of the King and Queen. Their first Christmas was a happy one. The Hawaiians had never known that season as one of rejoicing, and entered with eager interest into the preparations for it. They have great taste, and with their help the church was beautifully wreathed and decorated, not indeed with holly, but with tropical shrubs and flowers. On Christmas Eve a solemn service was held, which was fully attended, and the festival was ushered in with a torchlight procession, carols, and rejoicings. The Christmas services were made as beautiful and impressive as it was in the power of the clergy to render them; the music was fine, the preaching earnest, and, best of all, the worshippers were many and devout.

It was a glad season to the strangers, and seemed full of promise for the future. Alas! ere Christmas came round again, their friend, their support, their beloved King, was taken from them. His health, never strong, had received a severe shock at his son's death, and he had since had frequent attacks of illness, which caused much anxiety. He suffered from great depression at times, but endeavoured as much as possible to shake it off, and did not altogether withdraw himself from society. The end came unexpectedly. The King had been ailing, but not so much so as to cause alarm, and he was preparing to give a full-dress reception at the palace, at which, when the time came, he could not be present. At last he sank so suddenly that the Queen was almost alone with him, and there was not even time for the Bishop to reach him before he breathed his last. He died without the immediate consolations of religion, but both he and his

queen had received the holy communion at the Bishop's hands only a few days before, by his own request ; indeed, the King and Queen had been regular communicants ever since their confirmation on St Andrew's day in the previous year.

The sorrow that was felt for the King's death was universal and intense ; his chiefs, ministers, and personal friends, were overcome with grief ; the people wailed and lamented around the palace ; the Bishop and every member of the Mission sorrowed as for a friend and brother ; but how heavy was the trial, how complete the bereavement, of the poor young Queen ! husband and child both taken from her—a widow and desolate. The blow was so crushing that at first some fears were entertained for her health and even life, but she survived, and tried to submit herself to the chastening hand of God, seeking comfort and support in religion ; and when she had in some degree recovered from the prostration of overwhelming grief, she devoted herself to all good works, to helping the afflicted and poor, to nursing the sick, aiding in everything where good was to be done.

Kaméhaméha IV. was succeeded by his brother, the present king, the fifth monarch of the name. He was warmly attached to his brother, and declared his intention of carrying out his plans, and pursuing the same policy. Kaméhaméha V. is a man of considerable natural ability and force of character, is very industrious, and devotes himself to public affairs with great energy and application. He is rather shy and reserved, and lives a very retired life. The Bishop receives cordial support from him, and is in frequent intercourse with him.

The schools to which allusion has already been made, being felt to be the most important part of the work, demand the most constant and arduous labour. They have continuously increased, and will do so, though the increase must be limited by the number of workers, and the amount of means at the disposal of the Bishop.

Mr and Mrs Mason removed after a time to Lahaina, where they have since remained, and the schools at Honolulu were left in charge of Mr Ibbotson. Mrs Mason's health gave way for a time under the pressure of overwork and anxiety in a climate, which, though delightful for the idle, is less adapted for very great exertion. Happily in November 1864 the Bishop obtained the assistance of three ladies from the Devonport Sisterhood, and into their able hands Mrs Mason gave over the school at Lahaina, retaining under her own care a few who were either too young, or too old, or too poor for the

school, or who were placed more especially in her personal charge. The sisters have proved invaluable; their school is full and flourishing, containing thirty-six girls; and these ladies having been in the Crimea, the experience gained there, and their ready kindness, make them indeed a welcome resource in an island where there is no resident doctor, and whose inhabitants are absolutely helpless against disease and accident. A few more such helpers would be a tower of strength for the Bishop; for theirs is skilled labour, whereas the untrained and inexperienced, however willing, are often a source rather of weakness than of help.

The children in the schools are described to be much improved, especially in truthfulness and obedience. Mr Mason has about twenty boarders—boys, and a large day-school, besides adult classes. Altogether at Lahaina there are about 200 children under instruction, including boarders and day-scholars. In the Nuuanu Valley, near Honolulu, St Alban's College has been established, of which Mr Ibbotson gave an account in the last number of *Mission Life*; and in Honolulu there is also a girls' school under the care of Miss Ibbotson and Miss Mason. All these schools are prospering; the natives value them highly, and the children are docile and intelligent; they need constant watchfulness and superintendence, but the labour, so far, appears not to be in vain. The future of the native race depends mainly on the training of the rising generation, and the younger they can be taken into tuition the better. The moral atmosphere of their homes is seldom pure or wholesome, oftenest one of ignorance, immodesty, and superstition, not rarely of open vice.

Some of the old heathen practices still linger amongst the people; they still in secret sacrifice upon certain occasions a pig, or a cock, or a dog, to their former divinity Pele. One of the most singular and pernicious of their superstitions is the practice of *praying to death*. It reminds one of the belief once existing in England and elsewhere, that certain people could compass the death of an enemy, by making a waxen figure in his image, and causing it to melt gradually by the fire, under the idea that the victim pines away as the image wasted. In Hawaii many natives are so fully persuaded of the efficacy of these diabolical prayers, that the unhappy subject of them, when he hears that he is being prayed to death, frequently takes to his bed, and dies from terror.

The whole of the islands are professedly Christian, but the Bishop in his tours has met with much *absolute heathenism*. The decrease of the native population is sadly aggravated by the ignorance and

apathy of the people in sickness. Many lives are wantonly lost, especially amongst children. Many have been saved by the timely help of the female members of the Mission ; for care, and nursing, and proper food the poor little ones cannot, and do not, get in their own homes, and even now, when medicine is given, the parents seldom make the children take it. If the schools combined the functions at the same time of foundling hospitals, they would be always full—a thing, of course, impossible ; but as far as the means of the instructresses permit, they are always taking some fatherless or neglected children to rear and train ; and those whose kind contributions enable them to add to this number will rejoice to think that they are helping not merely to educate, but to save the children both in body and soul. We have already said how docile and intelligent the children are—they are nearly all musical—many of them also fond of learning to draw. It has been attempted to teach them English games, but with what success we do not yet know ; their climate is so relaxing that the children are usually listless and indolent. They are all greatly pleased to be treated as one family, and to meet with sympathy and affection. The American prejudice against colour has been strongly felt by them, and they respond warmly to a personal regard which is not affected by this.

When the establishment of an Episcopal Mission in the islands was first contemplated, the American Church was consulted, and invited to assist ; six members entered warmly into the plan, and promised co-operation both in men and money. The breaking out of their unhappy civil war prevented the fulfilment of their engagements at that time ; but when peace was restored, the Bishop of Honolulu was invited to the States, to attend the Church Conference in New York. In 1865, accordingly, the Bishop paid a visit to the United States, having first constituted the Rev. G. Mason Archdeacon of Hawaii. He was very kindly and cordially received by his fellow-churchmen there ; and he has now, as the result of this visit, three American clergymen under him at different stations.

Mr Williamson, from St Augustine's, Canterbury, who is on the point of going to the islands, was recently ordained deacon by the Bishop of Oxford, assisted by the Bishop of South Carolina, so that in this good work of the Church, England and America join hand in hand. It had been a cherished plan of the late king, Kaméhaméha IV., to visit Europe with his queen, to see something of the continent of Europe, to renew and improve his early acquaintance with England, and, as he expressed himself to the Bishop of Honolulu, to "ask

his fellow-churchmen to help him in Christianising his people." His project the widowed Queen determined to execute alone. She consequently accepted a kind invitation from Lady Franklin to be her guest in London, and, having been conveyed from Honolulu to Panama in H.M.S. *Olio*, she crossed the Atlantic by the West India mail steamer, and landed at Southampton in July 1865. Queen Emma's views were analagous to her husband's. To learn as much as possible of Europe, and especially of England, to become acquainted with everything that could bear upon the well-being of Hawaii, to interest English people for her country and her people, to obtain from them sympathy and help—these were Queen Emma's plans and aspirations. She was received here with almost universal kindness and hospitality, and the sweetness of her manner and character won both respect and affection from all who became acquainted with her. She entered into plans made for her with ready interest, and declared that she enjoyed everything. One of her wishes was doomed to disappointment—viz., that of spending Christmas in England, and *seeing frost and snow*. Constant exertion and excitement, and our ungenial climate, had their natural effect upon a constitution unaccustomed to them, and in November her physician first forbade her fulfilling her engagements, and then urged her to pass the winter in a milder climate. She yielded unwillingly to the necessity, and spent some months in the south of France, where she entirely recovered her usual health. In the spring she travelled a little in Italy and Germany, was kindly received at the Tuileries, and returned for a few weeks to England in June last. She took her journey homeward through the United States, where she proposed making some stay. She was warmly welcomed there, but her visit was painfully cut short by news from the islands of the death of her adoptive mother, Mrs Rooke.

Queen Emma is now once more in her island home, but we believe that though she may never again revisit our shores, she will never be forgotten by those friends she made in England. Shall we not show our respect for her character, our sympathy with her sorrows, our interest in her plans, by willing help in those things she had most at heart? The welfare of the mission, the efficiency of the schools, the increase of clergy and of lady workers—all these she was deeply anxious about. Her own peculiar and most cherished object was the memorial church to her husband's memory—the cathedral at Honolulu. Her last letter to the writer relates to it, and to her anxiety for its beauty and fitness. Shall we not help her with all our might? The material church in Honolulu is still only an ugly, mean, wooden

building. Will not England enable the Mission to erect a worthier? The plans and drawings are prepared, and a commencement of the building will soon be made, but the completion of it depends on money yet to be raised. Shall we appeal in vain for assistance? Will not those whose means permit give as this interesting occasion requires, and as the examples of a dead Christian King and a living missionary Queen urge with a voice which rises above the waves of the two oceans which roll between England and Hawaii?

THOUGHTS FOR ALL SAINTS' DAY.

A Sermon by the late BISHOP MACKENZIE. Preached at Cambridge on All Saints' Day, 1859. Printed by the kind permission of Miss Mackenzie.

HEBREWS xii. 1, 2.

"Wherefore seeing we also are compassed about with so great a cloud of witnesses, let us lay aside every weight, and the sin which doth so easily beset us, and let us run with patience the race that is set before us, looking unto Jesus, the Author and Finisher of our faith."

THIS day, my brethren, is set apart by the Church for the commemoration of the saints who through faith subdued kingdoms, wrought righteousness, out of weakness were made strong, and are now waiting for the consummation of all things, God having provided some better things for us, that they, without us, should not be made perfect.

And this commemoration of the members of the Church triumphant surely ought not, and need not, lead us into any errors. Surely we may remember with respect and thankfulness those who have gone before us, the great heroes of the Christian army, and all who have died in the faith and fear of God, without risk of idolatry. Surely the ministers of Christ may draw the attention of their hearers to the history of individual saints, or to the remembrance of the general assembly and church of the first-born, without fear of that memory and respect turning into worship or adoration.

But this danger, if there be any, will be the less if we keep in mind the right objects of such commemorations as this.

One good effect of this day upon our minds should be, that we more distinctly and more thankfully honour God for them. We are accustomed to thank God for His mercies vouchsafed to us—for all the means of grace; and why not also for the examples which He has afforded us in the lives of faith, and deaths of constancy and peace, of His servants in past times?

We are more indebted to this support of our faith and love than many of us think, or than, perhaps, we are very willing to admit. Surely the fact that so many men, women, and children have lived in the faith of Christ, and died in hope, is an evidence of the truth of our religion, and one that appeals not only to our intellects, but to our hearts, drawing us, by the gentle force of sympathy, to be joined to the whole body of those who love the Lord. If we have, as we all certainly have, received encouragement or correction from the examples of any of the saints that have entered into their rest, should we not thankfully remember this benefit, and honour God, from whom these graces have proceeded?

For though we have a great and perfect example in the life of our blessed Lord, yet has He been pleased to cause lesser lights also to shine, that we may be encouraged by the examples of those who were, like us, compassed with infirmities. To be made like unto our Lord should be our *highest* aim; and by His example we are taught the duty and happiness of faith and charity, of constancy in prayer, and even of humility.

But for examples of contrition, of repentance, and humiliation after sin, of confidence in His fatherly love and willingness to forgive, we must look to those who, like ourselves, have fallen and been raised up again. And if any of us have been so encouraged by the restoration of David or of Peter, we may well thank God for the assistance, and magnify that mighty power which strengthens such as do stand, and raises up them that fall.

Then, too, what strength is added to our hopes of heaven by the knowledge of the present reality, that some who were once engaged in the fight in which we are now striving have been made more than conquerors through Him! How much more vivid would be our conception of the state of rest to which we all look forward, if we dwelt more consciously on the fact that some have entered that rest! How much more bright would our prospect seem if we thought of the meeting, not only with the Lord, with Him who is the chiefest among ten thousand, but with *all* those who have washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb!

If the greatest solace and happiness to a Christian be the communion of heart and soul with the faithful upon the earth, who shall conceive the bliss of meeting with those of whom we have heard and read—with Abraham and Joseph, with Moses and Elias, with David and Josiah, or with those who were greater than they, St Peter, St John, or St Paul! Should we not thank God for them that are gone before, not only *for their sakes*, because they have come out of great tribulation, and arrived safe at the haven where they would be, but also *for ourselves*, because we hope, when the strife is over, and our work on earth is finished, to be admitted to that heavenly society, and to know them also, even as we are known?

Then, again, should not the commemoration of the saints stimulate our desire of holiness? Sin is the great origin of discord and disunion. Holiness is the great bond which draws men to each other and to God. The memory of the saints leads us to hope for that blessed day when we shall be joined to them; not that, like cowards, we sigh for the time when we may escape from the pains, or even the perils of this life, but that, like faithful servants, we long for the time when, our work being done, we shall be admitted into the presence of the Lord, and to the glorious company of the apostles, and the goodly fellowship of the prophets, and the noble army of martyrs. But are we fit to join so holy a body, and to present our praises in the high courts of heaven?

My brethren, the work that is now to be done consists not only in our exertions for the good of others, but even more of the work of the Holy Spirit within us, and our co-operating with Him in our sanctification. How shall we, stained as we all are by the commission of so many evil deeds, and polluted by the germs of the very worst offences—how shall we hope to enter into or enjoy the kingdom of righteousness in which God ruleth over His saints? Only by the blood of Christ can those stains be washed away, and only by the sanctifying grace of the Holy Spirit can those germs of sin be rooted out. Oh that the memory of the forgiveness of those who have gone before may encourage us to come to the same fountain! Oh that the holy lives which they led, and the perfect holiness to which they have now attained, may stimulate us to grow in grace, and to cultivate every holy thought and habit!

But, again, the commemoration of departed saints, and the hope of living with them in the light of God's presence for ever, should move us to closer and more hearty communion with the saints on earth, who have this prospect in common with us, and whom we

hope to meet, if we are accounted worthy to obtain that world. And I think there are cases where outward manner or some trifling circumstance causes a want of sympathy, and where this might be renewed by the thought of the saints in light, in whose ranks we and they hope to appear. Such practical lessons seem to flow naturally from this day's commemoration of saints, viz., the duty of honouring God in His saints, of setting them before us as examples, of quickening our hopes of heaven, by the thought of those who have endured to the end, of stimulating our desires of holiness and of closer communion with each other. There is one other lesson most suitable for this day, the duty of doing what in us lies to propagate the gospel, and so to perform our part in the mighty work which Christ came from heaven to achieve, the building up a spiritual house of lively stones, chosen of God and precious. The thought of the innumerable host that will one day stand around the throne of God to celebrate the praises of the Lamb that was slain, may well induce us to look round, and see if there be none now ignorant of Him, to whom we ought to carry the news of His love and mercy, that they may be prepared on earth to join in His praises above.

In every quarter of the globe there are those who are to become saints through the preaching of Jesus Christ and Him crucified; and with what inconsistency do we act if we speak and think of the glory that is to be revealed at the coming of the Son of God, while we take no steps to swell the number of those who shall rise with us to meet the Lord in the air. How shall we endure to look forward to a meeting with the saints above, if we are sowing the seeds of the remorseful thought that, so far as the number has depended upon our exertions, not one of them has to thank us for any share in bringing him to the Saviour; and, to look at the other side of the picture, not even those who have seen the expression of thankfulness turned towards them for benefits conferred on this earth, can conceive of the joy of that meeting, when each will be blessing not only the Lamb in whom they have trusted, but those also who have been allowed to be instrumental in their salvation.

St Paul looked forward to a meeting with those who would be his joy and crown of rejoicing in the day of the Lord. And so, in our degree, may we anticipate the joy of meeting with those who will say, "by your personal exertions, or by your contributions of funds, or by your prayers, you did in God's providence aid in bringing me here." Such motives may and should nerve us to exertions greater than we have yet made for the sending the Gospel to those

who have not received it, whether they be in the centre of our large towns, or in the central deserts of a large continent.

And I would now occupy the short time that remains, in enforcing upon you, my brethren, the duty which, as it seems to me, lies upon us—the Universities—to send out men to preach in foreign lands. No doubt, the first claim upon us is for our own people, for the building churches, the providing additional clergy for our over-crowded populations at home.

But the performance of one duty does not exonerate us from another, and there is a special reason to be urged upon every single person, why he should offer himself for the foreign branch of the Church's work—viz., that it is the part which it is found most difficult to supply. There is no lack of men to supply our home parishes with rectors and vicars, nor any great difficulty in finding curates to assist them where their cure is large. But there is great difficulty in finding men willing and able to leave this country for work abroad.

Our Church militia is comparatively well supplied, our standing army ready for foreign service is miserably small; and surely it is not from want of manly, noble spirits, that you, the members of these ancient seats of learning and religion, do not come forward to take the most dangerous or least inviting posts. I can well remember how in this very town in days gone by, when a fire broke out and water was wanted to quench it, how ready a response was made to the call for help—how men would form a line, and stand in discomfort for hours in some dark passage, satisfied with the consciousness that they were doing their part, however humble and uninteresting it was, in endeavouring to extinguish the flames, and save property from destruction. And surely the same spirit needs only to be directed into a right channel. The object is gloriously great, to follow in the footsteps of St Paul, who wished to stretch forward to regions beyond, and not to boast in another man's line of things made ready to his hand; to be occupied in doing the part allowed to us, in adding to the members of the Church triumphant; to be training moral beings for the society of angels; to be privileged to set before them the highest motives—to strengthen them in acting on their good resolutions; to be assisting in bringing about a favourable answer to the question of our Lord, "When the Son of man cometh, shall He find faith on the earth?" and to be setting forth the glorious character of our Master, whom we ourselves adore, to be loved, and worshipped, and served by those who never heard of Him. Are not these reasons why every one that can should come

and preach among the Gentiles the unsearchable riches of Christ, and to make all men know the mystery of God's mercy, long hid, but now revealed in Christ, that they may be able to comprehend and to know the love of Christ which passeth knowledge, that they may be filled with all the fulness of God?

To you, my younger brethren, we look for the supply of the ranks of our missionary army, for men to go out as pioneers in our new expeditions, for men to be sent on no forlorn hope, but with the certainty of success, whether that success appear in our own lifetime or not.

To you we look for men such as a missionary should be—"men who are prepared to walk by faith, to labour to instil new ideas into untrained minds, and new motives among uncurbed passions"—men who believe that the work shall prosper, and that the knowledge of the Lord shall cover the earth as the waters cover the sea, and yet are prepared to see little or no fruits of their labours in their own day—men who, like their Master, love the sheep they tend, and seek that which is lost till they find it—men who, knowing the plague of their own heart, can have compassion on the ignorant and on them that are out of the way, for that they themselves also are compassed with infirmity, and can yet hold unflinching, uncompromising war with sin—whose faith can stand firm in the Saviour's promise, that *He* is with us always, even to the end of the world, while they see around them on every side the proofs of Satan's power and malignity. For these things we shall be made able by the power of God, which worketh in you mightily.

To you we look for men, and we look with confidence, because we constantly pray for a blessing on our Universities, that there may never be wanting a supply of persons duly qualified to serve God both in Church and State. And to you, my brethren in the ministry, I would say, let us not be content with praying for these results, while we sit by and make no effort to bring them about.

If this place is to send out men fit for a parish, or for a mission to the heathen, and willing to undertake such work, it must be due, under God, mainly to the tone you give to the society of your respective colleges, and to the example you set. Is there none among you willing himself to give up the comforts, and ease, the usefulness of his present life, for the discomforts of a colonial or missionary life, with the assurance that he is ministering to the needs of those who, but for him, must want? Every accession to our ranks abroad is a far greater gain to us than it is a loss to the Church at home—places

are soon filled up at home. And let not the Universities grudge to give us of their best. Were not Paul and Barnabas sent forth by the church at Antioch, on that first missionary tour in Asia Minor? Be not, then, faint-hearted. Ask in the spirit of that prayer to the Lord of the harvest, that He would thrust forth labourers into His harvest. Remember the faith and patience of the saints of old, and, seeing ye are compassed about with so great a cloud of witnesses, run ye with patience the race that is set before you, looking unto Jesus, the Author and Finisher of your faith.

LIFE OF CAPTAIN ALLEN GARDINER.

(Concluded from page 354.)

ON his return to England, Captain Gardiner applied to several Societies, for assistance in carrying out his project of a Patagonian mission; but in each case without success. He determined, therefore, during the enforced abeyance of his favourite scheme, to visit the Spanish States of South America, where his previous success in the distribution of Bibles encouraged him to make new efforts. In Santiago del Estero, and again in Tucuman, he succeeded in disposing of a large number of Bibles and tracts, with which he had been furnished by the Bible and Religious Tract Societies; although he found (what even English experience might have prepared him for) that many who visited his book-store were more anxious for novels than for any other kind of literature. Medical books were also in request; and the need, among the Spanish Americans, of very elementary medical instruction, the Captain himself quickly discovered, when his landlady at Tucuman kindly offered to dress a blister which he had applied to his throat. Having spread an ointment on some vine leaves, this skilled professor of the healing art removed the blister and her patient's skin at the same time. The ointment was then placed on the raw flesh. She was much surprised, when the captain complained of the intense smarting, to learn that English doctors are not in the habit of flaying their patients in this manner, and asked, with much simplicity, "How is the old skin to come off, if it is not taken away!"

During this visit to America, Gardiner found little or no opposition from the civil government in the distribution of his religious books. Whether this arose entirely from liberal principles, or was partly due to indifference, may be doubted; but Gardiner was ever ready to express gratitude to Almighty God for every opening which was afforded him.

After he had disposed of his literary stores, he went to Monte Video, and by the promises of support which were there given him, he was again induced to attempt the establishment of a Patagonian mission. In order to fulfil this design, he returned to England, seven months only after he had last left it, to make some needful preparations. A Society in aid of his plan was soon formed at Brighton; and, relying on the assistance thus promised by this Society, and by the English chaplain at Valparaiso, the Captain was soon again crossing the Atlantic—this time having a friend, Mr Robert Hunt, for the companion of his voluntary toils. But when they reached Patagonia, they found that a great change had taken place. The power of the chief, Wissale, was almost gone, and San Leon had succeeded in winning the allegiance of many of the natives. Moreover, the activity of the Roman Propaganda had anticipated him; and Padre Domingo was teaching the Patagonians the rudiments of the Christian faith. The adverse influence of the Roman Catholic father was quickly perceived or suspected by the Captain, in the altered demeanour of his old friend Wissale; and the reluctant missionaries deemed it prudent to return to England. The sudden blight which thus marred the bright hopes with which Gardiner and his companion had so recently left home, was a hard blow to his friends in England, and the committee of the Society felt they would not be justified in expending any further part of the public money intrusted to them on so doubtful a scheme. Their funds were therefore invested, at the suggestion of Gardiner, till some further opportunity of employing them in Patagonia should present itself. Gardiner himself, however, returned to America, taking with him, at his private expense, a young Spaniard who was desirous of engaging in mission labour. This time Bolivia was the sphere of his operations, a portion of the continent which he had not previously visited. But little special interest attaches to this expedition. The liberality of the President of the Republic—and liberality, in South American politics, not unfrequently means dislike or hatred of the Roman Church—gave him considerable room to hope that his long-cherished wish of reaching the Indians would shortly be gratified. But a

revolution soon changed the position of affairs, and restored to its former influence the old religion of the country.

And now Gardiner seems to have thought that all his efforts should be devoted to Patagonia or Tierra del Fuego. There, at any rate, he would be less exposed to the dreaded antagonism of the Papal hierarchy. He travelled through England and Scotland, lecturing on the subject nearest to his heart, in order to raise funds. His success was by no means equal to his enthusiasm; but his resolution did not abate. On one occasion, when all was ready for a meeting which he had advertised, not a single person entered the room to hear him speak. He was, therefore, obliged to pack up his maps and depart. A friend in the street met him, and, apologising for his own absence, inquired what sort of meeting he had had. "Not very good, but better than sometimes," was the Captain's cheerful answer. "How many people were there?" asked his friend. "Not one; but no meeting is better than a bad one." Having collected what money he could, he paid a hurried visit to Tierra del Fuego in 1848. The result of this visit convinced him that the persistent marauding of the Fuegians rendered it impossible to establish a mission on shore, and that a mission-station could only be protected from them if it had its headquarters on ship-board.

Failing, after anxious and patient endeavour, to obtain funds with which to purchase a brigantine or schooner, to be the home of his floating station, and considering the slight character of the craft with which the fishermen of the Scotch and English coasts encounter the fury of the waves and wind, Gardiner resolved that he would make the experiment with two stout launches and their attendant dingies. One lady's splendid liberality provided him with £700; and the committee of the Patagonian Society still deeming £300 to be needed in addition, before sufficient stores could be provided, he himself provided the deficiency.

On the morning of September 7, 1850, the missionary band, seven in number, left England. The party consisted of Captain Gardiner, Mr Richard Williams, a surgeon, Mr Maidment, Joseph Erwin, a ship-carpenter, and three Cornish fishermen, named Pearce, Badcock, and Bryant. Alike in the simplicity of their earnest faith, and their readiness to encounter danger in their Master's cause, these bold pioneers of Christianity reached Pictou Island in December. The *Ocean Queen*, in which they had sailed from England, had not left them long before the trials of their work began. They discovered a bad leak in the *Pioneer*, one of the two launches, and it

became necessary to find some secure harbour, away from the interference of the inquisitive and thievish natives, where they could beach and repair her. As they were entering Blomefield harbour, which promised to secure their purpose, both the dingies, which were being towed by the *Pioneer*, were carried away by the surf, and the *Speedwell*, getting entangled in a mass of kelp, lost her anchor, and also a load of timber, which she was towing for the necessary repairs. These serious losses were sustained in their first day's expedition, and they were forced to return to their original station at Banner Cove. In another attempt to reach Blomefield harbour, the *Pioneer* was anchored at night close in shore. In the morning, her crew were horrified to find themselves left on dry land by the retreating tide, and a party of Fuegians about to board them. The numbers of the Fuegians were increasing, when Gardiner and his comrades landed, and advanced towards their assailants. Though armed with guns, the party forbore to fire; but, kneeling down in the presence of the foe, implored the protection of Heaven. That protection was granted, and the natives, astonished at their peaceful attitude, accepted some trifling presents. Driven from harbour to harbour by the menacing demeanour of the natives, and having lost the *Pioneer*, which a gale drove upon a rock, and, worse than all, having discovered that, by some mistake, all their store of powder had been left behind in the *Ocean Queen*, and that they had now only a flask and a half of this precious means of providing food, they determined to await in Spaniard harbour the arrival of supplies, which they expected would soon be sent from England or the Falklands. Not a thought of their impending fate cast a shadow over their prayerful hope. They reached Spaniard harbour in February. Not long afterwards, sickness appeared among them. Mr Williams took a violent cold, and early in March, he exhibited symptoms of scurvy, and Badcock also was affected with the same malady. As soon as the two invalids had somewhat recovered, they returned to Banner Cove, where, for security's sake, they had buried a portion of their provisions. There they left directions, painted on the rocks, by which they hoped their station at Spaniard harbour would be discovered by any vessel calling at Banner Cove with the anticipated relief. But hope was vain. Days and weeks passed by, and still there was no succour. Sometimes they were able to catch fish, and once they shot, with a spring-gun, a fox which preyed upon their scanty stores, and cooked his carcass for food. Sickness again appeared among them; but their watchful tenderness for each other never relaxed. Much of their time

was occupied in prayer and praise ; and the memoranda left by Gardiner show they were ever ready to recognise, with devout thankfulness, the smallest mercies granted them by their heavenly Father. About the end of June, the first death occurred in their little band. Badcock ceased to breathe almost whilst singing a hymn of trust and joyfulness.

Nor were hunger and darkness their only trials. One stormy night the advancing waves broke into a cavern in which Gardiner and Maidment had taken up their quarters. They took shelter under the wreck of the *Pioneer* ; but the tide threatened to sweep it away. The drippings from the trees were more trying than the steady down-pour of the rain itself. With difficulty they reached their companions in the *Speedwell* ; and there Erwin insisted on giving up his bed to the Captain, whom he always faithfully served and loved. Their stock of provisions then consisted, after they had been seven weeks on short allowance, of half a duck, a pound of salted pork, a pint of rice, two cakes of chocolate, four pints of peas, and six mice. Wild celery, mussels, and small fish were occasionally collected by the indefatigable zeal of Mr Maidment. At the end of August, Erwin and Bryant ceased to suffer. Their bodies were buried on two successive days by John Maidment, and he himself soon followed to his rest.

We will not linger on the scene. In compliance with orders dated October 25, 1851, that is, six weeks or a month after the last of the party must have perished, Captain Moshead received orders from the Admiralty to ascertain the fate of the missionaries at Tierra del Fuego on his way to the Pacific. The sad story was quickly learned. The corpses which were found unburied were interred with kindly care, and all the papers and other sad memorials of their fate collected and sent home. Yet their friends sorrowed not without hope. They had been made perfect by suffering ; death to them had been robbed of its terrors ; and not only was in fact, but was fully realised to be simply a passport to a blessed immortality. The following extracts will show how truly this may be said. The first is from Captain Gardiner's journal, Sept. 3 :—

“ Mr Maidment was so exhausted yesterday that he did not rise from his bed till noon, and I have not seen him since ; consequently I tasted nothing yesterday. I cannot leave the place where I am, and know not whether he is in the body, or enjoying the presence of the gracious God whom he has served so faithfully. I am writing this at ten o'clock in the forenoon. Blessed be my heavenly Father for the many mercies I enjoy—a comfortable bed, no pain, or even cravings of hunger ; though excessively weak, scarcely able to turn in my bed, at least, it is a very great exertion ; but I am, by His abounding grace, kept in perfect peace, refreshed with a sense of my Saviour's love, and an assurance that all is wisely

and mercifully appointed, and pray that I may receive the full blessing which it is doubtless designed to bestow. My care is all cast upon God, and I am only waiting His time and His good pleasure to dispose of me as He shall see fit. Whether I live or die, may it be in Him; I commend my body and my soul to His care and keeping, and earnestly pray that He will take my dear wife and children under the shadow of His wings, comfort, guard, strengthen, and sanctify them wholly, that we may together, in a brighter and eternal world, praise and adore His goodness and grace in redeeming us with His precious blood, and plucking us as brands from the burning, to bestow upon us the adoption of children, and make us inheritors of His heavenly kingdom. Amen.

"Thursday, Sept. 4.—There is now no room to doubt that my dear fellow-labourer has ceased from his earthly toils, and joined the company of the redeemed in the presence of the Lord whom he served so faithfully."

A day or two before his death, Mr Williams had written:—

"Should anything prevent my ever adding to this, let all my beloved ones at home rest assured that I was happy beyond all expression the night I wrote these lines, and would not have changed situations with any man living. Let them also be assured that my hopes were full and blooming with immortality; that heaven and love and Christ, which mean one and the same divine thing, were in my heart; that the hope of glory, the hope laid up for me in heaven, filled my whole heart with joy and gladness, and that to me to live is Christ, to die is gain. I am in a strait betwixt two, to abide in the body, or to depart and be with Christ, which is far better. Let them know that I loved them, and prayed *for every one* of them. God bless them all.

"Thursday, June 12.—Ah! I am happy day and night, hour by hour. Asleep or awake, I am happy beyond the poor compass of language to tell. My joys are with Him whose delights have always been with the sons of men, and my heart and spirit are in heaven with the blessed. I have felt how holy is that company; I have felt how pure are their affections, and I have washed me in the blood of the Lamb, and asked my Lord for the white garment, that I, too, may mingle with the blaze of day, and be amongst them one of the sons of light. Much more could I add, but my fingers are aching with cold, and I must wrap them up in my clothes; but my heart, my heart is warm, warm with praise, thanksgiving, and love to God my Father, and love to God my Redeemer."

The following hymn, found amongst other papers, bears a touching testimony to the spirit in which another of this little band saw the time of his departure draw rapidly near.

Among Mr Maidment's papers was found the following:—

"Come, O my soul! arise and dwell
In everlasting love;
Forsake this transitory scene,
And soar to realms above.
Though this dark cloud has hid my joy,
By His almighty will,
His mercies cannot fail to flow;
My God is gracious still.

"Although my daily bread hath fail'd,
I know from whom it came;
And still His faithful promises
Are every day the same.

His words the same for evermore,
As when they first were given ;
Yea, blessed thought ! they cannot fail,
Though earth dissolve and heaven.

“ Enchanting thought ! ’twill soon be o’er—
The fight is near its close ;
Soon shall I sing, redeem’d from sin,
In the glad song’s triumphant strain—
Worthy the Lamb that once was slain,
And from the dead arose.

“ PIONEER CAVE.

J. MAIDMENT.”

The oft-repeated saying, that the blood of martyrs is the seed of the Church, was abundantly verified in this instance. The events which we have recorded created an interest and provoked a zeal in the work which, perhaps, nothing else could have done. Thus, in the providence of God, it was ordered that Gardiner should do by his death that to which he had in vain devoted his life. He did in God’s way that which he had failed to do in his own.

Glad would his spirit have been could he have foreseen the continually increasing work of the South American Missionary Society, and, above all, the unflagging energy in its service of his own son, who, from the time of completing his education at Oxford, has devoted himself unreservedly to the cause naturally so sacred to him.

The actual progress of the work of the Society founded by Captain Gardiner we must take some future opportunity of dwelling upon. One remark may be made, in conclusion, upon the lesson taught by Captain Gardiner’s life and work. In the admiration which his ardent zeal necessarily excites, it must not be forgotten that he always regarded himself, not as a missionary, but as the pioneer of missionaries. His aim was to clear the way, wherever he could, for the entrance of Christ’s ordained ministers. It is as the pioneers or companions of her clergy, and not as their substitutes, that the Church makes effective use of lay help. Whenever fresh ground has to be broken, secular instruction must always precede and accompany purely religious teaching, and for such secular instruction the spiritual functions of the priesthood are unnecessary. Again, in the purely mechanical labours of carpentering or husbandry which the necessities of an uncivilised country impose, skilled laymen, trained for this special purpose, may render invaluable service. Will any lay brother or sister into whose hands these pages come be warmed with an enthusiasm like Captain Gardiner’s, to devote themselves to their Master and His Church’s service in the dark places of the earth ?

Countless are the openings for such work. Wherever the missionary is labouring, close by him, or just beyond him, there is fresh ground to be broken up, the way to be prepared, for another of Christ's ministers. If this narrative should incite to such work some one person only, to whom the story may have previously been unknown, it will not have been told in vain.

RECOLLECTIONS OF MINISTERIAL WORK IN NEW SOUTH WALES.

(Continued from page 363.)

CHAPTER IV.

UP THE COUNTRY.

WHAT strikes most new-comers, when they really get up into the Australian "Bush," is the unfenced, and apparently unappropriated land through which they travel. And I may add that those who return to England, after a long familiarity with Australian scenery, are equally struck by the entire enclosing and minute subdivisions of far the greatest part of the old country. In New South Wales the feeling is, as a gentleman once said to me, suiting the action to the word, "Here's a land where one has plenty of elbow-room." In England you have hedge-bordered roads, and paths to which you are confined, however circuitous they may be. In the Australian Bush you leave or follow the track at pleasure; and no one complains of your riding or driving over his grass for a few furlongs, or for twenty miles.

When I started on my first journey to my appointed district of Muswell Brook, taking with me two candidates for the ministry, and two servants, there was very little fencing to be seen after the first two miles above West Maitland. I had engaged the whole of the mail—a two-wheeled car, carrying one on the box with the driver, and four behind, with a modicum of luggage for each—and in a short time we came upon parts of the road where the ground was so saturated with water, or the ruts in the native soil so deep and wide, from the heavy rains, that our driver would frequently strike off among the

trees, and, after many a winding, bring us back again into the worn and beaten track.

Our journey that day was but thirty miles, from Maitland to Singleton. The greater part of it was through tall gum* and iron-bark trees, growing thickly together, with but little underwood or scrub: but occasionally we came to a place where the timber was thinner, and the appearance not unlike that of an extensive park.

Along the whole route there was but one apology for a bridge, consisting of some trees thrown across the little creek, one over another, and covered with earth; and bad enough it was. At all the other "creeks"—as the brooks or water-courses are called—the banks were cut down, sometimes to the depth of twenty feet; and we drove down, one side, through the bed of the creek, and up the opposite side. Probably in the one exception, at Anvil Creek, the creek bed may have been too soft to bear wheels at all. As might be expected, traffic was often stopped after heavy rains. Impatient horsemen might swim across; but vehicles were detained until the water had run off. The traveller of the present day would find not only a wide road with bridges over most of the creeks, but a railroad *in use* as far as Singleton, and nearly finished to Muswell Brook. On our way, we passed through the two small townships or villages of Lochinvar and Black Creek; distant from Maitland seven and fifteen miles. At the former there was no outward mark of worship; at the latter

* *The trees which are most common in New South Wales are known by the names of white gum, blue gum, spotted gum, red gum, apple-tree, box, stringy bark, and iron bark. They differ very little in the colour or shape of their foliage. In common with nearly all the trees of the country, they are evergreens, of a dull bluish green. The leaves are shaped like the willow, but are so thick that the ribs and fibres neither project on one side, nor are indented on the other, as in English leaves. They hang on their stems, not with their face, but their edge, turned to the sky; and being few in number, and high up, they cast but little shade. On one occasion, being exhausted and unwell, in an intensely hot day, I wished to get into shade; and, though riding through thinly timbered country, was obliged to sit against the stem of the tree on the shady side; the leaves afforded no shade. The iron bark and red gum are the hardest of the woods mentioned. The former is so heavy that I have seen a block of it used to sink the slack of a punt rope. The stringy bark is the best for sawing into flooring boards. The hard woods work well, when fresh; but if long dried, turn or break the edge of an axe, break a gimlet, and will not admit a nail. Several of these trees shed the outer skin of their bark periodically; and you may see strips hanging from them twelve feet or fifteen feet long, and from one to three inches wide, and as thick as brown paper. These thin strips of bark, and the dry leaves, are of service to the bushman who wants to light a fire to boil his "pot o' tea," but they add to the readiness with which a bush fire often sets miles of country in flames.*

there was a small Roman Catholic chapel, to which a priest came at intervals. Soon after the arrival of the Bishop, a wooden church was built at Black Creek ; and after a while at Lochinvar a church and parsonage were built, and a clergyman settled there.

Singleton, which had then a population of about five hundred, now more than doubled, is built on the banks of the Hunter, on a wide alluvial flat called Patrick's Plains, from which most of the forest trees had been cleared ; and good crops of wheat, barley, or maize were raised on the rich lands. It is in itself singularly devoid of beauty, as it is built on a dead level. But hills rise all around ; and to the north, Mount Royal stands well among the broken ridges, from which the Paterson, Fallbrook, and the Rouchel flow. The little town had a brick parsonage, and a school used as a church ; but in about a year from the time we first saw it, the foundation of a stone church was laid, which has since been considerably enlarged ; and the windows have been enriched with stained glass.

We were detained here one day, as the mail, which started on the following morning, had not room for us. And as it at that time went on to Muswell Brook only two days in the week, we must have remained until the week following, had not the proprietor sent down especially to fetch us. The river being unfordable, we were put across in a boat, and found the vehicle awaiting us at the other side.

We had hardly started, when, after pulling through some heavy black soil, we came to a shallow gully crossing our road ; into which we sank with a bump ; and one of the horses refused to pull us out of it. He looked the very picture of sulks and obstinacy, and probably remembered that soon after the gully a long stiff hill awaited him. The driver gave him a little time, and then tried him again. The other horse was willing, but could not move us by himself ; and, when the whip was applied, the only indication our sulky friend gave of movement was to crop his ears, and show signs of resenting with his heels any further use of the whip. Fortunately, I had a piece of bread in my hand, the remains of my breakfast ; so I jumped out, and after patting and talking to the rebel a little, held the bread to his nose. The sulks were still strong upon him ; but at length his ears came forward, he began to sniff at the bread, lifted his upper lip once or twice, and then fairly took the bait. The victory was nearly won : a few pats on the neck, and rubbing the nose, completed it. I took his head with my right hand, and still patted him with my left. The driver started the near horse ; both

took the collar ; and with a good jump, that nearly shook the three inside passengers into each other's laps, the wheels got out of the hollow, and we were off again. I ran on, holding the rein for a short distance, till I saw that all was right, and then jumped into my place.

Much of our drive was through tall white-stemmed gum-trees, which shut in our view, and enabled us to appreciate to the full the badness of the road, as we bumped sometimes into a deep rut, sometimes over a large fallen bough ; occasionally passing the carcass of a dead working-bullock, which told of the severity of the late drought ; when the ground, which was now covered with bright green grass, had been bare as the road itself. Pleasanter, and more amusing sights were frequently afforded us, as from time to time flights of the lowry, or rosella, or ground parrots, with their gorgeous crimson, green and blue plumage, rushed screaming over our heads ; or that solemn-looking king-fisher, the great "*laughing jackass*," made the wood ring with his merry peals of laughter ; or a black and yellow iguana, three or four feet long, waddled along the ground, made for the first tree, and scrambled up out of reach.

The road was more hilly than before we reached Singleton ; and sometimes from the top of a hill we obtained a fine view of valleys and hills in endless undulations, clothed universally with forest. At the several creeks which we passed, the view was more open, the grass more abundant ; and the graceful casuarina, with its rich dark foliage and tapering branches, kept up a pleasant whispering sound over the streams or pools which it shaded.

On our way we had passed but one small township, called Camberwell, nine miles from Singleton, on the banks of Fallbrook. It consisted of a few wood-built houses, and a brick inn ; but represented a district, in which a few years before there were several establishments of considerable size. On the opposite side of the brook was an unfinished stone church, with three lancet lights at the east end, and single-pointed windows at the sides. Bishop Broughton, who laid the first stone, said that several among those present on that occasion could easily have provided the whole expense. Soon afterwards the reverses which overtook the colony so impoverished the principal men of the district, that most of them were scattered to distant places, and the work was stopped. The church remained roofless until about the year 1856 ; when it was so far finished, that the Bishop of Newcastle consecrated it. But the original design, which included a tower, has not yet been carried out.

From Fallbrook to Muswell Brook the drive was more pleasant, but in that twenty miles we passed but two dwellings—one being a good stone-built inn in an open space, crossed by a watercourse, which had given it the name of “the Chain-of-Ponds Inn ; the other a shepherd’s hut, one of the humble-looking sources of the wealth of the country. To our right and left there were, no doubt, huts or larger houses a mile or two off the track : but they were out of our sight, and scattered very widely from each other.

We were now fairly reaching the sheep-farming part of the country. And it may be as well to describe the dwellings of the shepherds at once. The simplest kind is the *bark hut* ; which is thus made. A framework of posts and saplings is first fixed in the ground, and to this sheets of bark from the eucalyptus, three or four feet wide, half an inch thick, and from four to seven feet long, are tied with strips of undressed bullock-hide, usually called “*green hide*.” The ridge piece is dried in a curve, laid over the top, and weighted down by heavy saplings slung across with green hides. The door and window-shutters, for there is no glass, are often of bark fastened to frames of wood ; and the tables and bedsteads are not unfrequently made in the same manner. The floor is the native earth ; and inside the bark chimney boulders from the creeks are

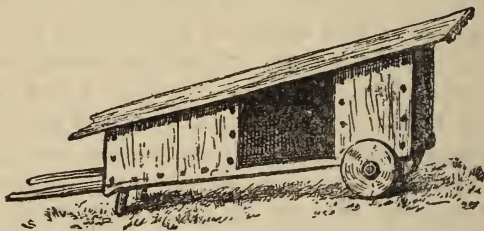


BARK HUT.

piled up, to prevent the fire from setting all in a blaze. Sometimes there is a skillen at the back of the hut ; and now and then some sheets of bark in front form a verandah, and add much to the comfort of the inmates.

The sketch which accompanies this was taken from a hut, temporarily unoccupied, at Bogibri, beyond Merriwa, more than fifty miles west of Muswell Brook. The winds had stripped the bark from the upper part of the chimney, and exposed the frame of poles, tied together at the top with hide.

Slab huts are built much on the same plan ; only that slabs, split from the gum or iron-bark, set into the ground and nailed to the wall-plates, form the sides and ends, instead of bark.



WATCH-BOX.

A watch-box, like that here represented, is often used when lambing is going on, or when the native dogs are troublesome ; and the shepherd or hut-keeper has to lie near the sheep-yard, to be ready to render any help that may be needed through the night. It is a kind of barrow-frame, long enough for a man to lie in, and covered with bark, as a protection against cold and rain.

There are usually two flocks, of a thousand each, at a sheep station, with a shepherd to each flock, who leads them out to feed by day ; and there is a hut-keeper, whose duties are to clean the sheep yards, take care of the hut, and act as cook. If there is a family at the station, the wife acts as hut-keeper ; and if there is a boy big enough, he takes charge, under his father's direction, of the second flock.

On our way up the country, we had seen something of another class of men. Many drays had met us, carrying down wool, tallow, or hides to the coast ; others we had passed on their way up the country, loaded with supplies of all sorts for the establishments of the large sheep and cattle masters, for the "stores" in the inland towns, or for the publicans. One dray, which we passed the first day, was bringing up the furniture which I had purchased at Maitland. The

drays are large, two-wheeled carts, very strongly built, with low sides, and made to open, if necessary, before and behind. Those drawn by horses have shafts, and carry from twelve to fifteen hundred-weight. The bullock-drays, which are drawn by eight or ten oxen, carry two tons. They have a strong pole, to which the yokes of the pole-bullocks, and the chain of the leaders, are fastened. Each night a halt is made, near water, if possible; the horses are unharnessed, and the bullocks unyoked, and turned to feed in the bush, with hobbles on their fetlocks. This being done, a fire is made of the dead wood, which is lying about in all directions. The quart tin pots are put on to boil, ready for the tea to be thrown in; and the salt beef and "damper," which is made of flour, water, and salt, kneaded on a sheet of bark, and baked in hot ashes, are drawn out of their bag for the evening meal. If several drays camp together, the men usually sit talking over their camp-fire until it is time to turn in for the night. They commonly carry a piece of sacking stuffed with dry grass; this they lay under their dray, and lie on it, wrapped in a blanket, or in a rug made of opossum skins.

If the stopping-place is near a township, or one of the inns which are scattered along the chief lines of road, the evening is too often spent in the tap-room, and rum takes the place of tea, to the mischief of the poor fellows, who are very apt to drink. A few of the draymen, however, entirely avoid this temptation, and stick to their tea.

A mid-day halt is also necessary to refresh both man and beast.

These draymen are a considerable class, and need special treatment, if the pastor will really try to perform the duties imposed on him at his ordination, and will "seek for Christ's flock that are dispersed abroad." * They spend most of their time on the road, seldom remaining at their homes longer than to rest their horses or bullocks; and many live in the Bush, far from any place of divine service. A few, but few indeed, take their best clothes with them, so as to be able to go to church, if they stop at a town on Sunday. Therefore, if one does not minister to them on chance occasions, they probably go almost without any ministrations at all.

I soon felt it to be my duty to walk by their side, if not pressed for time, and to converse with them; and if I found any encamped at mid-day or in the evening, having my Bible and Prayer-book strapped in a kind of ecclesiastical holster before me, I offered to read and pray with them, and never found my offer rejected. As they were such complete wanderers, I did not consider myself to be trench-

* Service for the Ordering of Priests.

ing upon any brother cleric's sphere of duty by offering them such a short service, when I fell in with them by the road-side, even out of my own district.

On one occasion, as I was riding down to Morpeth for an ordination, I came upon some six or seven encamped among the tall gum-trees, five miles short of Singleton. It had been dark some time, and they were sitting on fallen trees round their fire before turning in for the night.

I rode up to them, and said, "My friends, I am a clergyman riding down the country; and as I am accustomed to have prayers with my household when at home, I shall be glad, if you like, to read you a chapter of Holy Scripture, and pray with you before I go on." They assented at once, took my horse, and tied him to one of their dray-wheels, and threw on some fresh wood to enable me to read. I was rather too tired to stand, so they set an empty water-keg on end, and, putting their cabbage-tree hats beside them, listened attentively to a chapter from one of the Gospels, and to my comments upon it. We then knelt down on the ground, and prayed from the Book of Common Prayer. And as I left them with a "God bless you, my friends," they thanked me with apparent heartiness, and I rode on in the delicious air of the calm starry night.

I can still see that crackling bush-fire, with its curling smoke leaping up into the darkness, and the bent figures of my brethren, the tall white stems of the gum-trees rising around, and the dim shapes of the loaded drays in the background. Probably we never saw each other again. The effect of that night may have been transient or not, God knows; but a Bush clergyman who would do his Master's work, must thus continually cast his bread on the waters, and leave the seed to be nurtured by Him to whom it belongs.

But we must return to the conclusion of our first journey up the country.

After toiling over some very bad road, we reached the top of a high ridge, with the ground sloping down before us, and more thinly timbered than we had seen for many miles. And there, to our delight, the driver pointed out the snug little village of Muswell Brook. It lay below us about two miles off. We could not see much of the buildings; but the general view from the hill was very fine; and we longed for some of our dear English friends to share it with us. There was no lack of hill and valley, covered with wood as usual; except where, along the courses of the brook and the river Hunter, which here we saw again for the first time since leaving Singleton,

man's hand had made clearings for the town, and for small patches of cultivation on the alluvial soil.

To the north, some thirty-five miles distant, stood the bold rugged outline of the Murulla, a portion of the Liverpool range, with its attendant crags. And these were followed, all round to the right, by lower ridges, varying in elevation ; while, about five miles east of the little town, a fine abrupt hill, called Bell's Mountain, lifted himself head and shoulders above his neighbours, as if looking patronisingly down on the civilisation that, after so many centuries, was beginning to spring up around him ; and exchanging glances with his cone-shaped brother Mount Warrendie, usually called *Mount Danger* ; who, thirty miles to the south-west, stands over the river Goulbourn, which winds round his feet, in the midst of the sandstone cliffs and peaks which fill that part of the picture.

I could not but feel thankful that my lot had fallen in a part of the country where God's hand had made the objects around so pleasant to look at.

We were now rapidly approaching our destination. But before we reached the wooden houses of the white skins, we were reminded in whose land we were, by seeing some dozen of those houseless, homeless children of the Bush, the black natives, who had happened to camp close to the township, and were lying or squatting on the ground, with their curly heads uncovered ; the elders with a blanket skewered at the neck by a piece of sharpened stick, or with merely a small girdle round their loins. Two or three little children were playing round them, clothed simply in their own black skins ; which, by the way, even in the case of adults, is almost of itself a clothing, and takes away the idea of nudity. They had evidently passed the night there, as there were several sheets of bark resting with one edge on the ground, and propped up in a slanting direction, so as to make a slight shelter from the windward. Some smouldering ashes, the remains of last night's fire, were before them ; and under one piece of bark an old gray-haired aboriginal was lying on his blankets, asleep. They turned to look at us ; but we were passing on, and at about two o'clock we entered the south part of the town, for it is divided into two parts by the deep creek from which it derives its name ; and, driving over a very substantially-built wooden bridge, we drew up in a few minutes at the Royal Hotel. Nine years before this had been the only building in the place, a mere Bush inn, surrounded by forest. And, in spite of its name, it was only a weather-board cottage, with the royal arms standing, not very conspicuously,

against the front, and containing two sitting-rooms and two small bedrooms, entered from the verandah, besides those commonly used by the publican's family.

The first business of hungry travellers, who had breakfasted more than seven hours before, and had a long Bush-drive since, was to get something to eat. And then, as the Royal Arms could only accommodate two, I left the candidates for the ministry in possession, and went with the servants to the next small inn, about two hundred yards farther on.

Having thus fixed our abode till the furniture should arrive, we went down to look over the empty parsonage and the church. They were both within one fence, and the school about a bow-shot beyond. I found the sexton preparing the church; for it was Saturday, and it was known that we should arrive that day. From him I heard of one poor woman, who was drawing near her end; so, having set my boy to begin upon the weeds, which in the last few weeks had nearly overrun the garden, and were choking the vines, I began my ministrations by the bedside of poor Mrs Wilde, whom I saw twice, and promised to administer the holy communion to her on the next day.

The rest of that first afternoon was spent in learning what I could about the parish from the schoolmaster and my host, and in preparing for the services of the morrow.

“Oh, dream no more of quiet life;
Care finds the careless out; more wise to vow
Thine heart entire to Faith's pure strife;
So peace will come, thou knowest not when or how.”

KEBLE in *Lyra Apostolica*.

“*The Watch by Night.*”

(To be continued.)

AFRICA : ITS COASTS AND ITS EARLY MISSIONS.

(By the Ven. H. P. WRIGHT, M.A., Archdeacon of Columbia.)

(Continued from page 331.)

CHAPTER II.

PORTUGUESE DISCOVERIES ON THE WESTERN AND EASTERN COASTS OF AFRICA.

PRINCE HENRY, the navigator, died in 1463, at the age of sixty-seven, but not before he had lived down a long-continued and, at times, bitter opposition. Alphonso, and his grand-nephew, John II., were, as we have already seen, almost equal to their illustrious relative in their enthusiasm for further discovery ; and the latter found in Diego Cam an able and zealous captain, quite as adventurous as his master, and that at a moment especially requiring the services of a daring sailor. An expedition was fitted out by him in 1484, which reached El Mina towards the middle of that year, and, sailing well southwards from the Gulf of Guinea, passed safely the long-dreaded tropics, and succeeded in reaching the mouth of the river Congo, where the crews landed, and erected upon a block of stone a huge cross, inlaid with lead, signifying thereby that they took possession of the country in the name of God and Portugal.

The natives received their new visitors in a most friendly way, and offered to conduct a party of them to their king, who lived some distance in the interior. Diego, having accepted the proposal, and started the expedition, gave but a poor example of Christian thankfulness and honesty, by suddenly sailing away to Portugal, while several of the men of Congo were his guests on board. On reaching Lisbon, "the nobles" were presented at court, and received most graciously by the king, who loaded them with valuable gifts, and directed Diego to carry them back at once to their country, in order that the promise to return to Congo within fifteen months might be strictly fulfilled. When the African monarch, who, to his great credit, had behaved most kindly to the Portuguese left in his power, found that his subjects had been so generously treated, he received Diego cordially, and even agreed that some of his highest chiefs should be taken to Portugal, and there instructed in the doctrines of Christianity. This was accordingly done, and the chiefs remained in

Lisbon two years, where they were publicly baptized, John II. himself being godfather to the principal convert. They were now carried back to Congo, where their intelligence and improvement so delighted the king that he gave the Portuguese the most hearty welcome. He and all his leading men were baptized; and the missionaries were permitted to proclaim the gospel wherever they pleased. When the people saw their king a Christian, they themselves readily became followers of the cross. That they were not very firm in their new religion we are certain, from the fact, that the king and his people at once threw off Christianity, and relapsed into paganism directly; they were ordered by the priests to renounce polygamy, and confine themselves to one wife. Alphonso, the king's son, however, remained faithful; and on his accession to the throne, the mission, strengthened greatly by fresh arrivals of priests, was again quietly established, and succeeded in spreading Christianity over a large and thickly-populated district of the country.

Discoveries far more important than that of Congo now speedily followed the daring voyages of Diego Cam. In 1486, Bartholomew Diaz was despatched by the King of Portugal, with three vessels, to make his way, if possible, round the Cape of Good Hope, and so reach India. A better leader could not have been selected. He steered boldly southwards, determined on success. Capé Cross (in 22° S. lat.) was reached, and shortly after the crews landed at Sierra Parada, (in 24° S. lat.,) where, as usual, the cross was planted. He then sailed on as far as Cape das Voltas, (in 29° S. lat.,) where he was detained five days. On leaving Cape das Voltas, the weather became so stormy that the ships were driven far out to sea. Strange to say, the next land made was the western port of Mossel Bay; in other words, the first navigator who doubled the Cape of Good Hope was not in the least aware of the great feat he had performed. That which gained Diaz an immortal name was done without his being aware of it. Urged on by his love of adventure, the bold sailor continued his voyage, and came to a small island in Algoa Bay, which he named Santa Cruz, because it was discovered by him on the 14th September, the festival of Holy Cross. Here the crew becoming dissatisfied, Diaz besought them to continue the voyage two days longer. They agreed, and reached the Great Fish river; but hearing nothing whatever from the natives about India, their gallant leader unwillingly turned his vessel's head westward, and, passing the long-wished for promontory, now known as "The Cape," but named

by Diaz "Cabo de los Tormentos," he reached Portugal in safety at the end of the year.

For ten years after this, attempts were made to reach India by rounding the Cape, but without success. At last, the great enigma was solved by Vasco de Gama, who sailed from Lisbon on the 8th of July 1497, in command of three small vessels, with a crew of sixty men.

Having touched at the Cape de Verde Islands, and coasted along the mainland of Africa, De Gama doubled the Cape on the 19th of November, and shortly after anchored in the Bay of St Pelaz. Steadily continuing his voyage, he sighted the rocky island of Santa Cruz, and then sailed along the south-eastern coast, which he named Sierra de Natal, because discovered during the Christmas season. The next place at which he anchored was Cabo de Correntes, and there deeming it wise, on account of the strong current, to keep well out at sea, passed unnoticed the harbour of Sofala, and on the 28th of February 1498, reached Mozambique, an Arab settlement, under the dominion of the Sultan of Kilwa. At first, the Portuguese were received as friends, being mistaken for followers of the prophet ; but when it was found that they were infidels, a plot was laid for their destruction. De Gama, being informed of the design, quitted the harbour, and made for Kilwa, in hopes of obtaining information about India, from the tribes of that place. The pilots, it is supposed, wilfully passed Kilwa, and brought the little fleet to a large and important town named Mombaz, upon a projecting point of the coast. (3° 30' S. lat.) Pressed by a mutinous crew, De Gama, suspicious of the people, reluctantly landed. The town possessed fine buildings, and the people were far more civilised than any he had yet met with on the coast. Arab treachery, however, was again at work, and nearly succeeded in capturing the Portuguese squadron. An accident revealed the danger, and once more De Gama was compelled to seek safety by flight. He soon reached the harbour of Melinda, where he was very hospitably entertained by the sheikh, who, being too old to go himself, sent his son on board the Admiral's vessel, to offer him a hearty welcome. Every assistance was here afforded, the position of India was clearly pointed out ; and when the fleet left, a promise was given that it should touch at Melinda on its return to Portugal. The anchor was weighed on the 22d of April 1498 ; and thirty-six days after, on the 28th of May, the squadron reached Calicut, on the Malabar coast, and Vasco de Gama gained a name among navigators second only to that of Columbus.

After a short stay at Calicut and Goa, the ships again put out to sea, sailing well up the Arabian Gulf, in order that they might examine the whole length of the African coast. On arriving at the Mogadoxa, De Gama bombarded the place, to impress the natives with terror, well convinced that the effect of Portuguese artillery would soon be made known among the several tribes of the country. He then, true to his promise, went on to Melinda where, according to a previous arrangement, he embarked ambassadors for the court of Lisbon. After a stay of five days, the fleet dropped down to Zanguebar, off which they anchored on the 29th of April 1499. The Arabs received De Gama and his men with marked kindness. Leaving Zanguebar, the admiral visited St Blaz, where he took in water, touched at Terceira, (that he might bury his brother,) and reached Lisbon, with shattered vessels and diminished crews, in the month of September 1499.

“One cannot contemplate without sublime emotion this spectacle of the conquest of mind over matter. From the first attempt of Don Henry, until its final accomplishment in the successful voyage of Vasco de Gama, history cannot record a more glorious triumph than that of the Portuguese discovery of the passage to India. Kings, sages, philosophers, and heroes for the actors ; a century for the performance ; a vast ocean washing the shores of three continents for the stage—with posterity for the spectators : it stands unparalleled as the great drama of discovery.”

Portuguese vessels had now navigated the whole extent of the coast of Africa, from the Straits of Gibraltar to Mogadoxa, and the principal headlands and rivers had been carefully laid down. The thousand miles of coast running up from Cape Mogadoxa to Cape Guardafui soon became equally known, as the Portuguese at once perceived the importance of eastern Africa to ships trading with India. In the year 1500, Pedro Alvarez Cabral was despatched by king Emmanuel, to take possession of the leading towns. The fleet, formed of eleven ships, carrying fifteen hundred soldiers, was sadly injured on the voyage out, and only six vessels reached Mozambique. Cabral at once proceeded to Quiloa, and there made a treaty with the Arab Sheikh, whose dominion extended as far as Sofala. This treaty was broken immediately after the Portuguese had sailed away, but Ibrahim paid heavily for his dishonesty ; for, in the year 1502, Vasco de Gama, on his second voyage, landed at Quiloa, and made the island tributary to Portugal. Alphonso d'Albuquerque, the great naval hero of his age, followed up the conquests of De Gama and

Cabral. Zanzibar surrendered to Navasco, one of his captains. Not long after, Barawa fell ; and in 1528, Mombaz, after a long and stout struggle, gave in to Nunho da Cunha. Portugal now claimed undisputed sway over the whole coast, from Barawa to Cape Correntes, and, once possessed of this commanding position, found no difficulty in extending her conquests as far as Lorenzo Marquez, in Delagoa Bay to the south, and northwards to Cape Guardafui, and along the shores of Arabia, even to the island of Ormus, in the Persian Gulf, which continued for 120 years an important Portuguese commercial depôt.

We have now before us a European and Christian nation occupying important stations on the west and eastern coasts of Africa. But it must not be imagined that the Portuguese confined their attention solely to the coasts. They by degrees acquired a certain knowledge of the inland countries, partly by pushing forward their establishments as opportunity permitted, and partly by means of information given by traders, who often came long distances to barter with the white man. On the west, between the Senegal and the Gambia, and along the banks of those and neighbouring rivers, there were thousands of mixed Portuguese and African blood ; and farther south, along the banks of the Zaire, and in other parts of Congo, inquiry concerning the geography of that and the neighbouring regions was attended with marked success. It was carried on chiefly through the several missions which were sent out to Christianise the inhabitants. The country actually traversed by the missionaries may be generally described as extending from Cape Lopez Gonzalvez, in $0^{\circ} 44'$ S. lat., to the town of San Felippo de Benguela, in $12^{\circ} 14'$ S. lat., and as far in the interior as Concabella, on the Zaire, about four hundred miles from the mouth of that river, and to Massignan, about a hundred miles up the more southerly river, the Coanza. They also necessarily heard much of the countries somewhat beyond the districts actually visited. On the eastern side of Africa, it would seem that, although the towns occupied were more important, and extended, at short intervals, along an extensive line of coast, the Portuguese never gained much knowledge of the inland tribes south of Cape Guardafui, save of those occupying countries bordering upon the Zambési. They had some intercourse with the Mabroaans, and more with the Kafirs, who traded with them at Tete, some four hundred miles up the Zambési, and at Zambo, which is almost twice that distance inland.

It is a very remarkable fact, that, although the Portuguese, after

their discovery of the long-sought-for passage to the East, touched regularly at the Cape of Good Hope on their way to and from India, they made no attempt whatever to establish themselves there, but turned their attention entirely to the tribes on the eastern and western coasts. This neglect of the south arose, we may fairly suppose, from a lively hope on the part of the Portuguese merchants and missionaries, that in some part of Africa, but not so far south as the Cape, they should discover the kingdom of the far famed Prester John. As early as the thirteenth century, a legend prevailed throughout the Western Church, that in some part of Asia there was a country ruled over by kings, who were also priests, and bore the name of John. This country, it is now allowed, was part of Tartary, lying north of China. The king having been converted by some Nestorian merchants, obtained the services of two priests, who succeeded in bringing 200,000 of his subjects to Christ. In honour of the holy men whose ministrations had been so highly blessed, they and their descendants were known henceforth in the East by the name of the priest-kings John or Prester John. Tales of Prester John travelled westward, but by the time they reached Portugal, became strangely exaggerated, and excited largely the curiosity of the whole nation. The fact that in the year 1487 Prince Henry of Portugal sent ambassadors to Ethiopia to visit the court of Prester John, and that as early as the voyage of Diego Cam, a great potentate named Aganè, living far to the east of the kingdom of Benin, was considered the true Prester John, bears ample testimony that the Portuguese had a valid reason for neglecting the south of Africa, and turning their attention to the more thickly inhabited regions of the north.

Although we have spoken thus at length of the early Portuguese voyagers, it must not be supposed that they alone examined the western coasts of Africa. Some writers maintain that, long before Cape Nun was passed by the Portuguese, French settlements had been established far south of that Cape. The Dieppe merchants are especially set forth as rivals of the Portuguese. Their supporters declare that, by the middle of the fourteenth century, they had trading establishments to the south of Cape Verde, and that by 1364 they had carried their researches as far as Sierra Leone. But we may well leave doubtful points, and be satisfied with the first well-authenticated fact that, after the middle of the sixteenth century, Norman vessels paid an annual visit to the river Gambia, and their owners possessed settlements in the neighbourhood of the Senegal, which in 1664 were sold to the West India Company, and passed

into the hands of others on the failure of that Company in 1673. In 1678 Goree and Arguin were taken by the French from the Dutch, and shortly after, the dominion of the French, by conquest and treaties with the natives, extended from Cape Verde to the river Gambia. Eventually, however, it comprehended much wider limits, and stretched from Cape Blanco to Sierra Leone, and ran inland along the Senegal, for some hundred miles. But in 1717, the African Company, after several serious failures, was broken up, their settlements taken possession of by the Crown, and the trade made free. The influence of France from that time gradually diminished, and is now confined entirely to the Senegal and Gambia coasts.

Some of the expeditions of French travellers were very successful, and obtained valuable information of the countries lying between the coast and the districts south of Timbuctoo. In the year 1697, Monsieur de la Roue reached Gournel, the capital of the king of the Foulahs, and in the following year visited the more remote parts of the kingdom of Gallam. He also examined the space between the Senegal and the Sahara. At a later period, attempts were made to penetrate into the kingdom of Bamboul, lying to the south of Gallam, and success eventually attended the skill and daring of Monsieur Campagna in 1714. It may be well to remark, that the researches of the French were confined to the countries about the Senegal and Gambia, and that their possessions on the western coasts of Africa are now very small, and do not extend beyond the province of Senegambia.

A VISIT TO THE AUSTRALIAN GOLD-FIELDS.

It is curious how very little English people in general, even amongst the more educated classes, know, or at any rate realise, the vast extent of Australia. One is often reminded by the way in which people talk of its different localities of the old story of the good woman, who congratulated herself on one son being appointed to the 79th regiment, from its close proximity to the 78th, in which his brother was serving. And, indeed, with our very limited ideas of space, it is doubtless difficult to realise the fact of a single island of

the Pacific equalling in extent the whole of continental Europe, and containing, in the more settled districts only, seven dioceses, each of them larger than the whole of England and Wales. Touching the ecclesiastical divisions of the country, we may remind our readers that it is only thirty years ago that the whole of this vast extent of country formed a single diocese, which nominally included also the whole of New Zealand and the South Sea Islands. Since the consecration of the first Australian Bishop in 1836, steady progress has been made, and no fewer than thirteen Bishops are now taking part in the work then nominally intrusted to one, whilst the number of clergy has proportionally increased. We allude to these facts to show that, though in the present paper we have to exhibit to view part of the dark side of the picture of the social and religious life of the country, it has its bright side also; and that, though much remains to be done, sufficient, thanks be to God, has been already accomplished to furnish, in spite of many discouragements, a happy augury for the future.

The diocese of Melbourne, to which we would now ask our readers to travel with us, is in the extreme south-west corner of Australia. At the time of the consecration of the present Bishop, there were only three clergymen for a population of 35,000; there are now more than a hundred, whose labours are supplemented by a well-organised staff of lay helpers.

We will suppose the writer of the letters, from which we are about to quote, to have accomplished the voyage from England in safety, and to be looking forward to landing at Melbourne.* A narrow break in the coast-line is pointed out. On the right is the gable-end, so to speak, of a range of hills, towering a thousand feet to *Arthur's Seat*; on the left are the lowlands of *Indented Head*. With some difficulty, for the tide is rushing seawards strongly, the vessel makes its way through the opening, and the sea-weary traveller finds himself safe on the smooth waters of a peaceful inland lake, or harbour, fifty miles long and twenty broad. Sailing on to the northern extremity, the anchor is let down at the mouth of the Yarra Yarra river, where small river-steamers soon take the passengers on board.

After a pleasant voyage of some seven miles up a narrow winding stream, the far-famed Melbourne is reached. It is built on the slopes of two hills, connected by a bridge over the Yarra. The bustle and show, the number of people actively employed, the size and character

* S.P.C.K. Hand-Book of the Australian Colonies.

of the buildings, are a sufficient evidence of the prosperity of the place.

To show the extent to which capital is available in Melbourne, and the enterprise with which public affairs are conducted, we will instance one fact. Water was very scarce in the town, as much as eighteenpence being often paid for a single bucket of the precious commodity. Twenty miles distant was a valley; across the lower end of this an immense embankment was thrown, and into the reservoir thus formed a tunnel was carried from a neighbouring river. Thus, with the aid of some eighty miles of main pipes, the city is supplied. Roads, bridges, railways, public buildings, and lines of telegraph, have all been planned with the same liberality.

The scenery about Melbourne is picturesque; on the banks of the river are handsome houses, with gardens and vineyards; whilst a well-wooded public park, and many broad acres turned up by the plough, testify at once to the wealth and thriving industry of the settlement. But our traveller is bound for the gold-fields—to which will he go? to Bendigo, far away over the mountains to the north, or to the southern group in Gipp's Land? Whichever is selected, the journey is difficult, lying in both cases through the dense woods and over rugged and chilly mountains. True, the "*artificial*" difficulties of a few years ago have been overcome. Parties of bushrangers no longer levy black mail from the travellers, and with many a rude joke, "stick up" their victims, one after another, compelling them to stand with their arms stretched out under cover of a revolver, whilst their goods and chattels are ransacked; but enough of difficulty is left to tax to the utmost a stout heart and strong frame. We are not surprised, then, that our friend chooses the more civilised district some miles to the west, and journeys by railway, like a civilised being, to Ballarat. Whilst he is reaching his destination, we may just try to recall a few of the leading facts in the history of the gold discovery.

It is about twenty years since Sir Roderick Murchison first drew attention to the probable existence of gold in Australia, and advised the Cornish tin streamers to emigrate and wash the drift gravel and mud of Australia for gold. This prediction, which has since been remarkably verified, was the result of a careful comparison of the geological formation and the geographical distribution of the various gold regions of the world.

Gold was first actually discovered by a settler, who had spent some time previously in California, and who was struck with the similarity

in the general appearance of some parts of the colony and the gold-bearing districts of America. The first excitement was a good deal cooled by the difficulties and severe privations to which the earliest gold-seekers were exposed, and the comparatively small return obtained; but the accidental discovery by a black shepherd, of a block of gold weighing between two and three hundred-weight, caused a renewed and most intense excitement; and, the news spreading, in the course of the next year more than 100,000 persons had flocked to the colony. Here is a description of the state of things at that time, gathered from the despatches of the then Governor Latrobe.

"During the years 1851-9, the excess of immigration over emigration added nearly 330,000 souls to the population. . . . Probably not one-fifth of those who came to dig succeeded sufficiently to keep them at that work, after the first excitement was over. Hundreds of immigrants, who arrived with similar intentions, never made the attempt. Gold-digging is an occupation for which but few persons are fitted. The successes are recorded, and industriously blazoned abroad, while no one writes of the hardships and wretchedness which accompany them, and the golden glitter assists the deception. Both physically and morally, very many men are unfit to engage in gold-digging. The bodily endurance required can hardly be overrated. The cramped position, the slow, heavy labour, the wet and cold alternating with the heat and draught, are sufficiently trying. But when these are intensified by being united with unskilled hands, and health impaired by short rations or bad food, and, above all, by the anxiety which belongs to great uncertainties, then there are not many that can long endure the accumulative trial. Again, the mental excitement itself is sometimes overpowering. We read of one man, who, having found a nugget upon a sheep-run, persisted in wandering about, with a vague idea of finding more, until he starved himself to death in his madness. In another case, a digger, exhausted by previous toil and disappointment, suddenly striking his pick-axe into a golden mass, fell upon his knees in the slush, and went raving mad, with the nugget in his embrace. It may be, therefore, readily conceived, that many persons who came out to try their fortune at the diggings, should prefer other occupations of a more regular and unexciting nature, even if the profits did not promise to be so immediate or so large. Some there were who wished the governor to suspend the issue of licences, and prohibit gold-digging until after the shearing and harvest. He might as well have attempted to prohibit the wind from blowing. Not only idlers and labourers by the day went off to the diggings, but artisans, tradesmen, and farmers, and not a few of the superior classes followed: some unable to withstand the mania; some, because they were employers of labour, had no choice left, and so made common cause with their men, and shared the profits. Vessels arrived in port could not discharge their cargoes, the harbour-master having no boatmen; the crews deserted their ships, and those masters alone kept their men together who formed them into a party, to spend a month or two at the diggings. The almost total desertion of domestic servants imposed privations upon the upper classes which were frequently ridiculous. The heads of the government departments were empowered to raise the salaries of their subordinates often 100 per cent., and yet failed to keep them. The sight of the gold passing from hand to hand in the streets was a temptation which no rate of pay could neutralise. Provisions rose in proportion, for the increased demand and diminished means of supplying it both acted in the same direction. The 4lb. loaf, which at the end of 1850 was worth 5d, now cost 1s. 8d. Butter rose from 1s. 2d. per lb. to 2s. 6d. Bacon sold at 2s. per lb. Meat and vegetables doubled in price, and such articles as would bear carriage trebled their rates. The rise in the wages of skilled labour was equally extraordinary. The contractor for shoeing the horses engaged in carrying

the mail could not get men at £8, 8s. per week, and a set of new shoes cost £1, 10s. Washing rose from 2s. 6d. to 6s. per dozen. In Melbourne and Geelong the streets were empty, houses and shops closed, even schools were shut up; business came to a standstill, and no contracts for public works could be insisted on. In some of the suburbs not a man was left, and the women, forgetting family jars, grouped together for self-protection."

But we must return to our traveller at Ballarat. He shall describe his impressions of the place for himself:—

"Ballarat is a large and flourishing town. Its population at the last census, in March 1865, was 25,000. There are a great many churches, chapels, &c., and a noble hospital and benevolent asylum; but things are very dull, and every one almost complaining of bad times.

"It would astonish you if you saw the splendid buildings that are here, in a place that, ten years ago, was a forest.

"It is melancholy, however, to reflect upon the habits of the people. Vice, immorality, and drinking are the curse of the country, which is becoming crowded with young boys and girls, who will soon be men and women, for whom there seems to be no employment.

"The great curse of the country is drinking, called here "shouting." The population who came here as young men are fast growing into old ones, and very few lay by anything. On a Saturday night thousands crowd the streets of Ballarat, from all the surrounding diggings, &c., and two men cannot meet in the street but one must "shout." Thus, I think, in a few years this country will be deluged with paupers. I am sorry to say that immorality, in quarters where you would not expect it, is but too common. . . . This is a most sorrowful state of things.

"You will like to know how I am living; so I will describe myself as I now am. It is Sunday night; I am writing this in a little tent, lined with druggeting, and floored with gravel, about ten feet long and eight wide. At one end is a beautiful fire, which I have most fortunately been successful in. I built the chimney myself with sods cut from the paddocks, and it draws beautifully. This is a most fortunate thing, as the paddock I am camped in is very wet and cold, and without a fire I could not well exist in this cold region. It is no very easy thing to make a chimney of sods that shall not smoke!

". . . A few yards off I have another tent, lined with green baize, to sleep in, in which, on a bedstead composed of saplings and old flour bags, I have a very comfortable couch. . . . I am camped in a small paddock, about a mile from Ballarat, and in front of me is an immense swamp, which by courtesy is called Wendowren Lake. As they have cut down the reeds from the middle, a boat can get from one side to the other; it is about one mile in diameter, and there is a great deal of boating upon it in fine weather; and if the funds can be raised, the good people of Ballarat intend really to make it into a lake. Across this lake or swamp come, at this time of year, furious winds, and my camp is so weak and exposed, that for fear of some day finding the whole concern in the middle of the swamp, my men have made me a barricade of boughs, Robinson Crusoe fashion, to break the wind, all round. . . . Inside this barricade is laid clean quartz gravel; and a short distance off are the tents of the three men allowed me by Government—one being a cook, and all three Paddies. Can you now picture my *locus in quo*? About half a mile off are the Botanical Gardens, and I have a church about a quarter of a mile off; so that I am well off for everything but firewood, and for that the men have to go many miles. . . .

"Ballarat is a very cold place. Last summer the grapes did not ripen; but it is a splendid climate, on the whole, to one who does not object to cold weather."

Such is the mode of life of one of the leading Government officials,

the land-surveyor, at a comparatively civilised settlement. Generally, however, the land-surveyor has to go out to some new, and often very distant "claim." Nominally, his first duty is to see that the miners pay certain fees required by Government; but the newer the settlement, the more lawless is the state of society, and he has only too often either to forego his claim, or risk being knocked over into a hole, and never heard of again.

A glance at a recent map of the colony of Victoria, or a Melbourne newspaper, will at once show the immense number of different gold-fields to be found in this district. The papers are full of advertisements, lauding the claims of each place, and urging the speculator or emigrant to take advantage of the mine of wealth they offer,—too often, alas! to the loss, in every sense, of those who fall in with them.

We will now follow our traveller to one of these outposts—Enoch's Point, a spot about 120 miles from Melbourne, but separated from it by mountains so vast and precipitous, as to render it almost inaccessible. We must not expect a very cheery account.

"This country is enough to break one's heart. I am quite unequal to the frightful fatigue of dragging up these terrible mountains. For miles it is all hills, frightful hills, and precipices. In surveying, I constantly have to have a man to hold me by the hand to prevent my falling. . . . The place is miserably poor. All Sunday there is going on business at the stores; the billiard-balls going from morning till night; diggers drinking and getting drunk; now and then fighting, and quoit-playing, &c.

"When these diggings were first taken possession of by Government, there were no houses or dwellings of any kind, except a few diggers' huts, and everything had to be brought here on the shoulders of men, there being no roads, or any way passable for beasts of burden, had it been attainable to procure them.

"And now shall I describe this township? Near me, on one side, is a butcher's shop, and opposite to me, on the other, is another, and a sort of shanty. Near that, again, is a shoemaker's, and then a brewery, and the tents of two drunken sawyers; then comes, back again, a large new public-house, where I get all my meals, and where one eternal scene of drinking and billiard-playing is going on—Sunday and every day all the same. Then comes another public-house, then a store and grog-shop. Opposite a private digger's house there is a sort of hut, that has been used for a school, and in which, at times, a dissenting minister holds an occasional service. Another public-house and store, another shanty, . . . huts of diggers and carpenters, &c., &c. Such is the township of Enoch's Point, and such its society.

"It is a terrible place; day after day, Sunday and every day, the one eternal round of drinking, cursing, swearing, and billiard-playing before my eyes, the Sunday varying but little from any other day, except that you see more drunkenness and billiard-playing than on a week day. All the houses, shanties, and public-houses in full swing. No sound of a Sabbath bell ever breaks the solitude of these horrid mountains!"

Alas! these are not the people to provide a maintenance for a minister of religion if he comes among them. Will not Christians

at home think more earnestly than they have yet thought of those who, in these and other gold-fields, are labouring for the meat which perisheth, with none to minister to them that meat which shall endure unto life eternal?

CHURCH WORK IN BRITISH COLUMBIA.

(Continued from page 302.)

No. II.

A SETTLEMENT OF INDIAN CONVERTS.

IN the September number of *Mission Life*, there appeared a short notice of the Bishop of Columbia's visit, in the spring of the present year, to the mission village of Metlakahtlah. The success that has attended the labours of Mr Duncan in that distant settlement has been so marked and striking, that a sketch of the history of the mission may not prove uninteresting to our readers. The writer of this notice has known Mr Duncan in days when he was still hoping against hope, and praying that God would show him some token for good. That token was at length granted; and it has since been the writer's privilege to visit Metlakahtlah, to see with his own eyes the great work which this faithful labourer has been permitted to achieve; and to aid it, in his ministerial capacity, by administering the rite of holy baptism to a large band of converts, men and women.

The scene of Mr Duncan's early labours was at the Hudson Bay Company's fur-trading post of Fort Simpson, at the extreme north-west of British Columbia, not far from the Russian frontier. Clustered about the fort were the lodges of the Tsimsean Indians, once the most powerful of the coast tribes, but sadly diminished of late years. Here, single-handed, this devoted man carried on what seemed to be an almost hopeless undertaking. To overcome the difficulties of that barbarous language was no easy task for one who had no pretensions to scholarship, and who was destitute of all such aid as can be supplied by dictionaries or grammars. Very soon he came into open conflict with the native sorcerers or "medicine men," who held the superstitious Indians completely under their sway, and who quickly saw that their "craft" was endangered, and their gains likely to pass away from them, if the doctrines of the English teacher prevailed. The few white men in the Company's fort, godless, dissolute, living in concubinage with the Indian females, so far from

helping, could only impede his work. Gradually, too, white traders from Victoria and the southern settlements began to appear along the coast, bringing with them the fatal "fire-water," for which the native appetite craves so strongly, that it became to unprincipled men the most profitable article of barter in the fur trade. Drunkenness and debauchery, ending too often in bloodshed, were to be seen on all sides ; not for days merely, but for whole weeks at a time, the entire tribe might be found given up to the wildest passions and fury. Still the missionary persevered. Never, in the darkest moment, (and it was sometimes a "darkness that might be felt,") did he doubt of the ultimate triumph of God's truth, and the Redeemer's cross over the devil-worship, the cannibal rites, the horrible superstition, of these benighted heathen. Often his life was threatened ; more than one conspiracy was formed against him ; yet so boldly did he bear himself in the midst of these "perils from the heathen," that he won at last, from those most hostile to his teaching, the respect which savages always show to personal courage and daring. And at length the cause triumphed, success came after a long night of toil, of weary wrestling, of anxious watching, of many bitter tears.

During a space of twelve months, from 1860 to 1861, a young married clergyman, the Rev. L. Tugwell, was associated with Mr Duncan in his work. His wife's health and his own gave way, and forced him to return to England. But during his stay he had baptized about twenty converts ; and some of these remained faithful throughout to the call they had received. Mr Duncan did not, however, underrate the soreness of the trial to these few converts, exposed to all the horrible influences of surrounding heathenism. For some time he had entertained the scheme of forming a new settlement, to which he might retire with his own followers, and such others as might choose to live in peace and quiet, apart from the ceaseless riot, debauchery, and bloodshed of the heathen camp, and who, separated from these, might be more open to receive the message of gospel truth. At length, in 1862, his plan was matured. About sixteen miles south of Fort Simpson, upon the shores of a winding inland channel, with many creeks and inlets indenting its shores, were the sites of the old Tsimsean villages—the abode of the tribe in former days, before the white traders of the Hudson's Bay Company had fixed their post at Fort Simpson. The site of the chief village was well chosen—visible from the seaward, yet sheltered from the westerly gales, with many plots of good land lying close around it, and possessing a fair harbour. Here Mr Duncan resolved to

plant his new settlement. The white traders at Fort Simpson mocked the scheme, and foretold its speedy collapse. The missionary, however, was not to be daunted. On the day appointed for the migration, in the early summer of 1862, he started in his canoe, fifty Indians, old and young, accompanying him. The first few days were busily employed in clearing away brush and fallen trees, and erecting temporary places of shelter. One evening, just as work was ending, a canoe came round the point from the seaward up the harbour, then another, and another; and that day saw several hundred natives, men, women, and children, added to the new settlement. They could not live without their teacher. The influence that drew them on to where he was proved stronger than the influences of heathenism to hold them back. From that day to this, the numbers at Metlakahtlah have gradually increased. There cannot now be much fewer than eight or nine hundred souls. The conditions of admission are simple. Any native coming to settle there must leave behind him all his heathen practices and sorcery. He must conform to the laws made from time to time for the good government of the village. He must build, on such ground as is allotted to him, a decent log-house. If he has children, he must send them daily to school, and he himself, with the adult members of his family, must attend divine worship, and the preaching by the missionary, twice every Sunday.

Since the settlement was formed, a commission from the Governor of British Columbia has made Mr Duncan a magistrate. This gives him a greatly extended influence amongst the heathen tribes up and down the coast, and arms him with authority over the lawless and abandoned white traders who ply their illicit liquor traffic with such fatal results to the natives. But amongst his own people at Metlakahtlah no civil office could add to the unbounded influence he already possessed as their teacher and friend—a mighty testimony to the character and work of the missionary; for among his chief supporters and followers he can point to the same heathen chief who, as sorcerer and “medicine man,” headed the conspiracy formed against him in early days at Fort Simpson. With him the embracing of Christianity was literally a forsaking all that he had for Christ’s sake and the gospel’s.

A subsequent paper shall describe the government and constitution of Metlakahtlah, and also the progress of the settlement since Mr Duncan entered on this stage of his work; together with some incidents of the writer’s visit in the fall of 1863.

(To be continued.)

CORRESPONDENCE.

A VISIT TO ZANZIBAR.

To the Editor of "Mission Life."

EAST COAST OF AFRICA, August 1866.

SIR,—We have lately been at Zanzibar, and there received the two first numbers of *Mission Life*. The few copies the Bishop gave us were most eagerly read by our ship's company. They were dreadfully annoyed to find another ship's name printed in mistake for their own, *Penguin* instead of *Pantaloön*.*

We can by no means allow the *Penguin* to usurp the honour of our connexion with the Mission, more especially that happy St Bartholomew's day last year.

Our recent visit to Zanzibar is not replete with such pleasing memories as that of last year. Bishop Tozer was but slowly recovering from a very severe attack of fever.

We shall never forget the early celebration on the Sunday morning after we arrived, when the blessed sacrament had to be conveyed to the bishop in his sick-room, the solemn pause in that "sweet awful hour," the earnest prayer for him our father in Christ. Indeed, we could not spare him. Doubtless, the great Head of the Church would raise up another to take his place. But we may think where shall we find one so truly Catholic and simple; so earnest and loving, and, withal, of such sterling common sense, that characteristic so dear to the practical Englishman?

There have been some,† and perhaps still are a few, who censure the Bishop for relinquishing the original station up the Zambézi. But they could not know all the reasons for abandoning that position, though the published reasons are considered quite sufficient by those who have the best means of forming a judgment, and among those, all the bishops who have been forward in sending out this Mission. I suppose it is generally understood that this Mission is emphatically a "Church" Mission, though it would ask the prayers and sympathies of *all* Christians. Yet it is essentially an English Church Mission. Though the funds were at first supplied by the Universities, they surely

* The mistake arose from the *Penguin* having been mentioned several times, and the name of the *Pantaloön* being written P—n.

† See *Colonial Church Chronicle* for May 1865, p. 201.

would not wish to *control* a bishop to such an extent as these censures imply.

Can we conceive St Paul an agent of a Missionary Society? May we not conclude that our Anglican and Protestant Mission have failed from lack of the missionary-apostolic office, and the undue interference of home committees with those whose commission to "go and teach" does not originate from any earthly society?

Let us hope all the original supporters of this Mission will rally round its devoted chief. May we not look upon the original leaders of this Mission, a most gallant band, as a "forlorn hope," ordered to storm an impracticable breach? Let us learn by the bitter experience of the past that the "weapons of our warfare are not carnal, but mighty through God to the pulling down of [this] stronghold." Above all, let us resort to that mighty weapon, prayer, by which the saints of God have always conquered. Some of your readers cannot *give* much, but they can *pray* the more, and—

"Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor."

Their prayers and our alms will support him "who leads this following." Let us have a quiet trust in God's appointed general, and labour to supply him with means, doubting not but that in God's own good time he will penetrate into the heart of this hitherto unconquered territory. The cross over the martyr Mackenzie's grave is the standard planted in the thickest of the fight, back to which, step by step, we *will* win our way, and establish our Master's kingdom.

A NAVAL OFFICER.

P.S.—Since writing the above, we have paid another and a farewell visit to Zanzibar, having received our orders for home. We found the Bishop much better for his sea-cruise in the *Highflyer*; but still far from well. You will hear by this mail that the Bishop intends to visit England, and leaves Zanzibar by the first sailing vessel going round the Cape. Mr Drayton had not arrived when we left on the morning of the 10th September, but there was a French and an English ship at anchor a few miles outside; possibly he was in one of them.

SEYCHELLES, September 23, 1866.

REVIEW BY THE EDITOR.

The Albert Nyanza and Explorations of the Nile Sources. By SAMUEL WHITE BAKER, Esq., M.A., F.R.G.S.

It is possible that there may be some persons who—as they read Mr Baker's account of his explorations of the sources of the Nile, and follow the narration of his struggling on year after year “through swamp and jungle and interminable morass; through difficulties, fatigues, and sickness,” until at last success crowned his efforts—may be half inclined to sympathise with the African Chief, who asked in wonder, “Suppose you get to the great lake, what will you do with it? What will be the good of it? If you find that the large river does flow from it, what then? What's the good of it?” But most persons who read these interesting volumes will cordially sympathise with the intense earnestness of the traveller, and will join with him in the feeling of delight with which, after years of toil, he gazed on the great lake from which the Nile flows, and felt that the great mystery which had so long perplexed mankind was at length solved. For in truth, in this essentially commercial age it is not a little refreshing to find men ready to risk money, life, and health for any cause short of the desire of acquiring wealth—nor at a time, when refinement and luxury so prevail, is it less satisfactory to find that the good old qualities of pluck, perseverance, coolness, patience, and a resolute determination to die rather than be beaten, still only require occasion to call them forth, and that not only in English men but in English women also.

The causes which tended to heighten the mystery in which the sources of the Nile have ever been shrouded are thus stated in the volume before us:—

“In July and August, when European streams were at their lowest in the summer heat, the Nile was at the flood! In Egypt there was no rainfall—not even a drop of dew in those parched deserts through which, for 860 miles of latitude, the glorious river flowed without a tributary—licked up by the burning sun, and gulped by the exhausting sand of Nubian deserts, supporting all losses by evaporation and absorption, the noble flood shed its annual blessings upon Egypt. An anomaly among rivers; flooding in the driest season; everlasting in sandy deserts; where was its hidden origin? where were the sources of the Nile?”

Since the days when Herodotus gravely propounded his somewhat amusing solutions of the problem—one being, if we remember rightly, that a strong wind in the interior blowing up the stream held back its waters for a given period during each year—no satisfactory account has ever been given of the annual phenomenon; it remained for Mr and Mrs Baker to tell of their only too painful experience of the months of ceaseless downpour which marks the rainy season in the far interior of Central Africa, and supplies the vast sea-like reservoirs in which Father Nile, unique to the end,

(for no other river in the world, we believe, has its rise in a lake,*) is found to have its appropriate source.

Mr Baker, accompanied by his wife, commenced his expedition in search of the source of the Nile in March 1861. Being ignorant of Arabic, and knowing that, when he reached the interior, he would probably be, to a great extent, dependent upon Arab traders, he determined to spend the first year in Abyssinia to give him an opportunity of acquiring their language. The record of this first year's travels, and the account of the exploration of the Abyssinian tributaries of the Nile are promised in a future volume.

Before attempting a sketch of Mr Baker's journeyings, we must endeavour to give the reader a general idea of the geography of the country which he traversed. We will suppose the type on this page to represent the northern part of the Continent of Africa, embracing a district 2400 from north to south, and 1400 miles from east to west. The eleventh line from the bottom will represent the Equator: about the centre of the eighteenth line from the top, south of Egypt and Nubia, will be Kartoum, on the Nile; about the centre of the twenty-eighth line will be Gondokoro, on the same river; about 150 miles below Gondokoro is Magunyo, situated at the northern extremity of the Albert Nyanza, which stretches some 250 miles in a south-westerly direction, its breadth varying from 100 miles to about 30. To the south-west of the Albert Lake is the Victoria Nyanza, stretching about 250 miles from east to west, and about 100 miles from north to south, the Equator passing through the upper part of the Victoria, and through the centre of the Albert, Nyanza. About 500 miles to the south of the latter lake is Lake Tanganyika, extending southwards about 300 miles, the centre of it being in about the same latitude as Zanzibar, from which Speke and Grant started, *i.e.*, about five degrees south of the Equator. The whole of the south-eastern corner of our imaginary map would, of course, be occupied by the Indian Ocean.

On the 11th of June 1862, Mr Baker arrived at Khartoum:—

"A more miserable, filthy, and unhealthy spot can hardly be imagined. Far as the eye can reach, upon all sides, is a sandy desert. The town, chiefly composed of huts of unburnt brick, extends over a flat hardly above the level of the river at high-water, and is occasionally flooded. Although containing about 30,000 inhabitants, and densely crowded, there are neither drains nor cesspools. Greeks, Syrians, Copts, Armenians, Turks, Arabs, and Egyptians, form the motley inhabitants of Khartoum.

"There are consuls for France, Austria, and America.

"In 1862, Moosa Pasha was the Governor-general of the Soudan. This man was a rather exaggerated specimen of Turkish authorities in general, combining the worst of Oriental failings with the brutality of a wild animal.

* The Rhone, for example, is not said to have its source in the lake at Geneva, but is traced up to its mountain glaciers; but then the Rhone as it leaves the lake, though somewhat larger, is not much larger than the Rhone as it enters it. But all the streams which flow into either the Victoria or Albert Nyanza, must be small indeed when compared with the great river which issues from the latter lake.

"The Soudan supplies slaves. Without the White Nile trade Khartoum would almost cease to exist, and that trade is kidnapping and murder."

"The Turkish officials pretended to discountenance slavery, at the same time every house in Khartoum was full of slaves, and the Egyptian officers had been in the habit of receiving a portion of their pay in slaves. The Egyptian authorities looked upon the exploration of the White Nile by a European traveller as an infringement of their slave territory, and every obstacle was thrown in my way."

The main difficulty which now presented itself was the necessity of obtaining an adequate body of attendants. No fewer than forty-five armed men as an escort, and forty men as sailors, were required. After some months' delay, a motley band was organised, and two large sailing barges obtained. On board the latter were placed twenty-one donkeys, four camels, and four horses, in the hope that they might serve instead of porters on the land journey.

On the 18th of December 1862, the barges set sail, and after many misadventures, arrived at Gondokoro on the 2d February.

From this point the land journey was to commence; but here difficulties multiplied fast. Gondokoro was the head-quarters of the slave trade, "a perfect hell and colony of cut-throats, and the presence of a stranger was looked upon as an unwarrantable intrusion" upon a locality sacred to slavery and iniquity. There were about six hundred of the traders' people in the place whose time was passed in drinking, quarrelling, and ill-treating the slaves. Every opposition was thrown in the way of Mr Baker's proposed advance, and persuasion failing, the traders tried to bribe and intimidate his escort. The result was the first of a series of mutinies amongst them. On the first signs of disaffection, Baker ordered the ringleader to be seized:—

"I was determined to insist upon the punishment of the ringleader. I accordingly went towards him with the intention of seizing him, but he, being backed by upwards of forty men, had the impertinence to attack me, rushing forward with a fury that was ridiculous. To stop his blow, and to knock him into the middle of the crowd, was not difficult, and after a rapid repetition of the dose, I disabled him, and seizing him by the throat I called to my Vakeel Saati for a rope to bind him, but in an instant I had a crowd of men upon me to rescue their leader. How the affair would have ended I cannot say; but as the scene lay within ten yards of my boat, my wife, who was ill with fever in the cabin, witnessed the whole affray, and seeing me surrounded, she rushed out, and in a few moments she was in the middle of the crowd, who at the time were endeavouring to rescue my prisoner. Her sudden appearance had a curious effect, and calling upon several of the least mutinous to assist, she very pluckily made her way up to me. Seizing the opportunity of an indecision that was for the moment evinced by the crowd, I shouted to the drummer-boy to beat the drum. In an instant the drum beat, and at the top of my voice I ordered the men to 'fall in.' It is curious how mechanically an order is obeyed if given at the right moment, even in the midst of mutiny.

"Two-thirds of the men fell in, and formed in line, while the remainder retreated with the ringleader 'Eesur,' whom they led away, declaring that he was badly hurt. The affair ended in my insisting upon all forming line, and upon the ringleader being brought forward. In this critical moment Mrs Baker, with great tact, came forward and implored me to forgive him if he kissed my hand and begged my pardon. This compromise completely won the men, who, although a

few minutes before in open mutiny, now called upon their ringleader Eesur to apologise, and that all would be right. I made them rather a bitter speech, and dismissed them."

At this juncture Speke and Grant arrived unexpectedly on their way from the Victoria Nyanza to Kartoum.

"As a good ship arrives in harbour, battered and torn by a long and stormy voyage, yet sound in her frame and seaworthy to the last, so both these gallant travellers arrived in Gondokoro. Speke appeared the more worn of the two: he was excessively lean, but, in reality, he was in good tough condition; he had walked the whole way from Zanzibar, never having once ridden during that wearying march. Grant was in honourable rags; his bare knees projecting through the remnants of trousers, that were an exhibition of rough industry in tailors' work. He was looking tired and feverish, but both men had a fire in the eye, that showed the spirit that had led them through."

Before starting again they were able to give Baker much valuable information for his guidance in completing the work which they had so well begun.

A party of Arab traders were now about to start for the interior, but their leader, one Ibrahim, not only positively refused to allow Mr Baker to accompany him, but threatened that should he follow him, he would raise the whole country against him. Nothing daunted, however, our traveller struck his tents on the very same night that the Arab had started, and commenced a forced march to outstrip him, and so make friends with the next powerful tribe on the route before his arrival.

Innumerable delays, however, took place, and the plan failed. Thanks, however, to Mrs Baker's strategy, the hostile leader was, at the last moment, brought over and converted into a staunch, if not very disinterested, friend.

But the hardships of the journey had again roused the latent disaffection of Baker's escort, and on his ordering the camels to be loaded one morning, one of the men stepped forward and declared that none of them would go a step further.

"I looked at this mutinous rascal for a moment; this was the burst of the conspiracy, and the threats and insolence that I had been forced to pass over for the sake of the expedition all rushed before me.

" 'Lay down your gun!' I thundered, 'and load the camels!' . . .

" 'I won't,' was his reply.

" 'Then stop here,' I answered, at the same time lashing out as quick as lightning with my right hand upon his jaw.

"He rolled over in a heap, his gun flying some yards from his hand, and the late ringleader lay apparently insensible among the luggage, while several of his friends ran to him and did the good Samaritan. Following up on the moment the advantage I had gained by establishing a panic, I seized my rifle and rushed into the midst of the wavering men, catching first one by the throat and then another, and dragging them to the camels, which I insisted upon them immediately loading. All except three, who attended to the ruined ringleader, mechanically obeyed."

At last the Victoria Nile was reached at the point at which it turns sharply to the west, and where it had been left by Speke and Grant. The march was continued southwards, parallel with the river.

"Nothing could exceed the beauty of the march. Our course through the noble forest was parallel with the river that roared beneath us on our right in a suc-

cession of rapids and falls between high cliffs, covered with groves of bananas, and varieties of palms—including the graceful wild date—the certain sign of either marsh or river. The Victoria Nile or Somerset River was about 150 yards wide; the cliffs on the south side were higher than those upon the north, being about 150 feet above the river; these heights were thronged with natives, who had collected from the numerous villages that ornamented the cliffs situated among groves of plantains. They were armed with spears and shields; the population ran parallel to our line of march, shouting and gesticulating, as though daring us to cross the river."

It was soon found that the chief of this district, professing to be suspicious of Mr Baker's motives, was likely to throw every possible impediment in the way of his further advance. Thus it was not until many weeks had been spent in fruitless negotiations, and all the remaining property of the expedition had been given in extorted presents, that the necessary guides and a free pass were granted.

During the whole of this time both Mr and Mrs Baker were utterly prostrated by repeated attacks of fever, and it was only the near prospect of the successful completion of their undertaking that braced them up for the final effort.

The journey was still performed on oxen, the usual difficulties and delays being experienced. On the third day Mrs Baker, whilst crossing a river, *was struck down by a coup de soleil.*

For seven days the brain fever continued; after which she slowly recovered, and was carried forward on a litter. On the 14th of March 1863 the goal was gained:—

"The day broke beautifully clear, and having crossed a deep valley between the hills, we toiled up the opposite slope. I hurried to the summit. The glory of our prize burst suddenly upon me! There, like a sea of quicksilver, lay far beneath the grand expanse of water, a boundless sea horizon on the south and south-west, at fifty or sixty miles' distance; blue mountains rose from the bosom of the lake to a height of about 7000 feet above its level.

"We commenced the descent of the steep pass on foot. I led the way, grasping a stout bamboo. My wife, in extreme weakness, tottered down the pass, supporting herself on my shoulder, and stopping to rest every twenty paces. After a toilsome descent of about two hours, weak with years of fever, but for the moment strengthened by success, we gained the level plain below the cliff. A walk of about a mile through flat sandy meadows of fine turf, interspersed with trees and bush, brought us to the water's edge. The waves were rolling upon a white pebbly beach. I rushed into the lake, and thirsty with heat and fatigue, with a heart full of gratitude, I drank deeply from the sources of the Nile.

"The beach was perfectly clean sand, upon which the waves rolled like those of the sea, throwing up weeds precisely as seaweed, may be seen on the English shore. It was a grand sight to look upon this vast reservoir of the mighty Nile, and to watch the heavy swell tumbling upon the beach, while far to the south-west the eye searched as vainly for a bound as though upon the Atlantic. It was with extreme emotion that I enjoyed this glorious scene. My wife, who had followed me so devotedly, stood by my side pale and exhausted; a wreck upon the shores of the great Albert Lake, that we had so long striven to reach. No European foot had ever trod upon its sand, nor had the eyes of a white man ever scanned its vast expanse of water. We were the first; and this was the key to the great secret that Julius Cæsar yearned to unravel, but in vain. Here was the great basin of the Nile, that received every drop of water, even from the passing

shower to the roaring mountain torrent that drained from Central Africa towards the north. This was the great reservoir of the Nile.

It was soon ascertained that, by coasting along the Eastern shore for about one hundred miles, they would reach what was supposed to be the embouchure of the Somerset or Victoria Nile, which they had previously crossed. A rude boat was soon obtained, and in thirteen days Magungo, at the extreme north of the lake, was reached. The exit of the Nile from the lake having been ascertained, the only question which remained to be settled was, whether the river flowing into the extreme north end was, as they supposed it to be, the same river which they had previously crossed, and which had been discovered by Speke and Grant. The river proved to be the Victoria Nile, and its relation to the main Nile was thus clearly established. For the first twenty miles, as far as the Murchison Falls, it proved to be navigable :—

“This* was the greatest waterfall of the Nile, and in honour of the distinguished President of the Royal Geographical Society, I named it the Murchison Falls, as the most important object throughout the entire course of the river. The boatmen having been promised a present of beads to induce them to approach the fall as close as possible, succeeded in bringing the canoe within about 300 yards of the base, but the power of the current and the whirlpools in the river rendered it impossible to proceed farther. There was a sandbank on our left, which was literally covered with crocodiles lying parallel with each other.

“On either side of the river were beautifully wooded cliffs rising abruptly to a height of about 300 feet, rocks were jutting out from the intensely green foliage, and rushing through a gap that cleft the rock exactly before us; the river, contracted from a grand stream, was pent up in a narrow gorge of scarcely fifty yards in width; roaring furiously through the rock-bound pass, it plunged in one leap of about 120 feet perpendicular into a dark abyss below. The fall of the water was snow-white, which had a superb effect as it contrasted with the dark cliffs that walled the river, while the graceful palms of the tropics and wild plantains perfected the beauty of the view.”

We must pass rapidly over the trials and adventures of the return journey, which are all most graphically described.

It was not until Feb. 7, 1864, that Gondokoro was once more reached and the home journey fairly begun.

On arriving in September at Cairo, on their way to England, the grateful intelligence was received, that even before the result of the expedition was known, and whilst it was uncertain whether Mr Baker was dead or alive, the Victoria gold medal had been awarded to him by the Royal Geographical Society.

It would be impossible to convey any adequate idea of the variety and graphic power of the descriptions, and life, and manners of the people. The following may be taken as a fair specimen of these parts of Mr Baker's work :—

“The day after my arrival in Latooka, I was accommodated by the chief with a hut in a neat court-yard, beautifully clean and cemented with clay, ashes, and

* The frontispiece is taken from Mr Baker's book, by the kind permission of the publishers.

cow-dung. Not patronising the architectural advantages of a door-way of two feet high, I pitched my large tent in the yard, and stowed all my baggage in the hut. All being arranged, I had a large Persian carpet spread upon the ground, and received the chief of Latooka in state. He was introduced by Ibrahim, and I had the advantage of his interpreter. I commenced the conversation by ordering a present to be laid on the carpet of several necklaces of valuable beads, copper bars, and coloured cotton handkerchiefs. It was most amusing to witness his delight at a string of fifty little 'berrets' (opal beads the size of marbles,) which I had brought into the country for the first time, and were accordingly extremely valuable. No sooner had he surveyed them, with undisguised delight, than he requested me to give him another string of opals for his wife, or she would be in a bad humour. Accordingly, a present for the lady was added to the already large pile of beads that lay heaped upon the carpet before him. After surveying his treasures with pride, he heaved a deep sigh; and turning to the interpreter he said, 'What a row there will be in the family when my other wives see Bokke (his head wife) dressed up with this finery. Tell the "Mattat" that unless he gives necklaces for each of my other wives, they will fight.' Accordingly, I asked him the number of the ladies that made him anxious. He deliberately began to count upon his fingers, and having exhausted the digits of one hand, I compromised immediately, begging him not to go through the whole of his establishment, and presented him with about three pounds of various beads, to be divided among them. He appeared highly delighted, and declared his intention of sending all his wives to pay Mrs Baker a visit. This was an awful visitation, as each wife would expect a present for herself, and would assuredly have either a child or a friend for whom she would beg an addition. I therefore told him that the heat was so great that we could not bear too many in the tent, but that if Bekke his favourite would appear, we should be glad to see her. Accordingly, he departed, and shortly we were honoured by a visit. Bokke and her daughter



BOKKE, WIFE OF MOZ, CHIEF OF LATOOKA.

were announced, and a prettier pair of savages I never saw; they were very clean, their hair was worn short, like all the women of the country, and plastered with red ocre and fat, so as to look like vermilion; their faces were slightly tattooed on the cheeks and temples, and they sat down on the many-coloured carpet with great surprise, and stared at the first white man and woman they had ever seen. We gave them both a number of necklaces of red and blue beads, and I received her portrait in my sketch-book, obtaining a very correct likeness. She told us that Mohammed and his men were very bad people, that they had burnt and plundered one of the villages; and that one of the Latookas, who had been wounded in the fight by a bullet, had just died, and they were to dance for him to-morrow, if we would like to attend. She asked many questions; how many wives I had, and was astonished to hear that I was contented with one. This seemed to amuse her immensely, and she laughed heartily with her daughter at the idea. She said that my wife would be much improved if she would extract her four front teeth from the lower jaw, and use the red ointment on her hair according to the fashion of the country. She also proposed that she should pierce her under lip, and wear the long-pointed polished crystal, about the size of a drawing-pencil, that is the 'thing' in the Latooka country. No woman among the tribe, who has any pretensions to be a 'swell,' would be without this highly-prized ornament; and one of my thermometers having come to an end, I broke the tube into three pieces, and they were considered as presents of the highest value, to be worn through the perforated under-lip. Lest the piece should slip through the hole in the lip, a kind of rivet is formed by twine bound round the inner extremity, and this protruding into the space left by the extraction of the four front teeth of the lower jaw, entices the tongue to act upon the extremity, which gives it a wriggling motion, indescribably ludicrous during conversation. Polygamy is, of course, the general custom, the number of a man's wives depending entirely upon his wealth, precisely as would the number of his horses in England. There is no such thing as 'love' in these countries—the feeling is not understood, nor does it exist in the shape in which we understand it. Everything is practical, without a particle of romance. Women are so far appreciated as they are valuable animals. They grind the corn, fetch the water, gather firewood, cement the floors, cook the food, and propagate the race; but they are mere servants, and, as such, are valuable. The price of a good-looking, strong young wife, who could carry a heavy jar of water, would be ten cows; thus a man, rich in cattle, would be rich in domestic bliss, as he could command a multiplicity of wives. However delightful may be a family of daughters in England, they nevertheless are costly treasures; but in Latooka, and throughout savage lands, they are exceedingly profitable. The simple rule of proportion will suggest that, if one daughter is worth ten cows, ten daughters must be worth a hundred, therefore a large family is the source of wealth; the girls produce the cows, and the boys milk them. All being perfectly naked, (I mean the girls and the boys,) there is no expense, and the children act as herdsmen to the flock, as in the patriarchal times. A multiplicity of wives thus increases wealth by the increase of family. I am afraid this practical state of affairs will be a strong barrier to missionary enterprise."

The first question which naturally suggests itself on closing these volumes is, What prospect is there of the information gained ever being turned to account, for the bettering of the condition, temporal and spiritual, of the countless population of Central Africa? In endeavouring to form an opinion on this subject, we must look at the facts Mr Baker relates rather than the conclusions he draws from them. Nothing can be fairer than the way in which he states the actual facts of the case, when he declares the result of his long experience of the African race in the following words:—"In his savage home, what is the African? Certainly bad, but not so bad as white men would (I believe) be under

similar circumstances." The only logical conclusion from such a statement surely must be, that under equally favourable circumstances, the black man would be superior to the white. We do not expect Mr Baker to grant such a proposition; but we certainly should like to know how he can possibly reconcile an exactly opposite conclusion, with the belief which he has thus broadly stated. It looks as if after all there was at the bottom a real belief in the equality of races, which in spite of the natural prejudice of one of the superior race, will occasionally "crop out." It is evident that nothing can be done in the interior of Africa until some means can be found to stop the slave trade, both from the north and from Zanzibar; and it would perhaps be more to the point than some of its supporters would probably allow, should any one of our missionary societies spend a considerable portion of its funds in systematically agitating, not to get any more prohibitory laws made, but to see that those already in existence are rigidly put in force. At present the interest of every native tribe, as far as they understand their own interest, is identical with that of the slave-trader and opposed to that of the missionary; so that the latter really has not a fair field. Apart from the slave trade and its inevitable effects, the account given by Mr Baker of many of the tribes of the interior, is by no means discouraging.

To realise the inevitable effects of this accursed trade, we have only to be told of the manner in which it is conducted. Here is a picture of a Khartoum trading party:—

"A man without means forms an expedition, and borrows money for this purpose at 100 per cent. after this fashion. He agrees to repay the lender in ivory at one-half its market value. Having obtained the required sum, he hires several vessels and engages from 100 to 300 men, composed of Arabs and runaway villains from distant countries, who have found an asylum from justice in the obscurity of Khartoum. He purchases guns and large quantities of ammunition for his men, together with a few hundred pounds worth of glass beads. The piratical expedition being complete, he pays his men five months' wages in advance, at the rate of forty-five piastres per month, (nine shillings,) and agrees to give them eighty piastres per month for any period exceeding the five months advanced. His men receive their advance partly in cash and partly in cotton stuffs for clothes at an exorbitant price. Every man has a strip of paper, upon which is written, by the clerk of the expedition, the amount he has received, both in goods and money, and his paper he must produce at the final settlement. The vessels sail about December, and on arrival at the desired locality, the party disembark and proceed into the interior, until they arrive at a village of some negro chief, with whom they establish an intimacy.

"Charmed with his new friends, the power of whose weapons he acknowledges, the negro chief does not neglect the opportunity of seeking their alliance to attack a hostile neighbour. Marching throughout the night, guided by their hostile hosts, they bivouac within an hour's march of the unsuspecting village doomed to an attack about half-an-hour before the break of day. The time arrives, and quietly surrounding the village while its occupants are still sleeping, they fire the grass huts in all directions, and pour volleys of musketry through the flaming thatch. Panic-stricken the unfortunate victims rush from their burning dwellings, and the men are shot down like pheasants in a battue, while the women and children, bewildered in the danger and confusion, are kidnapped and secured. The herds of cattle, still within their kraal or 'zareeba,' are easily secured, and are driven off with great rejoicing as the prize of victory. The women and children are then fastened together, the former secured in an instrument called a

shéba, made of a forked pole, the neck of the prisoner fitting into the fork, secured by a cross piece lashed behind, while the wrists, brought together in advance of the body, are tied to the pole. The children are then fastened by their necks with a rope attached to the women, and thus form a living chain, in which order they are marched to the head-quarters in company with the captured herds.

"This is the commencement of business ; should there be ivory in any of the huts not destroyed by fire, it is appropriated ; a general plunder takes place. The trader's party dig up the floors of the huts to search for iron hoes, which are generally thus concealed as the greatest treasure of the negroes ; the granaries are overturned and wantonly destroyed, and the hands are cut off the bodies of the slain, the more easily to detach the iron or copper bracelets that are usually worn. With this booty the traders return to their negro ally ; they have thrashed and discomfited his enemy, which delights him ; they present him with thirty or forty head of cattle, which intoxicates him with joy, and a present of a pretty little captive girl of about fourteen completes his happiness.

"But business is only commenced. The negro covets cattle, and the trader has now captured perhaps 2000 head. They are to be had for ivory, and shortly the tusks appear—ivory is daily brought into camp in exchange for cattle, a tusk for a cow, according to size—a profitable business, as the cows have cost nothing. The trade proves brisk ; but still there remain some little customs to be observed, some slight formalities well understood by the White Nile trade. The slaves and two-thirds of the captured cattle belong to the chief, but his men claim as their perquisite one-third of the stolen animals. These having been divided, the slaves are put up to public auction among the men, who purchase such as they require ; the amount being entered on the papers (seiki) of the purchasers, to be reckoned against their wages. To avoid the exposure, should the document fall into the hands of the Government or European consuls, the amount is not entered as for the purchase of a slave, but is divided for fictitious supplies. Thus should a slave be purchased for 1000 piastres, that amount would appear on the document somewhat as follow :—

Soap,	50 piastres.
Tarboash (cap),	100 "
Araki,	500 "
Shoes,	200 "
Cotton cloth,	150 "
					—
					1000

"The slaves sold to the men are constantly being changed and sold among themselves ; but should the relatives of the kidnapped women and children wish to ransom them, the trader takes them from his men, cancels the amount of purchase, and restores them to their relations for a certain number of elephants' tusks as may be agreed upon. Should any slave attempt to escape, she is punished either by brutal flogging, or shot or hanged, as a warning to others. An attack or razzia, such as described, generally leads to a quarrel with the negro ally, who in his turn is murdered and plundered by the trader, his women and children naturally becoming slaves. A good season for a party of a hundred and fifty men should produce about two hundred cantars (20,000 lbs.) of ivory, valued at Khartoum at £4000, the men being paid in slaves for the trader's own profit, worth on an average five to six pounds each.

"The boats are accordingly packed with a human cargo, and a portion of the trader's men accompany them to the Soudan, while the remainder of the party form a camp or settlement in the country they have adopted, and industriously plunder, massacre, and enslave, until their masters return with boats from Khartoum in the following season, by which time they are supposed to have a cargo of slaves and ivory ready for shipment. The business thus thoroughly established, the slaves are landed at various points within a few days' journey of Khartoum, at which places are agents, or purchasers, waiting to receive them with dollars, prepared for cash payments. The purchasers and dealers are, for the most part,

Arabs. The slaves are then marched across the country to different places ; many to Senaar, where they are sold to other dealers, who sell them to the Arabs and to the Turks. Others are taken immense distances to ports on the Red Sea, Souakim, and Masowa, there to be shipped for Arabia and Persia. Many are sent to Cairo, and, in fact, they are disseminated throughout the slave-dealing East, the White Nile being the great nursery for the supply."

Mr Baker declares that the real difficulty is, that every demonstration against the slave trade is simply a *pro forma* movement on the part of the government of the country to blind the European powers. Their eyes thus closed, and the question again shelved, at least for a time, the trade resumes its wonted channels. The remedy he proposes seems simple enough :—

"Stop the White Nile trade ; prohibit the departure of any vessels from Khartoum for the south, and let the Egyptian government grant a concession to a company for the White Nile, subject to certain conditions, and to a special supervision. There are already four steamers at Khartoum. Establish a military fort of two hundred men at Gondokoro, an equal number below the Shilooch tribe in 13° latitude, and with two steamers cruising on the river, not a slave could descend the White Nile.

"Should the slave trade be suppressed, there will be a good opening for the ivory trade ; the conflicting trading parties being withdrawn, and the interest of the trade exhibited by a single company, the natives would no longer be able to barter ivory for cattle ; thus they would be forced to accept other goods in exchange. The newly-discovered Albert Lake opens the centre of Africa to navigation. Steamers ascend from Khartoum to Gondokoro in latitude 4° 55'. Seven days' march south from that station the navigable portion of the Nile is reached, where vessels can ascend direct to the Albert Lake ; thus an enormous extent of country is opened to navigation, and Manchester goods and various other articles would find a ready market in exchange for ivory, at a prodigious profit, as in those newly-discovered regions ivory has a merely nominal value. Beyond this commencement of honest trade, I cannot offer a suggestion, as no produce of the country except ivory could afford the expense of transport to Europe. If Africa is to be civilised, it must be effected by commerce, which once established will open the way for missionary labour ; but all ideas of commerce, improvement, and the advancement of the African race that philanthropy could suggest, must be discarded until the traffic in slaves shall have ceased to exist."

Has any European statesman, or any other person possessed of the requisite influence, ever honestly set himself to work to bring about so desirable a state of things ? No important work can be successfully carried out, at anyrate in its early stages, without some one moving spirit, round whom all interested in the work may rally. If Mr Baker, after a due period of rest from his recent labours, would devote himself to the task of combining European statesmen and European governments in some such scheme as that which he has suggested, there would at least be a reasonable prospect, looking at the qualities and the influence which he would bring to bear upon the work, that he would ultimately succeed.

MISSION LIFE.

CENTRAL AFRICAN MISSION.

No letters have been received during the past month from Zanzibar. The chief event of interest in the home work of the Mission has been the public meeting held on the 7th, in London. The proceedings have been so fully reported in the *Guardian*, (Nov. 14,) that it will not be necessary to give them in detail. Perhaps one of the most encouraging features of the meeting was the very full attendance; persons from all parts of the country, save, we are sorry to say, from the Universities, being present, showing that the interest in this work is greatly on the increase; and that though the Universities, who have given their name to this their one missionary child, have ceased to support it, the public are quite ready to adopt it into their more numerous family, and, as far as may be, give it the special help and encouragement which it was fondly hoped the circumstances of its birth would secure for it.

Of the special services held at Taunton and Truro, on the 14th and 15th, there has not been time to receive any full report; but our readers will be glad to learn that Archdeacon Freeman has kindly promised to allow the sermon on the Conversion of Africa, preached at the former place, to be published in the next number of this magazine.

Our list of contributions for this month is unusually small, and we have to draw the attention of subscribers to the fact that, with very few exceptions, all the regular subscriptions still remain unpaid. They amounted last year to a very small sum; we trust that they may not be diminished. The income for the current year to meet

all foreign and home expenses does not amount to £900. The only encouraging feature in the present aspect of the financial affairs of the Mission is, that the greater part of this amount consists of annual subscriptions from persons who have not previously taken any part in this work. Should the interest in it continue to become more general, a new and permanent income may soon be created.

List of Contributions Received from the 21st Oct. to the 22d Nov.

(New Contributions are marked thus *)

CAMBRIDGE LIST.

	£	s.	d.
Exton, Rev. F.....	5	0	0
Hutchinson, Rev. J. R.....	1	2	0

RAUNDS LIST.

By Rev. C. F. PORTER.

BOXES.—Miss H. Whitney...	3	3	11
„ Miss Lovell.....	0	4	7
„ Miss Eliz. Green....	1	5	6
„ Miss M. E. Knighton.....	0	8	10
„ Edwin Yorke.....	0	14	11
„ In School.....	0	1	7
Collection at Meeting.....	1	11	2

SUBSCRIBERS—

„ Bent, Rev. R. and Mrs	1	0	0
„ Porter, Rev. C.....	1	1	0
„ Porter, Mrs C.....	0	10	0
„ Porter, Miss.....	0	12	0
„ Porter, Rev. W. C....	0	10	0
„ Porter, Rev. C. F.....	1	1	0
„ Porter, Mrs C. F.....	0	10	6
„ Smyth, Rev. Christ....	1	0	0

GENERAL LIST.

* Beck, Rev. E. J., don.....	1	1	0
* Brooks, Rev. Harvey W....	0	10	6
* Clayton, Rev. E.....	0	10	0
Cooper, Rev. R. Jermyn....	0	5	0
Corbett, Miss.....	2	2	0
Dunell, H. J., Esq.....	5	5	0
Dunraven Dow, Countess of	5	0	0
Dyer, Rev. J. H.....	1	0	0
Evans, the late Mr W. F., collected by.....	1	0	10
Gibraltar, Lord-Bishop of...	3	0	0
Humberstone, Miss.....	1	1	0

	£	s.	d.
* James, Rev. John.....	0	10	6
Kirk, Rev. C.....	0	10	6
Kirk, Rev. T.....	0	10	6
Lambert, Alan, Esq.....	1	1	0
Langborne, Miss.....	1	0	0
Langborne, Miss G.....	1	0	0
Langborne, Miss M. E.....	1	0	0
* M. F. M., don.....	0	8	0
Middleton, Rev. J. D.....	0	10	6
* Parkhurst, Mrs, by.....	0	10	0
* do. Collecting box...	0	10	0
* Rawdon, Rev. J. H.....	0	10	0
Searight, James, Esq.....	5	0	0
* Stone, Rev. S. J., 1862 to 1866.....	2	10	0
* Taylor, Mrs, don.....	0	6	0
Veysie, Rev. Daniel.....	5	0	0
Wauchope, Rev. D.....	1	0	0
Wauchope, Mrs.....	1	0	0

OFFERTORIES, &c.

London, Public Meeting at Willis' Rooms.....	34	2	0
North Kelsey, off. on All Saints' Day, by Rev. W. F. Chambers.....	0	14	2
Sandford-on-Thames, Offer- tory by Rev. W. H. Rain- ken.....	3	6	3
Windsor, Holy Trinity, Ser- mon and Meeting on All Saints' Eve, by Rev. H. C. Hawtrey.....	10	17	0

S. AUGUSTINE'S FUND.

Bygate, Miss.....	0	5	0
Halcombe, Miss Sarah.....	0	5	0
Wauchope, Rev. D.....	0	5	0

RICHARN AND SAAT ; OR, THE TWO CHRISTIANS IN SIR SAMUEL BAKER'S ESCORT.

(By the Rev. J. E. WILKINSON.)

WHERE all has been so nobly done and so well described, it seems almost an impertinence to criticise in the smallest way the recently published work of the gallant Englishman who, with his matchless wife, has given to England the glory of the discovery of the Albert Nyanza, source of the Nile.

However, as one deeply interested in the matter of Christian missions, I cannot help pointing out that, in the admirable work now before the public, there are just one or two facts connected with the missionary question which ought not to go forth to the world unchallenged.

Unlike many former travellers, most kindly does this Christian gentleman speak of missionaries and their efforts ; and this very fact gives me, as I consider, larger opportunity to point out what seems to me in his journal to be unintentional contradiction.

Towards the end of the preface he writes :—

“To the missionary, that noble, self-exiled labourer, toiling too often in a barren field, I must add the word of caution, ‘Wait ;’ there can be no hope of success until the slave trade shall have ceased to exist.”

Now, to a certain extent this is unquestionably good advice. The slave trade does without doubt throw the greatest of all obstacles in the way of missionary progress in Africa ; and if there seemed the slightest chance of any immediate action being taken, either by the Egyptian Government in the districts about Khartoum and Gondokoro, or by the Portuguese Government on the east coast, most gladly would the missionary await the result ; since, however, it seems at present, owing to the apathy of the Egyptian Government in the matter, a hopeless prospect, is not the missionary, in duty bound, to enter the field and endeavour to do a spiritual, ay, and if absolutely necessary, a temporal warfare with this traffic of sin ?

My object at present is to deal with the characters of two of Sir S. Baker's native escort ; the man Richarn and the boy Saat. I wish to show from Sir S. Baker's own account that these two semi-Christianised natives were the instruments under God, by their fidelity and courageous honesty, of saving the lives more than once of the two travellers, and were in many other ways the cause of the success of their great and difficult enterprise.

With respect to Richarn, we have the following description:—

“My black fellow Richarn, whom I had appointed corporal, will soon be reduced to the ranks ; the animal is spoiled by sheer drink. Having been drunk every day at Khartoum, and now being separated from his liquor, he is plunged into a black melancholy. He sits upon the luggage like a sick rook, doing minstrelsy, playing the rahaba, (guitar,) and smoking the whole day, unless asleep, which is half that time. He is sighing after the merissa (beer) pots of Egypt. This man is an illustration of missionary success. He was brought up from boyhood at the Austrian Mission, and he is a genuine specimen of the average results. He told me a few days ago that ‘he is no longer a Christian.’”

Now, had this been all we were to hear of this Christianised Richarn—though at what age he either left or was turned out of the Mission into the frightful influences of a moral atmosphere such as Sir S. Baker describes that of Khartoum to be, we know not—we should not be surprised if the poor fellow, when lost again in that sink of iniquity, had become “no longer a Christian.” I own the result would have been *disappointing*, but nothing more ; *discouraging* it certainly ought not to have been, inasmuch as (to reverse in this instance the old proverb) the departure of one swallow should never in fairness be taken as an index that autumn has arrived.

But it must be remembered that Sir S. Baker’s book consists to a great extent of his daily journal ; and we find the above accounts of Richarn under the date January 7, 1863. Had the entire narrative been written at the *conclusion* of the expedition, I think Sir S. Baker will own that he would have made greater allowance for this poor fellow, who, having been subject since leaving the Mission station to such a hell upon earth as Khartoum, may well be dealt with more considerately in the eyes of this world, if he fell away in that den of iniquity, as he seems to have done, into habits of intemperance.

But this is by far the worst we hear of this Richarn. At page 117, vol. i., we find that at all events the Christian teaching of the Austrian Mission station had not been so entirely thrown away upon him as this first description might lead us to suppose.

“Among my people,” writes Sir S. Baker at page 117, “were two blacks : one Richarn, already described as having been brought up by the Austrian Mission at Khartoum, the other a boy of twelve years old, Saat. As these were the only really faithful members of the expedition, it is my duty to describe them. Richarn was an habitual drunkard, but he had his good points : he was honest, and much attached to both master and mistress.”

Well, this is a manifest improvement upon the first account ; while

the next shows his character in a still brighter light. At page 147, where a description is given of a remarkable crisis in which Sir S. Baker being determined to march from Khartoum to Ellyria, not one of his men would obey his orders to load the camels, we find this notice of Richarn :—

“ ‘Load the camels, my brothers,’ I exclaimed to the sullen ruffians around me ; but not a man stirred except Richarn and a fellow named Sali, who began to show signs of improvement.”

Again, at pp. 130 and 131, Richarn’s good character shows itself :—

“ Richarn was as faithful as Saat, and I accordingly confided to him my resolution to leave all my baggage in charge of a friendly chief of the Bari’s, at Gondokoro, and to take two fast dromedaries for him and Saat, and two horses for Mrs Baker and myself, and to make a push through the hostile tribe for three days, to arrive among friendly people at Moir, from which place I trusted to fortune.”

What confidence must he have placed in these two Christian blacks, to be satisfied with them as his sole companions through this hostile tract of country ?

“ Richarn,” he continues at the same place, “said the idea was very mad ; . . . that we should most likely be murdered, but that if I ordered him to go, he was ready to obey.

“ ‘Master, go on, and I will follow thee
To the last gasp with truth and loyalty.’

“ I was delighted with Richarn’s rough and frank fidelity.”

While at page 203 a remarkably high-principled trait appears in Richarn’s character. After four hours’ marching, when the men were getting tired, Sir S. Baker had occasion to leave his caravans, and ride on some distance out of sight after a deserter. Upon turning back again to rejoin his party, he saw in the distance that all the natives were riding upon the already overladen donkeys *except Richarn*. I give the incident in his own words :—

“ Ascending some rising ground I at length observed my caravan approaching in the distance, and every one of my men, except Richarn, mounted upon my donkeys, although the poor animals were already carrying loads of 150 lbs. each. Upon observing me, the dismount was sudden and general.”

Now here, surely, was Richarn acting from *principle* ; his master out of sight, and yet what he had learned of Christianity seems at all events to have taught him that the eye of man is not the only eye that marks our right and wrong doings.

And now, see how this man continued faithful to the very end ;

and mark how, by Sir Samuel's own account, he seems daily to have improved and overcome his bad habits :—

“We arrived at Cairo,” (p. 357, vol. ii.,) “and I established Richarn and his wife in a comfortable situation, as private servants to Mr Zech, the master of Shepherd's Hotel. The character I gave him was one that I trust has done him service ; *he had shown an extraordinary amount of moral courage in totally reforming from his original habit of drinking.* I left my old servant with a heart too full to say good-bye ; a warm squeeze of his rough, but honest black hand, and the whistle of the train sounded—we were off.”

A few words now on the boy Saat.

After hearing of him and Richarn as being “the only two really faithful members of the expedition,” it is gratifying in the highest degree to the missionary to learn, that this poor boy also had received, as far perhaps as was possible in that mass of corrupt manners and hellish habits, a Christian training.

“Saat,” says Sir S. Baker, “was a boy that would do no evil ; he was honest to a superlative degree, and a great exception to the natives of this wretched country. He was a native of ‘Fertit,’ and was minding his father's goats, when a child of about six years old, at the time of his capture by the Baggara Arabs. He described vividly how men on camels suddenly appeared while he was in the wilderness with his flocks, and how he was forcibly seized and thrust into a large gum sack, and slung upon the back of a camel. Upon screaming for help, the sack was opened, and an Arab threatened him with a knife should he make the slightest noise. Thus quieted, he was carried hundreds of miles through Kordofan to Dongola on the Nile, at which place he was sold to slave-dealers, and taken to Cairo, to be sold to the Egyptian Government as a drummer-boy. Being too young he was rejected, and while in the dealer's hands, he heard from another slave of the Austrian Mission at Cairo, that would protect him could he only reach their asylum. With extraordinary energy for a child of six years old, he escaped from his master, and made his way to the Mission, where he was well received, and to a certain extent disciplined and taught as much of the Christian religion as he could understand. In company with a branch establishment of the Mission, he was subsequently located at Khartoum, and from thence was sent up the White Nile to a mission station in the Shillook country. The climate of the White Nile destroyed thirteen missionaries in the short space of six months, and the boy Saat returned with the remnant of the party to Khartoum, and was re-admitted into the Mission. The establishment was at that time swarming with little black boys from the various White Nile tribes, who repaid the kindness of the missionaries by stealing everything they

could lay their hands upon. At length the utter worthlessness of the boys, their moral obtuseness, and the apparent impossibility of improving them, determined the chief of the Mission to purge his establishment from such imps, and they were accordingly turned out. Poor little Saat, the one grain of gold amidst the mire, shared the same fate."

Now if all these black boys were turned out of the Mission station at Khartoum for "utter worthlessness, moral obtuseness, and apparent impossibility of improving them," while the missionaries were so indiscriminating as to number this good, excellent boy Saat with the other transgressors, is such testimony as to their "worthlessness" of much value? Sir S. Baker calls Saat "the one grain of gold amidst the mire." May there not have been many other unwashed golden grains turned out as worthless; for it seems strange that the only good one of the number should have fallen to the lot of our travellers by the merest accident.

"It was about a week," continues the story, "before our departure from Khartoum, that Mrs Baker and I were at tea in the middle of the courtyard, when a miserable boy, about twelve years old, came uninvited to her side, and knelt down in the dust at her feet. There was something so irresistibly supplicating in the attitude of the child, that the first impulse was to give him something from the table. This was declined, and he merely begged to be allowed to live with us, and to be our boy. He said that he had been turned out of the Mission merely because the bad boys of the establishment were thieves, and thus he suffered for their sins. I could not believe it possible that the child had been actually turned out into the streets; and believing that the fault must lie in the boy, I told him I would inquire. In the meantime, he was given in charge of the cook. It happened that on the following day I was so much occupied that I forgot to inquire at the Mission, and once more the cool hour of evening arrived, when, after the intense heat of the day, we sat at table in the open courtyard; it was refreshed by being plentifully watered. Hardly were we seated when again the boy appeared, kneeling in the dust, with his head lowered at my wife's feet, and imploring to be allowed to follow us. It was in vain that I explained that we had a boy, and did not require another; that the journey was long and difficult, and that perhaps he might die. The boy feared nothing, and craved simply that he might belong to us. He had no place of shelter or food; had been stolen from his parents, and was a helpless outcast. The next morning, accompanied by Mrs Baker, I went to the Mission, and heard that the boy had borne an excellent character, and that it must have been *by mistake* (the italics are Sir S. Baker's), that he had been turned out with the others. This being conclusive, Saat was immediately adopted. Mrs Baker was shortly at work

making him some useful clothes, and in an incredibly short time a great change was effected. As he came from the hands of the cook, after a liberal use of soap and water, and attired in trousers, blouse, and belt, the new boy appeared in a new character.

"From that time he considered himself as belonging absolutely to his mistress. He was taught by her to sew; Richarn instructed him in the mysteries of waiting at table, and washing plates, &c.; while I taught him to shoot, and gave him a light double-barrelled gun. This was his great pride. In the evening, when the day's work was done, Saat was allowed to sit near his mistress; and he was at times amused and instructed by stories of Europe and Europeans, and anecdotes from the Bible adapted to his understanding, combined with the first principles of Christianity.

"He was very ignorant notwithstanding his advantages at the Mission; but he possessed the first grand rudiments of all religion—honesty of purpose. Though a child of only twelve years old, he was so perfectly trustworthy that, at the period of our arrival at Gondokoro, he was more to be depended upon than my vakeel; and nothing could occur among my mutinous escort without the boy's knowledge. Thus he reported the intended mutiny of the people, when there was no other means of discovering it; and without Saat I should have had no information of their plots. Not only was the boy trustworthy, but he had an extraordinary amount of moral in addition to physical courage. If any complaints were made, and Saat was called as a witness, far from the shyness too often evinced when the accuser is brought face to face with the accused, such was Saat's proudest moment; and, no matter who the man might be, the boy would challenge him, regardless of all consequences. We were very fond of this boy; he was thoroughly good; and in that land of iniquity, thousands of miles away from all except what was evil, there was a comfort in having some one innocent and faithful in whom to trust.

"We were to start on the following Monday. Mohammed had paid me a visit, assuring me of his devotion, and begging me to have my luggage in marching order, as he would send me fifty porters on the Monday, and we would move off in company. At this very moment that he thus professed, he was coolly deceiving me. He had arranged to start without me on the Saturday, while he was proposing to march together on the Monday. This I did not know at the time. One morning I had returned to the tent after having as usual inspected the transport arrivals, when I observed Mrs Baker looking extraordinarily pale, and immediately upon my arrival she gave orders for the presence of the vakeel (head man.) There was something in her manner so different to her usual calm, that I was utterly bewildered when I heard her question the vakeel whether the men were willing to march. 'Perfectly ready,' was the reply. 'Then order them to strike the tent, and load the animals; we start this moment.' The man appeared confused, but not more than I. Something was evidently on

foot, but what I could not conjecture. The vakeel wavered; and, to my astonishment, I heard the accusation made against him that during the night the whole escort had mutinously conspired to desert me, with my arms and ammunition that were in their hands, and to fire simultaneously at me should I attempt to disarm them. At first this charge was indignantly denied, until the boy Saat manfully stepped forward and declared that the conspiracy was entered into by the whole of the escort, and that both he and Richarn, knowing that mutiny was intended, had listened purposely to the conversation during the night. At daybreak the boy had reported the fact to his mistress. Mutiny, robbery, and murder were thus deliberately determined. I immediately ordered an augauf (travelling bedstead) to be placed outside the tent under a large tree. Upon this I laid five double-barrelled guns loaded with buckshot, a revolver, and naked sabre as sharp as a razor. A sixth rifle I kept in my hands while I sat upon the augauf, with Richarn and Saat both with double-barrelled guns behind me. Formerly I had supplied each of my men with a piece of Macintosh waterproof to be tied over the locks of their guns during the march. I now ordered the drum to be beat, and all the men to form in line in marching order, with their locks *tied up in the waterproof*. I requested Mrs Baker to stand behind me, and to point out any man who should attempt to uncover his locks when I should give the order to lay down their arms. The act of uncovering the locks would prove his intention, in which event I intended to shoot him immediately, and take my chance with the rest of the conspirators. I had quite determined that these scoundrels should not rob me of my own arms and ammunition if I could prevent it. The drum beat, and the vakeel himself went into the men's quarters, and endeavoured to prevail on them to answer the call. At length fifteen assembled in line; the others were nowhere to be found. The locks of the arms were secured by Macintosh as ordered; and it was thus impossible for any man to fire at me until he should have released his locks. Upon assembling in line, I ordered them immediately to lay down their arms. This, with insolent looks of defiance, they refused to do. 'Down with your guns this moment!' I shouted, 'sons of dogs!' and at the sharp click of the locks, as I quickly cocked the rifle that I held in my hands, the cowardly mutineers widened their ranks and wavered. Some retreated a few paces in the rear, others sat down and laid down their guns on the ground, while the remainder slowly dispersed, and sat in twos or singly under the various trees about eighty paces distant.

"Taking advantage of their indecision, I immediately rose and ordered my vakeel and Richarn to disarm them as they were thus scattered. Foreseeing that the time had arrived for actual physical force, the cowards capitulated, agreeing to give up their arms and ammunition if I would give them their written discharge. I disarmed them immediately. . . . The boy 'Saat' and 'Richarn' now

assured me that the men had intended to fire at me, but that they were frightened at seeing us thus prepared. . . . There was no time for mild measures. I had only Saat, (a mere child,) and Richarn upon whom I could depend, and I resolved with them alone to accompany Mohammed's people to the interior, and to trust to good fortune for a chance of proceeding."

Thus the Christian Saat was, by his faithful, courageous, outspoken honesty, together with the *quondam* Christian Richarn, the means of saving the travellers' lives.

Again, (vol. i., p. 134,) it will be found that Saat was the means of frustrating this diabolical plot.

"Their time was passed in vociferously quarrelling amongst themselves during the day, and in close conference with the vakeel during the night, the substance of which was reported on the following morning by the faithful Saat. The boy recounted their plot. They agreed to march to the east, with the intention of deserting me at the station of a trader named Chenooda, seven days' march from Gondokoro, and in the Latooka country, whose men were, like themselves, Dougolowas; and they had conspired to mutiny at that place, and to desert to the slave-hunting party with my arms and ammunition, and to shoot me should I attempt to disarm them. They also threatened to shoot my vakeel, who now, through fear of punishment at Khartoum, exerted his influence to induce them to start. Altogether it was a pleasant state of things."

And now see how this good Christian Saat, having proved faithful throughout the whole expedition, continued so even unto death; he died of the plague.

"We stopped the boat. It was a sandy shore; the banks were high, and a clump of mimosas grew above high water-mark. It was there we dug his grave. My men worked silently and sadly, for all loved Saat: he had been so good and true, and even their hard hearts had learned to respect his honesty. We laid him in the grave on the desert shore beneath the grove of trees. Again the sail was set and filled by the breeze; it carried us away from the dreary spot where we had sorrowfully left all that was good and faithful. It was a happy end—most merciful, as he had been taken from a land of iniquity in all the purity of a child converted from Paganism to Christianity. He had lived and died in our service a good Christian."—Page 336, vol. ii.

Here, then, in these extracts, which it was necessary to make at some length, we have the most satisfactory testimony from the pen of one, owning himself to have no faith in missionary efforts among the African tribes in and about the slave-trading districts, that out of a hundred, or nearly so, of natives who started with him as his escort from Khartoum, the "only really faithful members of the

expedition" (who were unquestionably the instruments in God's hands of saving more than once the lives of himself and his wife, and without whose timely aid in many a crisis we should never have heard more, either of them, or of the Albert Nyanza as discovered by them) were a man and a boy, who had both received a *Christian training* at the hands of *Christian missionaries*.

Surely with these considerations, Sir S. Baker ought to be the last man to undervalue the influence of Christianity, however slightly exercised over the African race, when even the awfully evil influences with which these two poor semi-Christianised creatures were surrounded, were unable altogether to drive out the abiding lessons of the all-transforming gospel of Christ.

THE MORIANS' LAND STRETCHING OUT HER HANDS UNTO GOD.

A Sermon on behalf of the Central African Mission, preached on All Saints' Eve, in the Church of the Holy Trinity, Windsor, by CHR. WORDSWORTH, D.D., Archdeacon of Westminster.

PSALM lxxviii. 31.

"Then shall the princes come out of Egypt: the Morians' land shall soon stretch out her hands unto God."

IN these words of one of our Pentecostal psalms, the Holy Spirit foretells the turning of Africa to God; and the joy with which she will embrace the gospel is described by the liveliest imagery. She will stretch out her hands, or, more expressively in the original, she will make her hands *run* to God. She will shoot them forth to Him in the eagerest ejaculations of passionate supplication, like a captive imploring to be freed. Thus in the text, brethren, the Holy Spirit encourages us to meditate with hope on the blessed consummation which occupies our thoughts at this time.

In order to stimulate our efforts in this holy cause, let us reflect on some of the gracious workings of God's providence in Africa for the diffusion of the gospel in ancient times. In the year B.C. 332, the great African city Alexandria was founded by the illustrious conqueror from whom it derives its name, and became the royal residence of the Ptolemies. One of that dynasty, Ptolemy Philadelphus, was a signal instrument in God's hands for disseminating His holy Word. At his instance the Hebrew Scriptures—in part, at least—

were translated into Greek, the language of the most learned nation of the civilised world. And thus Egypt itself, the land of the Pharaohs, was made a highway for the gospel. The great Hebrew lawgiver, Moses, had been saved when an infant in an ark of bulrushes on the Nile. That ark was made of the papyrus of the river, and in it he floated in safety ; and the word which he himself uses in the Book of Exodus to describe it, is the same word as is used by Isaiah* speaking of Egypt as sending messengers by the sea in vessels of bulrushes upon the waters. And surely it is not unworthy of remark that the same reed or bulrush of Egypt, the papyrus, one of its principal articles of commerce, by which, under God's providence, the writer of the Pentateuch was saved from Pharaoh, has been made also the instrument by God's providence for preserving and disseminating the Scriptures themselves. They have been saved from our spiritual enemy, and have been buoyed up on the waters of this world by the same means. It is another noteworthy circumstance in the life of the Hebrew lawgiver that he married an Ethiopian woman.† This incident, coupled with the fact in the history of Solomon, the type of Christ, that he espoused the daughter of Pharaoh the king of Egypt, and that she it is whose bridal love appears to have given occasion to the Canticles, has been regarded by ancient Christian expositors, as not only possessing an historical interest but also as having a figurative and prophetic significance, foreshadowing the mystical union, in spiritual wedlock, of Africa with Christ.

The infant Jesus himself found refuge in Africa. "Out of Egypt have I called my Son."‡ From Egypt, Jesus Christ went forth, as Israel, His national type, had gone forth before Him, to evangelise Palestine. Isaiah saw in the Spirit, a gracious earnest of God's mercy to Egypt. "In that day shall there be an altar in the midst of the land of Egypt, and they shall cry unto the Lord."§ Voices did cry unto the Lord from Egypt, when many "from Egypt and the parts of Libya, towards Cyrene," listened to St Peter's sermon at Pentecost, and were baptized.|| Surely the Morians' land stretched out her hands unto God in the person of the Ethiopian treasurer, who read Esaias the prophet in his chariot, as he returned from Jerusalem, and was baptized by St Philip. Surely the Morians' land stretched out her hands to God in Apollos, that eloquent man of Alexandria, mighty in the Scriptures. Surely the Morians' land stretched out her hands to God in the persons of those holy men, the teachers of St Mark's

* Compare Isa. xviii. 2, xix. 7, xxxv. 7, with Exodus ii. 3.

† Num. xii. 1.

‡ Hosea xi. 1; Matt. ii. 15.

§ Isa. xix. 19, 20.

|| Acts ii. 10-41.

catechetical school at Alexandria, such as Pantænus the missionary to India, such as St Clement, that learned apologist of Christian truth, and persuasive preceptor of Christian practice; and such as Origen, his great pupil, indefatigable in his Biblical labours, and ennobled by heartiest devotion to the truth, and undaunted courage in persecution. Surely the Morians' land not only stretched out her hands to God, but maintained the faith with a firm grasp, in order to deliver it unscathed to future generations, when its soil produced an Athanasius. By the help of God, that gallant soldier of the cross stood unmoved and almost alone against all the power and wiles of the evil one. He remained firm, "doing what a good man ought to do, and suffering what a good man may expect to suffer in evil days, Athanasius against the world and the world against Athanasius."*

Let us here turn aside a little to that other great African city, the noblest colony of Phœnicia, Carthage. "I recognise the destiny of Carthage," said Hannibal,† when he withdrew his forces from Italy. He felt, unconscious of its source, the mysterious force of Noah's prophecy, "A servant of servants shall he be."‡ But it had been promised also, that in Abraham's seed, which is Christ, all nations, and therefore Africa, should be blessed.§ Rome, of the seed of Japhet, conquered Carthage, of the family of Ham. But Carthage, although conquered by Rome in the conflicts of the sword, was not inferior to Rome in the nobler conquests of the cross. Africa was the teacher of Italy. The earliest Christian literature in the Latin tongue did not grow up in Italy at Rome, but in Africa at Carthage. Tertullian, the son of an African soldier, and who for his fervour and his courage may be called a Christian Hannibal, was the first great preacher of the gospel in the language of Italy. The light of Christianity burns in his writings with the splendour of an African sun. It shows us what we may hope for, if Africa can be gained to the gospel. Honour be to his memory! Failings doubtless he had, as Origen had, and as every child of man has, but who among us could bear to dwell on them when he remembers the courage with which this noble-hearted African came forth as a champion of the cross in the hour of persecution, and when we recollect the dexterity with which this holy archer of the gospel drew forth from a full quiver the keen and luminous arrows of Holy Scripture, and routed its enemies with his spiritual artillery at a time when men's memories were their only dictionaries, and when their minds and hearts were

* Hooker's Eccl. Pol., v. 42.

† Liv., xxvii. 51.

‡ Gen. ix. 25.

§ Gal. iii. 28; Col. iii. 11.

instead of indexes and concordances. At such a time as that, Tertullian confuted the cavils of the Jews, and dispelled the dreams of the Gnostics, and established the true faith concerning the resurrection of the body, the person of Christ, and the doctrine of the blessed Trinity.

Kindled at his light, but burning with a milder lustre, shone that other luminary of Carthage and Africa, St Cyprian. Charitable and tolerant toward the weak, he was a steadfast upholder of Christian unity. He knew and taught that the spiritual graces, which flow from Christ our divine Head, are dispensed to His members by means of the regular ministries of religion, and are vouchsafed to all who dwell together in loving communion with the catholic Church. At the same time, it is clear that his principles of Christian unity were not mere speculative theories, but were living springs of Christian practice. The Pestilence which raged at Carthage in his episcopate gave evidence of this. The Christian bishop, in that hour of trial, derived new strength from the Holy Spirit of God, and moved in an orbit of his own, in calm dignity and apostolic charity, amid the horrors of the time. "Plagues and pestilences," he said in a writing still extant,* "may seem terrible to some; but we understand their meaning. They are trials of our Christian faith, and exercises of our Christian love. They are a holy discipline, training us in a school of sorrow for a crown of glory. Why should we weep for our friends who fall asleep in Christ? They have been released from the prison of this world, and have set out before us on a happy journey to a blessed home." These were not idle words—as he wrote, so he lived and so he died; that holy African bishop sealed his testimony with his blood, a blessed martyr for Christ.

At a short distance from Carthage was the city of Hippo, memorable in the history of the Church of Africa and the world, as the Episcopal see of St Augustine. In him she possessed an expositor of Holy Scripture whose mind was illumined by the Holy Spirit, and whose lips seem to have been touched with holy fire from the altar of God. He occupied the Episcopal See of Hippo for thirty-five years, and in him the Church beheld one of the most beautiful examples of piety, learning, and wisdom, that ever was displayed in the actions and writings of a Christian bishop. To him Christendom is indebted for some of the strongest safeguards against dangerous error and for some of the securest bulwarks of saving truth.

In his conflict with the Manichæan heresy, St Augustine main-

* S. Cyprian de Mortalitate, c. 10-14.

tained the supremacy and goodness of the great First Cause ; and proved by invincible demonstration that the Old Testament is in perfect harmony with the New, and that the Law and the Prophets were preparatory to the Gospel, and were fulfilled in it.

In opposition to the proud self-sufficiency of Pelagian presumption, he asserted the absolute necessity of divine Grace, for the sanctification of the human Will, and for the favourable acceptance of men's actions with God.

We ourselves in England owe a large debt of gratitude to St Augustine in one respect especially. It was by God's mercy a distinguishing characteristic of the English Reformation, that it was not innovating but restorative ; that it did not destroy or abandon any ancient truth, whether in doctrine or discipline, because it had been abused ; but endeavoured to remove the abuse, and to restore and confirm the use.

For this wise and charitable spirit, the Church of England was indebted, under God, to the deference paid by our Reformers to the writings of the great African bishop St Augustine, more perhaps than to those of any other man. In his long controversy with the partisans of the Donatists in Africa, he had shown from God's holy Word, that personal disqualifications do not vitiate and invalidate official acts ; that Christian baptism, administered by the hands of an evil apostle, even a Judas, is efficacious to the salvation of those who receive it faithfully, by virtue of Christ's institution ; that a church does not cease to be a church, because there are evil men and evil ministers in it ; and that it is not to be deserted by its members in such pleas as these ; that the threshing floor of the Church is still Christ's floor, though chaff may be mingled in it with good grain ; that the field of the Church is still God's field, although tares may grow in it together with wheat ; that this condition of commixture and imperfection is and ever will be the condition of the *visible* Church of God on *earth*, even to the end, and *then*, but *not till then*, will a severance be made for ever of the evil from the good.

Happily for us, the Church of England maintained these great truths at the Reformation ; on the one hand, she affirmed that nothing could justify her in persisting in any *error*, proved to be such, whether in doctrine or discipline ; and therefore England was bound to *reform herself*, whatever Rome might do ; and on the other hand she was convinced that nothing could excuse her in cutting off herself from communion with Christ, and His holy apostles, and from the primitive ages of Christianity, by setting up any new creed, or

any new order of Christian ministers; and therefore she did not break the chain of evangelical doctrine and apostolical discipline, let down from the hand of Christ sitting on His heavenly throne. She did not rudely tear asunder the links of that sacred chain, although in its transmission through the hands of the Church of Rome it had been sullied and corroded with the rust of manifold human corruptions, but she thanked God for having preserved that chain unbroken; and she endeavoured by His grace to purify and strengthen it, and to restore it to its original brightness and freshness, as it came forth from the hand of Christ.

At the age of seventy-six, St Augustine fell asleep in Christ, in the year of the Christian era 430. The city in which he lived and taught so long, was at that time beleaguered by Vandal armies who ravaged Africa, and laid it waste with fire and sword. He died of a fever in the third month of the siege. Everything then looked dark and dreary, but he died in faith and hope; and successive ages have enjoyed the blessed fruits, which God has made to flourish and abound from the labours and sufferings of this faithful confessor of Jesus Christ.

The evidence of God's blessing on the self-sacrifice of these ancient saints and martyrs, to whom we have referred, in preaching the gospel in Africa and in extending the Church of Christ, may be seen in the fact that at the period at which we have arrived in tracing the history of the ancient African Church,—namely, the fifth century after Christ, there were not less than five hundred and sixty Episcopal sees, with their dependent churches, in the north of Africa, from Egypt to Mauritania.

Let us not, therefore, imagine that the seed of God's Word has not been already fruitful in Africa, or that the soil of Africa is not congenial to Christianity. Though in His righteous indignation, God permitted it to be overrun by the Vandals in the fifth century, and afterwards by the armies of the Arabian impostor and his successors, yet already had rich harvests been gathered in Africa and safely stowed in the garner of the Lord. "Blessed are they that die in the Lord, for they rest from their labours, and their works do follow them."* They speak by their examples, they preach by their lives and their deaths. They were compassed with human infirmities like ourselves. But God blessed their work. And if *they* were able to do and suffer as they did, may not *we* do like wise? And let us not imagine that their missionary work is done

* Rev. xiv. 13.

because we see them no more. Holy martyrs die, but martyrdoms are springs of life. A Cyprian dies, an Augustine dies, a Mackenzie dies; but, (as St John, in the book of Revelation teaches us,) the disembodied souls of martyrs and confessors pray beneath the altar, they pray for the coming of Christ's kingdom upon earth. Blessed, for ever blessed be the names of those holy men who suffered in Africa, and who "being dead, yet speak." * Let us show our gratitude to them, and above all to God, for His work in them and by them. They beckon to us. We see the bright light of the churches which were planted in ancient times, like beacon-fires of the gospel, along the northern coast of Africa; and they make signals to us to encourage us to persevere in our labours, and to endeavour to continue the telegraphic series, till it stretches through the darkness of Central Africa, till it connects the ancient churches of St Cyprian, St Athanasius, and St Augustine, with the cathedrals of English colonies in Caffraria and Cape Town.

Brethren, some persons seem to think that the work which specially calls for our prayers and alms to-day—the mission to Central Africa—has failed. But you are not of that mind. Nay, rather, may we not say with humble hope and trust, that it never had a better prospect of success than now? And why? Even because of checks and hindrances that it has had to encounter. We may derive wisdom from them. Some of us here present may remember the great meeting at Cambridge on behalf of this Mission, on the festival of All Saints, in the year 1859. Some of us may recollect the rapturous joy, the ecstatic enthusiasm, and may we not say the sanguine confidence, which were then displayed. Even then, to some quiet observers, these things appeared to be ominous, and almost alarming; especially when contrasted with the cold and cheerless appearance on the same festival of St Mary's Church at Cambridge, when a wise and holy preacher—he was no other than Archdeacon, afterwards Bishop Mackenzie—was speaking with simple and earnest eloquence, to a thin audience, on the blessed truths taught by that day's festival, truths of which, we may reverently believe, his disembodied spirit now feels the full comfort and power.

In that sermon, he used the following words:—"If the greatest solace and happiness to a Christian be the communion of heart and soul with the faithful upon the earth, who shall conceive the bliss of meeting with those of whom we have heard and read—with Abraham and Joseph, with Moses and Elias, with David and Josiah, or

* Heb. xi. 4.

with those who were greater than they—St Peter, St John, or St Paul! Should we not thank God for them, that they are gone before, not only *for their sakes*, because they have come out of great tribulation, and arrived safe at the haven where they would be, but also *for ourselves*; because we hope, when the strife is over, and our work on earth is finished, to be admitted to that heavenly society, and to know them also, even as we are known?"

Brethren, as you may remember, there was much brilliant and impassioned oratory in the senate-house at Cambridge on that day. But where were the united prayers in the Church, in aid of the Mission? Where were the gatherings together for the holy communion? May we not learn something here as to the true strength of Christian missions. It is not in the crowded hall or on the platform, (however important these aids may be in their due order and degree,) but it is in the blessing of God poured down in gracious abundance on the quiet supplications and cheerful offerings of Christian hearts, joined together in love.

Again, it may seem presumptuous, perhaps, to offer any opinion as to the propriety of the spot chosen for the first planting of the Mission. But events are wise teachers. It appeared as if we thought at that time, that by one bold onslaught we could take African heathenism by storm. But Satan is not so conquered in his strongholds. There is such a thing as missionary science. There are strategics and tactics in evangelisation as well as in war. And one of their first principles is, that a small, noble-hearted mission band should not be stimulated by us, who stay at home, to throw itself at once into an isolated position, from which it has no retreat, and from which it cannot readily communicate with its friends and allies for supplies and reinforcements, and for the regular support of its spiritual commissariat.

Remember, brethren, the missionary tactics of that great apostolic captain and conqueror, St Paul. He had a basis of his missionary operations at Antioch in Syria, the capital of Gentile Christendom, the city where he himself was ordained to his apostleship; and on that base he fell back, after three successive missionary campaigns in Asia and Greece. He had another base of missionary operations at Jerusalem, which he used in a similar way. Brethren, the Mission to Central Africa has now, thank God, a base for its operations, and an excellent one it is. That base is Zanzibar.

Let us not repine that our plans have not succeeded in our way. God's way is better than our way. He often helps missions by what

seem hindrances. Even St Paul himself was helped by being hindered. We read, in the Acts of the Apostles, (xvi. 6,) that he traversed Phrygia and Galatia, being "forbidden by the Holy Ghost to preach the Word in Asia." Asia, with its great capital, Ephesus, seemed, doubtless, to human eyes, a favourable field for missionary enterprise, and so it *afterwards* became. Witness the successful labours of St Paul and St John there; but the time was not yet come. St Paul was therefore forbidden to preach there, and was sent in another direction, till the season should be ripe for the work in Asia. Again, when he engaged to preach in Bithynia, the Spirit suffered him not, (Acts xvi. 7.) He must go elsewhere. But Bithynia was afterwards evangelised.

So, brethren, it may be with us. We have assayed to preach at once in Central Africa; but the Spirit has not suffered us, and has sent us to Zanzibar. And if we do our work faithfully and zealously there, we may hope, like St Paul, though prevented for a time, to conquer eventually in that field, which will doubtless one day be gained for Christ, and which is the object of our desires.

We may derive encouragement here from considering our own spiritual history. When Gregory the Great sent Augustine from Rome to England, at the end of the sixth century, he commissioned him to place the metropolitical see at London, and to found twenty-four bishoprics in England. But God willed it otherwise. The metropolitical see was not founded at London but at Canterbury, and only three bishoprics of the twenty-four were founded in the lifetime of St Augustine, and not long after his death, that part of England which he had evangelised relapsed into heathenism. But still England was Christianised in God's time, and in His way. It was Christianised in great measure by means of *native* missionaries of the British isles, such as we, brethren, are endeavouring to raise up for Africa. It was Christianised by such missionaries as were trained under St Patrick, who was originally a slave in Ireland, and who became afterwards its apostle; and St Columba, the son of a native prince of Ireland, who founded the famous missionary school in the island of Iona, which sent forth able and zealous preachers, who evangelised Scotland and England, and even some nations of the continent of Europe. May not Zanzibar be to Africa, what Iona was to us? The history of St Patrick, a slave, and afterwards the great missionary of Ireland, (and his success was due, mainly, under God, to his knowledge of its language and its habits,) may encourage us to believe, that some of the liberated African slaves, who are now under

English training at Zanzibar, and who are acquainted with some of the dialects of Africa, and are *able to bear its climate*, may one day become its evangelists ; and the example of St Columba, the son of a native prince, may suggest the hope that some of the children of African chiefs who are under English instruction, may be chosen instruments in God's hands for spreading the gospel in their own land. This is no private imagination. A century and a half ago, one of our saintliest bishops, Bishop Berkeley,* propounded a plan for missionary operations among negroes, by means of liberated Africans, to be trained at a college in Bermuda, and a plan of this kind is now being tried with success from Barbadoes, by means of the Pongas Mission in the west of Africa. Why should not the isle of Zanzibar do a similar work in the east ?

Only, brethren, let us not be too impatient for results. God is now trying us. He is testing our faith and trust in Him. "The kingdom of God cometh not with observation," (Luke xvii. 20.) The leaven of the gospel works slowly. The grain of mustard seed grows insensibly. Let me earnestly commend this holy cause to your prayers, and let me implore your liberal contributions in its behalf. "Let us not be weary in well-doing, for in due season we shall reap if we faint not."

My beloved brethren, Almighty God is calling us to-day to make renewed efforts in this holy work. He is opening to us a way by which we may make some amends for the wrongs done to Africa, and may rescue her children not only from temporal chains, but from the worse slavery of Satan. He invites us to consecrate our commerce, by making it the pioneer of the gospel. He invites us to establish there Christian colonies and Christian emporiums, which may supply an abundance of cotton, cultivated by free men, to the marts of Liverpool, and to the mills of Manchester.

And in doing this He has higher ends in view ; He would make us to be blessed instruments in His hands for extinguishing the slave trade, by superseding the need of slave labour for the production of cotton in other lands ; and for extending that high and holy commerce, the commerce of men with men of every race and kindred, as redeemed and ransomed by the same blood of Christ, into the perfect freedom of serving God, and as fellow-members in Him, and for extending also the commerce of earth with heaven, and the commerce of men with God.

* See Bishop Berkeley's Works, ii. 281-293 ; and "Africa in the West," by Rev. W. C. Dowding, 1852.

In ancient times, as we have seen, Almighty God, who loves to effect the greatest works by the weakest instruments, employed a vegetable product of the waters of the river Nile, the *papyrus*, or paper plant, which was one of the richest commodities of the commerce of ancient Africa, and He made that tufted reed to be an instrument in spreading the gospel, by multiplication of copies of the Holy Scriptures, which were wafted on the paper wings of that plant, into all parts of the world. And there is another small and lowly plant with a snow-white tuft—the cotton tree—which grows in rich luxuriance in the regions of Central Africa, and fringes the margin of the great river Zambesi, the Nile of Central Africa. By that small and lowly plant, God invites our commerce into those regions. And our commerce, let us hope and pray, may prepare the way for Christianity. Then, indeed, will be fulfilled in all its amplitude, the prophecy, “The Morians’ land shall soon stretch out her hands unto God.” Those hands, too often manacled by men who call themselves Christians, will be darted forth in eloquent gestures of gratitude to their deliverers, and in holy utterances of prayer and praise to Him; they will *run to God*, who has ransomed them from the thralldom of sin and Satan, by the price of the blood of His own dear Son. Thus, in fine, my beloved brethren, we shall be like wise merchantmen, hallowing our trade by Christianity, bearing blessings with us in our voyages across the ocean, having a gracious benediction from God, the Father of all, and bearing as the ensign of our ships the cross of His dearly beloved Son, and wafted onwards on our way by the breath of God the Holy Ghost, and steering our course by the chart of the gospel, to the peaceful haven of eternity.

MISSIONARY AND COMMERCIAL SETTLEMENT IN EQUATORIAL AFRICA, AS PROPOSED BY THE LATE CAPTAIN SPEKE.

MANY of our readers may be aware that, for some months previous to the time when the news of his sudden death caused such deep and wide-felt regret, the late Captain Speke was actively engaged in endeavouring to form an association for the purpose of establishing what we may term a Missionary and Commercial Settlement in

Equatorial Africa. His views will be best understood from the following papers, for which we are indebted to the kindness of a friend whom he had associated with himself in this work. The following is Captain Speke's own draft of his plan :—

“At present there is a trade on the Nile nominally in ivory. It is called the White Nile trade, and is under the direction of European merchants residing at Khartoum. Still, a more detestable and inhuman trade does not exist anywhere in Africa. These Europeans hire gangs of men, whom they arm with guns, and send into the interior to purchase ivory. A few beads are given, but many more bullets; and these armed men receive a certain per-centage on the ivory which they procure. Added to this, they are allowed to retain two-thirds of all cattle they may happen to take in their fights with the natives, as well as all slaves. Consequently, the countries through which they pass are in a constant state of turmoil. These traders are subject to the Egyptian rule; and I cannot but believe that this traffic would soon be put an end to if our Government would call the attention of that Government to the evils which result from it. Obviously the most economical and sure way to suppress this traffic would be for the Egyptian Government to extend their frontier to the foot of the cataracts above Gondokoro, where, by maintaining a strong force, they would prevent the inroads of armed gangs. The effect of this would be to restore confidence to the natives, who will then bring their ivory into the market at Gondokoro, and a legitimate trade would be established, far greater than the dishonest one at present existing.

“The countries extending from the Cataracts to within three degrees of the equator gradually increase in fertility, and produce a quantity of cotton far superior, even in its natural state, to that grown in Egypt. Beyond this to the equator, and two degrees south of it, stretches a land of surprising richness. Here it is I propose that missionaries should be planted, as the country is divided into three large and powerful kingdoms possessing much rude civilisation, and in which the traveller meets with protection and hospitality. In no other part of uncivilised Africa will the missionary find such a great opening as this. There is no fear of drought or famine, no insecurity to life or property by petty wars; and here he would be able to establish schools and teach the Scriptures unmolested. The kings themselves have told me they would like to have their children instructed; and the numerous officers of the country would only be too glad to follow their example. Another assistance to the missionary would be found in the belief of the natives that they emanated from a Christian stock. The temperature is like that of England in July. It is the most healthy part of Africa; and there is rich fallow land enough to support any mission, however great.

“Now, I should recommend that the proposed mission should be a

Church mission, the men being elected for their aptitude to turn their hands to agricultural pursuits as well as teaching. In a short time they would not only be able to support themselves, but they would also establish a most profitable trade with the Nile in coffee, sugar, indigo, cotton, rice, and tobacco. Thus the minds of the Africans would be opened, and most interesting kingdoms brought in connexion with civilised nations; added to which, slavery, by force of education, radiating from the centre outward, would receive such a blow as would eventually effect its total annihilation.

"In the meantime, however, we must not be idle on the Nile. The Viceroy of Egypt has already discountenanced, but he has not put a stop to it. To effect this, it would be well for our Government to suggest to the Viceroy the expediency of levying fines on any persons found dealing in slaves, part of which shall be paid to the governor of the district in which the traders are captured, part to the informer; while the remainder should be given to the slaves, who, being thus freed, should be encouraged to settle in the district of Gondokorò. Subjoined is a sketch of the Nile and the kingdoms where the missions ought to be established. It will appear by this that there is a cataract sixty miles in length, extending from $4^{\circ} 34'$ to $3^{\circ} 34'$ north latitude; and from that point the river is navigable to the little Juta Nxige, which is the northern boundary of the kingdom of Unyoro; so that water communication might be established if an outpost was formed at the head of these cataracts from that point up to the field open to the missionaries.

"Of the possibility of the scheme, if attempted, I have no doubt; and should the association consider that my services would be advantageous, I will readily (with the sanction of the Government) undertake to carry their views into effect.

(Signed)

"J. H. SPEKE."

On the 18th of February 1865, a conference was held on the subject at the Marquis Townshend's. The following are notes, prepared by himself, of Captain Speke's further explanation of the above paper:—

"There is evidence of a rising spirit on the part of our Government to suppress the slave-trade. The means at present resorted to have failed. For this reason, supposing we could drive off all the slavers by our men-of-war, as soon as the pressure was withdrawn, we should find the slave-trade again reviving. The only method, in my opinion, is to educate the negro to maintain his own right, and to participate with us in the suppression of the slave-trade. In America and Cuba the trade has declined, but at Zanzibar it is carried on by the authority of our own Government.

"Zanzibar took three times as many slaves as Cuba last year. That is an obvious evil, which, if we permitted it, would extend to Mada-

gascar, if not to more distant continents. The attention of the Government should be drawn to Zanzibar.

"On the White Nile the slave-trade is almost unparalleled. The merchants send up large parties to obtain ivory in any way they can—by beads or bullets. These parties side with one chief or another, rob the natives, and capture slaves, whom they bring down the White Nile.

"I have discovered in my late journey a great band of fertility lying across the equator, three degrees on either side, the greatest fertility being on the north. It is, in fact, as great as any in the world.

"*Rainy Zone.*—I compare it with Borneo and Sumatra. It seems curious that a theory has existed that it is barren. It is more healthy than other parts of intertropical Africa, not only to Europeans, but to all the natives, excepting perhaps the mountainous regions. As regards fertility, the soil is an argillaceous sandstone. Fifty inches of rain falls annually. The climate is warm, but not oppressively hot. Now, the slave-trade can only be suppressed by enlightening Africa. I think this place, in particular, best adapted for missionary and educational purposes.

"The route would be rather long. It would be through Egypt to Souakim, then by the camel route to Berber, above the Egyptian Cataracts; from thence the Nile is navigable to Gondokoro. (The Cataracts extend for sixty miles.) Then push up the country into the fertile region, where we find three kingdoms governed by persons emanating from Abyssinia, (although they have now lost the language,) of an intelligence superior to the natives. This being the only part of Africa where they have any idea of government, they are also of a milder disposition. At Unyoro there is a king who will readily receive the missionaries, a country to support them, and thus the Zambesi disaster would be prevented, the government being also stronger. The missionaries should instruct the children. The people are affluent enough to spare their children to be instructed. At Mombas—the station of the North Zanzibar Mission—the famine is so great that the people cannot send their children to school; therefore the carrying out of that Mission has cost a large sum, which, I think, is misplaced. This remark also applies to the Zambesi. If the cost of those missions were applied to the fertile regions, that would be all that is required.

"Fertility and good government are necessary to the missionary. The Zambesi Mission failed because the people were starving and fighting, in consequence of the slave-trade. It is to obviate this that I advocate this especial region. If we establish ourselves there, we shall have the commerce all down the Nile, and it would spread throughout the country. The present cost to us of the slave-trade is something like £150,000 a year; that trade can only be suppressed by the enlightenment of the negro, and making him help himself.

"I consider there should be an establishment at the foot of the Cataracts. If this is not done, no one should go up into the country without force. A consul should be there to prevent the passage of firearms into the interior without written authority. This would not decrease the trade in ivory; on the contrary, the natives would search for ivory. The ivory at present is a perfect curse to the country; I wonder the natives don't bury it. The system now is—merchants start from Zanzibar, work to Karagué, where they meet men with ivory, then come back with the ivory to Zanzibar, which then comes round the coast to us. It might come up the Nile.

"If this country could persuade missionaries who could not only teach 'The Book,' but also useful arts, educating simply the children, it (the mission) would in two or three years, I think, be able to support itself. As large a number as possible should be sent. They would have a warm reception, as Rumanika is more enlightened than any man in that country. Musa (an East Indian) traded there, and so impressed the king *with his foreign manners*, that the old king said, 'When I die, interfere with no merchants who come up here.' He (Rumanika) has never taken taxes from travellers. As long as he has white men near him no black one would come near him. Kamrazi would hardly let me go; and so it will be, they feel protection from the presence of a white man. I would wish the Government to be petitioned to enter into a treaty with the Sultan of Zanzibar that no slave should be allowed to leave the coast; it is only the stepping-stone to Cuba. For of ten thousand slaves imported to Zanzibar, five thousand are killed. The merchants tempt the kings to bring slaves, and they then have fights, and probably four or five to one are killed. If Lord Palmerston is right in his estimate that Cuba takes seven thousand slaves, multiply that by four, and Cuba has destroyed so many lives. Every person conniving at slavery should be treated as conniving at murder. Without something of that sort is done, we can do nothing with our men-of-war."

In all important points Captain Grant seems entirely to agree with the views of his fellow-traveller. He writes:—

"Most people who have thought how Africa is to become a civilised country have their own theories on the subject; and as I have been asked to do so, I may state what opinion I have formed or picked up from perusing the scheme laid down by my late lamented companion, Captain Speke. Through the kindness of Mr Safford I have been able to read the proceedings of former meetings, and have come to the conclusion, that, if the opinions expressed by Captain Speke were adopted and supported by *any* Government, his scheme would form a basis, not only for exterminating slavery, enlightening an interesting and intelligent race, but would save the English Government from expending its resources on a fleet of vessels, in trying to suppress slavery. This scheme would also develop the resources of a

naturally fertile country, capable of growing tea, sugar, coffee, cotton, and producing from the plantain a wine of a superior quality. But it is so difficult to persuade Government to make the attempt of civilisation, that I despair of seeing it done in our time—besides the trouble, the expense, and want of confidence, they do not see any ultimate benefit from it; but if even *our* small numbers were to discuss and ventilate the matter, there is no doubt that private enterprise, working by honest trade and missions, could without the aid of *any* Government, bring about the desired effect of regenerating the African race.

“The equatorial region is so fertile, that of all the fields that exist, this would be the one for a Church mission. I would suggest the class of men who ought to be sent for such a purpose, and describe as my model a gentleman of the Swiss Protestant Mission. He must be an honest, plain, sensible man, able to cope in argument with the negro, and not above taking the hoe, hatchet, or hammer in his hand to assist and instruct the natives in their industrial pursuits. If such a man were sent there, I cannot say that I believe much in his getting many followers in his faith, but he would gain their respect.

“There is one more idea which I would mention. The Victoria Nyanza is a basin containing 20,000 square miles of water. What a sea to navigate! and could not a mission be placed to live on board a vessel, and touch at various parts to have intercourse with, and obtain their supplies from, the natives? Their kindness to the sick and poor would spread far and wide; the natives would profit by instruction, and derive countless advantages by their raising them from their state of darkness. I should establish a line of communication to Europe by depots in the countries of Karagweh, Uganda, Unyoro, Madi, and at Gondokoro, from whence supplies could be obtained. The same rule might apply to the lakes Nyassa, Shirwa, Tanganika, and *in time* we should have the exports from them with great facility.”

We have already* alluded to Sir Samuel Baker's strongly-expressed opinion that if the slave-trade is to be checked, its supply must be cut off at its source, and that this can only be done by Europeans establishing lawful commerce with the tribes in the far interior. His testimony to the superior civilisation of many of the tribes amongst whom the proposed settlement would be established is of especial interest. It may not be amiss here to quote his opinion of the people of one of the largest kingdoms specified in Captain Speke's papers—that of Unyoro:—

“The difference between the Unyoro people and the tribes we had hitherto seen was most striking. On the north side of the river, the natives were either stark naked, or wore a mere apology for clothing in the shape of a skin slung across their shoulders. The river

* *Mission Life*, November number, p. 442.

appeared to be the limit of utter savagedom ; and the people of Unyoro considered the indecency of nakedness precisely in the same light as among Europeans. After the disgusting naked tribes that we had been travelling amongst for more than twelve months, it was a delightful change to find ourselves in comparative civilisation. This was evinced not only in the decency of clothing, but also in the manufactures of the country. The blacksmiths were exceedingly clever, and used iron hammers instead of stone. They drew fine wire from the thick copper and brass wire that they received from Zanzibar. Their bellows were the same as those used by the more savage tribes. But the greatest proof of their superior civilisation was exhibited in their pottery. . . .

"The natives of this country are particularly neat in all they do. They never bring anything to sell unless carefully packed in the neatest parcels, generally formed of the bark of the plantain, and sometimes of the inner portions of reeds stripped into snow white stalks, which are bound round the parcels with the utmost care. Should the plantain cider 'marona' be brought in a jar, the mouth is neatly covered with a fringe-like mat of these clean white rushes split into reeds. The natives prepare the skins of goats very beautifully, making them as soft as chamois leather. These they cut into squares, and sew them together as neatly as would be effected by a European tailor, converting them into mantles, which are prized far more highly than bark cloth, on account of their durability. They manufacture their own needles, not by boring the eye, but by sharpening the end into a fine point and turning it over, the extremity being hammered into a small cut in the body of the needle to prevent it from catching. Clothes of all kind are in great demand here, and would be accepted to any amount in exchange for ivory. Beads are extremely valuable, and would purchase ivory in large quantities ; but the country would in a few years become overstocked. Clothes, being perishable articles, would always be in demand to supply those worn out, but beads, being imperishable, would very soon glut the market. *Here is, as I had always anticipated, an opportunity for commencing legitimate trade.*"

It will be seen from the above papers that the claim upon the Government of this country for assistance in carrying out such a plan as that proposed is based upon alleged waste, or worse than waste, of the vast amount now spent annually in the attempted suppression of the slave-trade. In a short paper appended to the notice of the meeting above alluded to, Captain Speke thus alludes to this part of the subject :—

"We have done a grievous harm to the cause we are advocating by running down slavers. No man in the interior of Africa knows what we are doing. The native chief finds the price of slaves rise

by the demand, enhanced by each capture, and sets to work to meet that demand by fighting his neighbours. The horrors of the middle passage are by this rendered light in comparison with the fearful devastations constantly committed in the interior. An example of what I mean may be instanced in a few words. A few years ago the Zanzibar ivory traders frequented the line leading from Kilwa to Lake Nyassa, and found friendly nations and plenty of provisions wherever they went. Since then the slave-trade *having been diverted from the west coast to the east*, that line has been completely ruined, owing to the incessant wars carried on between the native chiefs who fight against one another for slaves."

This certainly makes out a very strong case for inquiry as to whether the money annually expended by this country for the suppression of the slave-trade is really being applied in the best manner possible; and seems to favour the idea that at any rate no great harm could be done by diverting for a time a part of the funds already voted by popular consent to the object to the fair trial of any well considered plan which might promise to supersede a system so costly, and so generally found fault with.

Clearly we cannot afford to undervalue the advantage to be gained from Government aid. Any scheme to be successful must be on a very large scale. The persons engaged in it must constitute a considerable power in the country, so as to avoid the possibility of any collisions either with the natives or the Arab traders, who might consider that their preserves were being poached upon. Ivory, cotton, and other products of the country would have to be exported in sufficient quantities to bear the cost of a complete and extensive, if not very elaborate, system of transport. A prospect, too, of sufficient profit to compensate for the immediate loss consequent upon the stoppage of the present Nile trade might probably be necessary to stimulate the philanthropy of the Government officials in Egypt, without whose co-operation it is clear that nothing can be done.

Thus the first outlay must necessarily be very heavy. Steamers would have to be provided for the traffic on the Nile, and for collecting the articles of export along the 1200 or 1500 miles of the coast line of the Albert and Victoria Nyanza Lakes. Central and branch stations or depots, similar in character to the forts of the Hudson's Bay Company, would have to be formed. Provision would have to be made for sixty miles of land carriage past the Nile Cataracts to the north of the Albert Nyanza. *At first* the steamers must be manned and officered by Europeans—a staff of artisans and agricultural labourers would have to be taken out, and a mini-

mun income for a given number of years guaranteed to them. And last, though by no means least, an efficient medical staff must be secured.

The practical question is, In what way and how far is it reasonable to expect that Government aid should be given to any such project ? This we leave for wiser heads to determine, only suggesting the idea that such aid might take the form of a guaranteed interest on capital raised by private enterprise, such guarantee to extend over a period which, in the event of the enterprise proving a failure, would secure the actual amount of capital lost being eventually repaid. Could some such aid as this be obtained, there is little doubt that almost any amount might be raised for the purpose of giving a fair trial to a plan which, if successful, would result in such incalculable benefits to Africa. Should the idea seem to any to be entirely visionary, we would only point to the trial on a small scale of a very similar experiment amongst the Indian population in British Columbia, the particulars of which will be found in another part of this number of *Mission Life*.

We do not now dwell upon the missionary element in the project, because the machinery for carrying out that part of the plan already exists, and is capable of indefinite expansion, and there can be little doubt that if only the framework of civilisation and commerce can be reared, the Church of England will find willing hands to train over it the gospel vine, and willing hearts, too, to win by prayer that divine blessing which can alone secure its taking root and filling the land.

AFRICA : ITS COASTS AND ITS EARLY MISSIONS.

(By the Ven. H. P. WRIGHT, M.A., Archdeacon of Columbia.)

(Continued from page 421.)

CHAPTER III.

MISSIONS OF THE CHURCH OF ROME ON THE WESTERN AND EASTERN COASTS OF AFRICA.—THEIR RISE, PROGRESS, AND ULTIMATE FAILURE.—THE CAUSE OF THEIR FAILURE, AND THE LESSON TO BE LEARNED FROM IT.

WE have thus seen that during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, important stations on the western and eastern coasts of Africa

came under the influence of two leading Roman Catholic powers. The question at once arises, What missionary efforts were made by them to convert the heathen to Christianity? With respect to the French, we may, speaking generally, affirm that their mission work in Western Africa is not worthy our notice. Their possessions there were nominally extensive, but in reality they have never had rule over more than a few towns and dependencies, and have always turned their attention more to trade than to the conversion of the heathen. The Portuguese, on the contrary, were from the very first devoted missionaries. Their zeal for religion was as great as for geographical research. No ship was permitted to leave Portugal without its priest; and, when any expedition was sent out, no hazard of war or climate kept back clergy from offering their services. The more dangerous the field of labour, the more ready were the priesthood. In 1505, when Pedro de Naya was placed at the head of a fleet of troop-ships, bound for the Mozambique Channel, he called for "labourers to toil in the service of the Lord." De Santos, who wrote a very interesting account of the expedition, quietly observes,—“Learning the praiseworthy design of his Portuguese Majesty, I offered, in conjunction with many other missionaries, to sail with the fleet, and take charge of the ghostly health of the troops, administer the sacraments to them during their long voyage, and stimulate them to fight with ardour for the glory of God and the aggrandisement of the Portuguese throne and nation.”

These were the first missionaries to Eastern Africa. We call them *missionaries*, because some of the chaplains stayed at Sofala and preached the gospel, while others were, as occasions required, left with the troops who were posted along the coast to protect the several newly-acquired stations.

The first missionaries who settled themselves on the western coast were three Dominican friars, who landed in Congo shortly after its discovery. They were speedily called away to a better country—“One was killed by the Giaghi; and as for the other two missionaries, they died in a short time after their arrival through the excessive heat of the climate, which is often fatal to us Europeans.” They were followed by twelve Franciscans, taken out by Drego Cam in his third voyage. Father Merolla, a Capuchin missionary, who laboured in Congo as late as 1683, is indignant with those who consider that the three Dominicans did nothing. “Some attribute,” he says, “the whole conversion of this country to the twelve Franciscan Fathers, not allowing that the three which were there before, through the

shortness of their continuance, could take time to do anything toward it. But, for my part, I am of opinion that it was next to impossible that they who had been so courteously received, and who found the people so easy to be wrought upon, should not convert many of them before they died. Likewise it is certain that the friar who was killed by the Giaghi had been chaplain to the Congolian army, and consequently was in a post to do with them even as they pleased. Nevertheless, not to carry the argument further, let me be allowed to say that it is probable the first friars might sow the seed, and that the last were those who cultivated and caused it to flourish."

The question, "To whom is the honour due?" need not trouble us. Sufficient for us to know that for the first eighty years of their dealing with Benin, Loango, Congo, and Angola on the west, and with the eastern coast from Delagoa Bay northwards, the Portuguese missionaries endured trials in a manner worthy of apostolic days, and produced a marvellous effect by their labours. Indeed, long after Philip II., in whose reign Portugal lost her independence, and with it much of her maritime adventure, a large missionary spirit still existed throughout the nation. In good truth, for two centuries Dominicans, Franciscans, Jesuits, Carmelites, Capuchins, and Cistercians gave their lives freely for Christ and the heathen. These soldiers of the cross endured far more than missionaries in our days are called upon to suffer. No mail-steamer carried them regularly European comforts, or brought them when reduced by sickness to a more bracing climate. The coast of Africa was even then more the white man's grave than it is now. A Capuchin friar thus writes of it:—"Any one who sees the whites who live in this country, may easily discern how little the climate agrees with them. They look as if they had been dug up out of their graves. The courts of Lisbon, as a punishment for some heinous offence, often banish criminals to Angola and Benguela, looking upon those countries as the most wretched and infectious of any the Portuguese possess."

The language of the missionary about his own sickness, or the loss of some fellow-labourer, is often very touching:—"Having returned thanks to Almighty God for our prosperous voyage, we went into the convent, where we found three fathers, an old layman threescore-and-ten years of age, an under-guardian of Congo recovering after a fit of sickness, and one of Angolo in a fever. We were informed, to our great regret, that two religious men of our company, who came away a little before us from Genoa, died both of them as soon as they arrived, one at Loando, the other at Messangrava, not far off. Those

fathers, who were of a vigorous constitution, now enjoy their reward."—"I had the mortification to see my companion die the fifteenth day, having received all the sacraments and expressed a saint-like resignation. I hope that the Lord, who does not forget to reward His servants, lets him now enjoy the recompence of his labours. My heart was more sensible of this loss than my pen can express; and, without doubt, had not our superior been there sent by God's special direction in so sorrowful a conjuncture, and given us all worldly and spiritual assistance, I had died too, having lost my life in that of the dear companion of my travels snatched away by death."

The following passage not only tells of health shattered by climate and burning love for the heathen, but testifies that under great temptation the missionary was true to his God :—

"As to my return from Africa, it was through mere necessity, and at which I was not a little concerned, when I considered that I must leave so much work undone behind me, and whereof those poor kingdoms have so much need to conduct them in the way to heaven. Arriving at Bahia, I was for a short time entertained very courteously in a French convent of our order, whose friars used their utmost diligence to procure me a good captain to transport me, sick as I was, to Lisbon. They first spoke to a countryman of theirs, who offered to provide me a convenient cabin because I was sick, but I must go as a passenger and not as a chaplain, and that because he would not submit to the laws of Portugal, which make it a crime for any ship to sail without one. I told him, as I had formerly done the other captain at the beginning of my voyage to Africa, that if he would need exclude me from the duties of my function, I must necessarily refuse his offer."

That men of such a spirit, labouring for more than a century and a half, should gain great influence over the heathen, cannot surprise us. The Abbé Proyart, in his "History of Loango," states that in the year 1776 "Cardinal Castelli, President of the Congregation of the Propaganda, writes from Rome to the prefect of the Mission of Loango, that there are actually more than 100,000 Christians in the single kingdom of Congo. In the earlier part of that century, judging from the thousands baptized, they must have been even more numerous than that; and these, be it remembered, formed but a small part of the converted, as during the seventeenth century churches and Christians abounded not only in Congo but throughout all the Portuguese possessions on the eastern as well as the western coast of Africa."

This is indeed a pleasing picture, presenting to us a body of devoted missionaries surrounded by a vast army of converts. Sad to say, it is but a dissolving view. The missionaries have gone to their rest, and the countries in which they laboured so zealously are again lands of darkness and spiritual desolation. Congo at the present moment has scarcely a Christian to tell of brighter days ; and many of the flourishing towns on either coast, once the boast of Portugal, with their crowded Christian population, are now either in utter ruin or inhabited by a body of demoralized and spiritless subjects. That this hard statement is but too true, all must admit, as it is fully supported by the testimony of trustworthy men who have lately reported as to the religious and political condition of the Portuguese possessions in Africa. Dr Livingstone bears witness to the following facts :—" At Cassangé we found about forty Portuguese traders, with large half-caste families. They have neither doctor, apothecary, school, nor priest ; and, when taken ill, trust to each other and to Providence." " We came now to Ambace, an important place in former times, but now a mere paltry village. It has a jail, and a good house for the commandant, but neither fort nor church, though the ruins of a place of worship are still standing." " St Paul de Loando has been a flourishing city, but is now in a state of decay. It contains about 12,000 inhabitants, most of them people of colour. There are various evidences of its former magnificence, especially two cathedrals, one of which, once a Jesuit college, is now converted into a workshop ; and, in passing the other, we saw a number of oxen feeding within its once stately walls." " Massangano was once a very important town. It has now two churches and an hospital in ruins. There is neither priest nor schoolmaster in the town." Of the stations on the eastern coast, Livingstone tells the same melancholy story :—" As I walked about some ruins, I discovered buildings of stone, and found the remains of a church ; and on one side lay a broken bell with the letters I. H. S. and a cross, but no date. We found afterwards that this was Zumbo." " Compared with what it was, Tete is now a ruin. The number of Portuguese, if we exclude the military, is under twenty. The only religious teachers in this part of the country are two gentlemen of colour, natives of Goa. The state of religion and education is, I am sorry to say, as low as that of commerce. There is not a single bookseller's shop in either Eastern or Western Africa. The black population of Tete is totally uncared for." " I thought the state of Tete quite lamentable, but that of Senna was ten times worse. It was sad to look at the

ruin in every building. There is neither priest nor school at Senna, though there are ruins of churches and convents."

Mr M'Leod, late H.M. Consul at Mozambique, gives the following melancholy account of other Portuguese towns along the eastern coast:—"Lourenzo Marquez is filthy in every sense. Even the governor's quarters are surrounded with filth and dirt of all sorts." "The town of Inhambane consists of a few ill-built houses. The principal edifice is a church, in a deplorable state of ruin; the roof thatched with the leaf of the palm, and within and without bearing witness to the neglect of that religious faith which it was built to propagate." "Sofala was one of the places first taken by the Portuguese. The fort, built by Don Pedro de Naya, remains to this day a monument of the by-gone glory of the nation, and a reproach to the degeneracy of the present race. Formerly the church was rich in gold and jewels of great value, but those who sold their fellow-beings into captivity did not hesitate to rob the temple of their god." "The aspect of the city of Mozambique from the anchorage is that of former grandeur tumbling to decay, and a more intimate acquaintance realised the impression made on first entering the harbour. It may be briefly stated that it is the filthiest city in the universe." "The Portuguese officials, as a general rule, become wealthy by buying and selling the great product of the country which alone has been developed, that of its natives."

From this evidence, which admits of no question, it is quite clear that the Christianity planted by the Church of Rome on the coasts of Eastern and Western Africa has entirely died out. Countries which once numbered Christians by tens of thousands have not a Christian remaining in them. Towns and cities are now in ruins which formerly possessed noble cathedrals and a large staff of clergy. Were there not a Bishop of Angola, and here and there a tottering church, within which a few miserable worshippers now and then assemble, no one would know that a Roman Catholic missionary had ever trod the shores of Eastern or Western Africa. At this present moment the Church of Rome has stayed all attempts upon the native tribes. Congo is now a word unknown among the missions of Rome.

Some will naturally ask, What can have been the cause which brought about so melancholy a result? Others will exclaim—Is it possible that such burning zeal for Christ has left no palpable blessing behind it?

Many things combined to render these Romish missions a failure,

yet the very means which prevented a lasting influence were necessarily attended by a momentary gathering in of thousands as professors of Christianity. The different religious orders, more especially the Jesuits, practised in Africa the same expedients which proved for a season so successful in South America, India, China, and Japan. They adapted themselves to circumstances, upon the ground that the end justified the means, and that a good intention sanctified even a superstitious act—"On peut permettre quelque chose de superstitieux afin de parvenir à quelque bonne fin, pourvu que l'intention de celui qui opère ne soit pas de faire un acte superstitieux." Pictures, images, and amulets made in Europe necessarily attracted the poor simple-minded heathen. A tawdry picture of the Saviour or the Virgin was a more inviting object than the tooth of a serpent, a sacred shell, or any other common fetish of the idolater; and the neat amulet had an especial attraction when hung round the neck of the convert by a holy father who was himself deemed almost a god. That holy father, devoted to his calling, and really believing that he did God service, assumed any character and adapted his teaching to any prejudice, provided he could secure a declaration for Christ and baptism into a religion whose doctrines the convert in no way understood. Not seldom parents were bribed by a missionary to bring their children to be baptized, and where bribes failed Romish records tell us that clandestine baptism was gladly administered.

Strange is it, that men, so self-denying, so generally shrewd, and withal so really well-intentioned, should resort to such practices, but stranger still that they should baptize thousands at a time, in a spirit of faith very child-like, but very different from that required by Him whose religion is often beyond reason, but never against it.

As a proof of the careless way in which the natives of Congo were baptized, we give the following examples, which could, if necessary, be largely multiplied:—"Being come again to Barnton, they begin to bring us children to baptize from all the country round about." "Father Michael Angelo returned much pleased with his progress, having baptized abundantly of infants and youths who had never seen priests." "One of the black slaves would not be baptized, saying in defence of his principles, that the elephant never eat salt, and yet he became fat and large, and lived a long while. Now this slave happening to be grievously sick, I went to visit him. He yielded to my proposals, and was baptized. The third day after he died, changing his slavery in this life for a glorious liberty in the other." "If I should say that I have baptized thousands and thousands of

converts, I am sure I should not lie; for I can be positive that, of men, women, and children, I have baptized no less than thirteen thousand. One of our order alone baptized upwards of fifty thousand; and Father Jerome da Montesarchio, of our province of Naples, told me before his death, that within the space of twenty years' continuance in these parts, he baptized above one hundred thousand persons." No one will be surprised, with these facts before him, that a Papal decree was necessary to stop this reckless administration of the Holy Sacrament.

Such Christianity could not be lasting, and well might Joseph Acosta (a Roman Catholic missionary) say of it—"Dum enim quoque modo per fas et nefas, per dolum et vim. Gentes barbaras Christianas efficere properant homines imperiti ant improbi, nihil aliud agunt ut evangelium ludibrio exponant, et fidei temerè susceptæ desertores certissimo exitio afficiant."

But this vicious system of accommodation and profane administration of the sacrament of baptism were not the only causes which prevented Christianity taking firm root in these Portuguese colonies. The sale of their brethren, to be carried they knew not where, and the miseries attending an unparalleled domestic slavery, in course of time either thoroughly hardened the hearts of the converts, or destroyed in them all respect for the white man. In the earlier days of their occupation the Portuguese preserved a certain outward decency, which recommended them and their religion to the heathen; but when, after the decline of the kingdom of Portugal, the white man proved that he cared for the negro only so far as he could sell him or use him for gain, we cannot wonder that converts relapsed into paganism, and the powers of darkness speedily regained their ascendancy. In 1866, Father Angelo found Loanda "a large and beautiful city, inhabited by three thousand whites, and a prodigious multitude of blacks. The blacks serve as slaves to the whites, some of whom have fifty, some a hundred, two or three hundred, and even to three thousand. He who has most is richest; for they, being all of some calling, when their masters have no use for them go and work with any that want them, and besides saving their masters their diet, they bring home their earnings." Father Merolla fully confirms this statement:—"As to the negroes who inhabit this city and kingdom, (Loanda,) except some few that are free, they are all slaves to the whites. These slaves follow some one trade, and some another, and when they have no business to do for their masters, they are hired out at so much a week or month, the profit whereof

goes to the masters ; so that he that has most slaves here is always accounted the richest man."

The following passage from the journal of Father Angelo represents a curious scene in the life of a missionary. The fettered slave can reverence the self-denying Capuchin. The poor half-stifled *convert*, torn from home and country, even he can respect and love the self-denying priest of Christians who first converted, and then cruelly carried him into bondage :—"A vessel was loading at Loanda for Brazil. I spoke with the captain, who was very willing to receive me, thinking himself happy in having a priest with him ; for not only the Portuguese, but the blacks themselves, cannot sufficiently admire to see us take progresses into those barbarous countries without proposing to ourselves any other interest but the spiritual good of our neighbours, and the propagation of the Catholic faith. The ship I went aboard of was loaded with elephants' teeth, and slaves to the number of six hundred and eighty men, women, and children. It was a pitiful sight to behold how all those people were bestowed. The men were standing in the hold fastened one to another with stakes, for fear they should rise and hit the whites. The women were between the decks ; the children in the steerage, pressed together like herrings in a barrel, which caused an intolerable heat and smell. Being becalmed, we made no way, the captain desired me to baptize some blacks that came last aboard, it being forbid, under pain of excommunication, to carry any blacks to Brazil that are not baptized, which I did, instructing them in the principles of Christianity." How delicately are cruelty and the love of souls dovetailed the one into the other ! How utterly impossible that missionary labour could be blessed, and its fruits be lasting, in a land where Christians wrought deeds of darkness more worthy of Moloch than of the gospel. Such slavery and pure Christianity cannot dwell together. The atmosphere which gives life and energy to the one, is certain and speedy death to the other.

Another cause for the instability of these Romish Missions in Africa may be found in the ungodly lives of the white men. At a very early period many even of those in high office were sadly neglectful of that purity demanded by the gospel ; still open profligacy was carefully avoided by them—they always had a certain regard for outward decency. In time, however, the Europeans fell into the lowest habits, and unblushingly disgraced the name of Christianity, the officials and merchants being surpassed in licentiousness only by the convict soldiers, who were always sent to the coasts of Africa when

found utterly unfit for any other station of the kingdom. The Abbé Proyart speaks very strongly of the injury caused to mission work by the immorality of the Portuguese. "No one can deny that the stay which the Portuguese have made in Congo has altered in a great degree the innocence and simplicity of the manners of its inhabitants. I shall take great care, however, not to impute to a holy and divine religion abuses which it condemns, and evils which call forth its groans. All that can reasonably be concluded from this decline of manners which has followed the preaching of the gospel in Congo and elsewhere is, that if it be worthy the zeal of a Christian prince to favour the propagation of the faith among infidel nations, it is also worthy of his prudence and his duty not to destroy with one hand what he builds up with the other, by sending on the track of the missionaries a set of men who have nothing of the Christian but the name, which they dishonour, and whose worse than heathenish conduct makes the idolaters doubt whether the gods whom they worship be not preferable to the God of the Christian."

This evil influence must have been especially destructive to the Romish missionary work in Africa. Indiscriminate baptism, and a system of unholy accommodation, resulted, as we have seen, in a half-paganised Christianity. A house, therefore, so poorly constructed, and built so entirely on sand, could not but gradually give way, and at last utterly perish when daily and hourly beaten against by the dashing floods and scorching winds of the white man's cruelty and immorality.

NOTE.—I regret that my notes give quotations without the required references, and that I am so far from any good ecclesiastical library that I cannot supply the deficiency. At some future time I shall, I trust, put the story of Mission work in Africa more fully before the public.

STORY OF AN AFRICAN CHIEF.

(By the Rev. LOVELL J. PROCTOR, M.A.)

(Continued from page 386.)

DURING Chibisa's stay at Mikarongo, which was not a very long one, we saw him almost every day, and soon became well acquainted with his restless character and love of acquisition, which we were at first afraid would give us some trouble.

A very few days after his arrival, he came to tell us that two of

his men had been shot with arrows by the men of a village higher up the river, belonging to a chief called Akusapa. At first he said that they had gone there to get wood for making charcoal, though it appeared afterwards that their real object had been to steal corn. What he wanted was only to go to the place and fetch the bodies away ; but if he did that the people would very likely attack him, and if so, was he to defend himself and fight them ? We advised as his best course that he should have a mirandu with Akusapa on the matter ; and if it was then proved that the men went there to steal, they had only met the fate they might reasonably expect. But if not, and they had been wantonly murdered without any provocation, he could then follow out the course of justice according to their usual native customs. The sufferers, it seemed, however, were women and not men ; and on learning that they had been guilty of robbing a garden, Chibisa acknowledged that he had no just ground of complaint, and after asking for the bodies they were quietly given up. If he caught any one stealing his corn, he said he should fire upon them ; and I have no doubt he would do so, without the least hesitation !

Our next affair with Chibisa more nearly concerned ourselves, and threatened at first to result in something unpleasant between us. About a week after the death of the two women, Chibisa went to one of the coloured men we brought with us from the Cape, and asked him to go out and take a walk. To this he consented, taking William with him as a companion. The chief led them through the bush to an open space at some distance from his village, where they found a number of the neighbouring chiefs assembled. A mirandu was evidently about to take place ; and after a vessel of native beer had been passed round, the business of the assembly began to be discussed. The most important chiefs of the district had come to Chibisa to complain about the lawless doings of the Makololo, for which he was held responsible, as having permitted them to settle in his country. After the doings of the Makololo—"English," as they were styled—had been detailed one after another, a chief of the party spoke out in behalf of the "white English"—meaning ourselves—who were certainly not sharers in their evil deeds, since they bought what they wanted with cloth, while the others killed, and robbed, and pillaged. Chibisa thereupon charged *us* with bringing them into the country, and said that if any one was the cause of what the Mang-anja had suffered it was ourselves. William at once explained that we had not brought them here, but Dr Livingstone ; Chibisa, however, did not appear to comprehend

the distinction, or if he did, to admit it ; we were Dr Livingstone's friends and companions, and therefore we must have as much to do with it as he ! He then went on to say that he could not understand us, nor what we wanted in the country : we only bought food, we wanted neither ivory nor slaves. "And," he said, "these English are not like the others who came on the ship," (meaning the doctor and his associates ;) "when they were here I used to go on the ship, and sit while the doctor read," (prayers, I suppose,) "and then he used to ask me to eat, and I sat down at the table with them all. These English never ask me to eat with them. They have plenty of things, yet they make me no presents. But," he added, striking his hand emphatically on his thigh, "my name is Chibisa ; but that is not my name if I do not get what I want !" "What," said William, "do you mean to steal ?" "Yes," he replied. And William, in giving this account, told us that if he should determine to do so, he would send a man or two to our quarters for the purpose, while he remained behind in his village, working charms for the success of the enterprise ! No reply to all this being made by any one present, our men left directly on a sign from Chibisa, and as soon as they reached home came to us and reported all that they had heard.

As this was anything but satisfactory, on the following day we resolved to have an explanation with the chief, but thought it better not to allude directly to what had been told us. Having sent for him, therefore, he arrived in due time, and we all assembled together in one of our larger huts. We then began the subject by saying that we had heard he was not happy, that some grief was paining his heart, and we wished to know what it was. He answered that he had no other grief except the war, and then commenced a long account of his wrongs at the hands of Marichoro and Makulula, concluding with a description of the regret he felt because we would not go and help him. Again we urged that our object here was not to engage in war, but to tell the Mang-anja about God, and that we wished to live quietly and at peace with every one. He was not satisfied with this answer : he said we professed to be his friends, and if so he could not understand our refusal to give him aid. If we were really his friends, whoever touched him touched us, and we ought to come forward especially as we were living with him. Dr Livingstone had told him that he would be his friend, and that if any one attacked him, (Chibisa,) he would help him. It was all peace then, but now that it was war, he came to us for assistance. If we did not wish to go and fight, he would not again ask us to do so, but

why would we not give or sell him some gunpowder? He had made a previous request of this kind, which we did not feel ourselves justified in granting. We said, what was the fact, that we really had none to spare; we had only brought up a little for shooting birds or game, or to defend ourselves with, supposing any one should attack us, and we had none to sell even if we wished; we were afraid too, that by doing so, the Portuguese, with whom we had never quarrelled, might think we had come into the country only to side with the natives against them. He then asked if we would go and try to induce his enemies to give up war and let him return to Doa. For my own part, I should have been very willing to attempt something of this sort, but the way did not seem at all clear; we did not know the real state of the question between the belligerents, and interference on our part might be looked upon with indignation by the Portuguese, considering that we were but simple missionaries; and in this case an attempt to mediate would only do more harm than good to our work. Finding our position, therefore, a very difficult one in many respects, we determined, after some deliberation, to refer the whole matter to Dr Livingstone himself.

We accordingly advised Chibisa to act on a proposal he had made some time before, and send some of his men down the river to speak to Dr Livingstone. This, however, did not appear to meet with much approbation from Chibisa or the people who had come with him, on account of the doubtful character of the chiefs they would have to pass on the way, by whom the messengers would most probably be seized. But when we added that one of ourselves would be willing to accompany them, the aspect of affairs was entirely altered; a weight seemed taken off their minds at once, a joyful expression on their faces showed the satisfaction they felt, and hints from one or two of his head men that we were going to throw Chibisa away, were exchanged for words of a totally different character.

Towards the close of our conversation Chibisa said that he believed the Masunga (white men) wanted to take away his country from him; we did not suppose that he meant to attach any blame to ourselves; but wishing to let him know what our real disposition was, we said that *we* had no such intentions, and to prove it we declared that he had only to speak and we would leave his country and seek a settlement somewhere else. This, however, was unhesitatingly and earnestly deprecated both by the chief and his followers, who laughed at the notion that we wanted to acquire territory in these parts: the chief was highly pleased to have us there, and hoped we should stay a very long time.

This was very satisfactory so far ; but we thought that if he wished to make any complaint about the Makololo we would at least give him an opportunity, so we asked if there was anything else which grieved his heart, and which he thought he had to blame us for ? He directly answered that there was nothing else at all. Considering the matter therefore to be satisfactorily concluded, we broke up our assembly after giving the chief a present, and asking him to come and eat with us to remove all possible ground of complaint.

Scudamore was the one selected to accompany his messengers down the river, and the result was that Dr Livingstone supplied Chibisa with gunpowder by sending him to Signor Vianna on the Zambesi, and wrote to the Governor of Tette requesting him to restrain Marichoro ; before that letter arrived, however, he had been arrested and imprisoned for some political offence. A week or so after Scudamore's departure, Chibisa announced his intention of returning to Doa, and having had a morning in consultation with his "zinanga," or medicine man, and the reply of the "wula" having proved favourable, he left us on the afternoon of July 2, and we never saw him again.

Before he went we visited his encampment, which was about a mile distant from our station, and which consisted of "mis-asa," or temporary huts, made in the thick bush. He had a stock of about twenty guns, which were kept loaded and ready in different places, each lot being put, military fashion, in stands, leaning together against cross-bars of wood. He had a famous blacksmith, or more properly general smith, to whom we requested to be introduced, and Chibisa took us at once to the foot of a large tree, where we found him busy at his work. Arrow and spear-heads made in the usual method—with hammer, stone anvil, and goatskin bellows—were not the only articles of manufacture ; he also produced brass rings, melting the metal in a clay crucible, and then pouring it into a mould—simply a groove hollowed out on the smooth surface of a stone. They were ornamented rather prettily by having notches stamped upon them with an iron chisel. These rings, with the exception of two large earrings, constituted the chief of Chibisa's ornaments.

I have already spoken of Chibisa's reputation as "a great war chief"—so widely spread that his name was a war-cry among the Mang-anja on the hills—and of his fame, generally accompanying such a reputation, of being a wonderful adept in magic (wanga). His success as a warrior was supposed to be owing to a powerful war medicine (mankwara), the secret of which he alone possessed. By

means of his supernatural skill he was said to have charmed the alligators away from the part of the river below Mikarongo; there were certainly few, if any, to be seen at the time he visited us; but even if we had hinted at the possible effect of our rifle balls, which we never lost an opportunity of using against these horrid monsters, we should no doubt have been told that they had been mysteriously directed to their mark by the agency of Chibisa's medicine! Whether or not Chibisa influenced the alligators by means of some private communications with the spirits of his ancestors, who were said to reside in the depths of the river below us, I will not presume to say; but at any rate the spirits had no power to restrain their rapacity in his absence, for two poor women fell victims to these river pests soon after his departure.

A boastful but humorous fellow called Chechoma, who resided here as Chibisa's messenger and business man, was in the habit of dressing very gaily, and acting the great man before his chief's arrival; but as soon as he came to Mikarongo poor Chechoma made his appearance in his retinue, looking subdued enough, with nothing on but a goat-skin. Said Chibisa cruelly, to one of us to whom he was talking, as he pointed backward with his thumb over his shoulder, "Chechoma thinks himself a great man when I am away. He was very grand when I came, wore many rings and beads and coloured cloths. But I *looked at him*, and only just see what he is now!" There is much, doubtless, even in the look of such a chief as Chibisa!

We heard nothing of our chief-friend for more than two months after his departure. But on Sept. 23, news reached us which seemed to portend fresh troubles for him. He sent me a leopard-skin as a present, with a message requesting one of us to go to him at Doa, but explaining nothing as to the why or wherefore. But the messengers told us that Chibisa was no longer alone. A certain Portuguese, whom they called Teréra, who had sided with him against Marichoro, and who was formerly a tenant of Signor Ferao, had left his land from inability to pay his rent, and for the last few weeks had been living with Chibisa. Further explanation followed in a week or two. Three of Chibisa's sons, accompanied by several of his men, came with a second message from the chief relating to the Portuguese Teréra, whose real name it seemed was Terebello. The story they gave was this—Teréra goes to Chibisa and says, "Let us collect all our men and make war on the Mang-anja, and we will not cease until we have destroyed (made slaves of) all of them, and ravaged the

whole country on this side of the Shiré." "No, I cannot do that," replied Chibisa; "the English, who are my friends, urge me to keep from war, and besides this a great number of the Mang-anja on this side of the Shiré are my own people, so that I cannot do harm to them." Upon which Teréra exclaims in a rage, "Then if you do not, I will kill you." And so Chibisa, in his last great difficulty, sent his three sons secretly, and by night, requesting "his friends the English" to let one of themselves go to him with some of their people to hold a mirandu with Teréra on the matter. The truth was, that the Portuguese had fled to Chibisa to avoid being arrested for debt to Ferao and others, and that the chief, tired of his visitor, who was acting towards him in a most arbitrary manner, heartily wished to get rid of him from Doa.

In the event of our not being able to go to him as he wished, Chibisa had added a request that we would send a letter to Teréra, asking him to abstain from his purpose and leave Chibisa alone. It would have been impossible for any one of us to leave home at that time, and as it could be of little use, if any, in writing to Teréra, we thought it the best plan to try if we could get Signor Ferao to interfere in behalf of Chibisa. We therefore asked his sons whether, if we wrote a letter to Ferao, they could get it forwarded to him, and on their answering that they could, we gave them one containing an account of all we had heard, and requesting him, if possible, to lend a helping hand to the persecuted chief.

Soon after this we heard from some of the Makololo who had gone back to Doa with Chibisa's sons, that our poor friend was at last blockaded and kept a close prisoner in his own village by Teréra, who had robbed him of everything he had, including guns and ammunition, and guarded the ways on all sides to cut off communication; consequently he had never been able to forward our letter to Signor Ferao. Then we received a last message from the chief, sent by his son-in-law, who had managed to elude the guards, asking one of us to go and fetch Chibisa to Mikarongo through the midst of Teréra's people. The latter had been joined by his son-in-law, Basiou, another Portuguese, and both were under sentence of arrest by the authorities of Tette, who had sent out soldiers to apprehend them. What could we do at that time with sickness busy amongst ourselves, and our people already suffering from famine? Not one of us could be spared from the station, and even if it had been possible, we soon learned that it would have been of no avail. Chibisa's wives and people once more returned to Mikarongo, but this time without the

chief. The order of arrest had at length brought matters to a climax. Teréra carried out his threat to the letter, murdered poor Chibisa in his own village, and then sent out his men over the neighbouring country, robbing the gardens, ravaging the villages, and seizing on the people themselves for slaves.

Such is Chibisa's story gathered from his account and my own personal observation. There was a great deal to admire in his character, though, as we have seen, his heathen nature occasionally showed itself unsoftened by any of the higher influences of civilisation. And that, indeed, introduced by the Portuguese has been a curse rather than a blessing to these poor people. As soon as a colonist gets into debt or difficulties, he leaves the settlements for the country inhabited by the natives, and maintaining himself and his followers with the produce of their labours, enslaves their persons to pay the debts incurred through his own criminal indulgence. There are a few who regard them with some feelings of humanity, but even those are deadened by daily contact with the lawless habits of the majority. And as long as the native is regarded as a mere tool, and familiarised with the worst forms of civilised vice, the effects of it all, added to the evils of the slave-trade, must ever prove a grievous obstacle to successful mission work among the tribes of Eastern Africa.

RECOLLECTIONS OF MINISTERIAL WORK IN NEW SOUTH WALES.

(Continued from page 414.)

CHAPTER V.

WORK IN A PASTORAL DISTRICT.

THE township of Muswell Brook, which was to be my head-quarters, is situated on the north-western road, which leads from Morpeth and Maitland to the great squatting districts of the Liverpool plains and New England. The southern road to Sydney, surveyed by Sir Thomas Mitchell, joins the mainland road here. But while the north-western road is the great line of traffic to the coast from Tamworth,

and Armidale, and the surrounding country, the southern road is unused, except for some small intermediate townships, as Jerry's Plains and Wollombi. The formidable ranges, which have to be crossed near the river Hawkesbury, have always been a barrier to dray traffic ; and even horsemen prefer riding to Morpeth, and taking the steamer to Sydney, instead of toiling along the rugged and weary southern line.

In 1848 Muswell Brook had a population of about 300, including a doctor and a clerk of petty sessions. There were four or five store-keepers—most useful men in a colonial town—who kept in stock nearly every article you could need, except books ; and five publicans, largely supported by travellers, draymen, and shepherds from the neighbourhood, as well as by some of the residents in the town. At one end there was a steam flour-mill, with machinery attached to it, which has at times been used in a small way for making cloth. And at the other end was a "boiling-down establishment," where, before the influx of the population, caused by the gold discovery, the surplus fat stock of the settlers was killed, and reduced to tallow for export. Blacksmiths, wheelwrights, rough bush-carpenters, joiners, masons, bricklayers, and the other small tradesmen and labourers necessary to supply the wants of their neighbours, some six or eight carriers, and the police force, consisting of a chief and three constables, were the elements of the little community.

Like all young colonial townships, it was laid out in good broad streets, which bore their names on the Government chart ; but, except in the best situations, were scantily built over. Here and there, in the middle of the roadways, might still be seen the stumps of the old forest trees standing, as the cross-cut saw of the first clearing had left them, obliging all drivers to keep their eyes about them for fear of an overturn.

Of the houses only about twenty were built of brick : the rest, including the little, low, four-roomed cottage, dignified by the name of "the court-house," were built of slabs, split from the surrounding trees, or of weather boards. On the hill to the east of the town stood a Presbyterian kirk, served at intervals from Singleton ; and on a twin hill were the foundations of a Roman Catholic chapel.

Almost in the centre of the township there was an allotment of two acres, on which had been built, only a few years before, a brick school, with a master's dwelling, a parsonage, and a church, consisting of a nave, with a somewhat pretentious porch and vestry, built transept-wise, and a small tower at the west end. There was no

chancel, but in the east end were three quasi-lancet lights, each with a thin stone moulding over it, and glazed with square panes in wooden sashes, *Gothicised* at the top. Within were high pews of red cedar, the top moulding of which came well up to the back of the head of the sitter; and when the congregation was kneeling the church seemed to be empty. In my journal I have recorded that I was "*disappointed*" at the first view. But this was perhaps unreasonable, as mine was the westernmost church in the new diocese. Not a building for any kind of worship was to be found between it and Western Australia. Besides, there was something in the central position and grouping of the buildings which gave the idea that the church had rooted itself among the people, and offered to be their true mother in God. When, in about eighteen months after, a chancel was added, with a triple lancet in stone, and two of the nave windows were replaced by stone-worked and mullioned lights! and after a while the seats became low and open, the general view, with all its faults, brought to mind "the old country," to which all colonists look back with affection.

The history of that little church is characteristic of the colony in those days. Before a resident clergyman was appointed, subscriptions had been raised, and Government money promised for the building. A captain in the army, then a settler, living about four miles off, took the contract for building the nave, with the porch and vestry. The plan was *said* to have been drawn from the sketch of a chapel in Barbadoes, given in a quarterly report of the S. P. G. But whatever was the original of the plan, its execution was intrusted to a *convict* overseer, and convict labourers. These men, acting upon a well-known principle of convict morality, no sooner saw the master off to Sydney than they neglected their work, for which, as convicts, they would receive no payment, and worked for any one who would employ them, spending their earnings in drink. At length they heard that their master was shortly coming up the country, and knocking off their extra jobs, which might have brought them under the lash, they turned to their neglected task. But, in the meantime, there had been heavy rains, and the trench was half-filled with water. Some of this was dipped up; at one corner the foundation was solidly built, the rest was thrown in with careless haste—the stones, small and large, alike unsquared, being left, as I was told, to bed themselves; and over all a cut base-course was placed, and the brick-work carried up above. In due time a surveyor was sent to inspect the work, in order to report whether it was executed in such a way as

to entitle the trustees to the payment of the Government grant. On the day of inspection the overseer contrived to open that corner of the foundations which he had built up well. The fraud answered, and the money was paid. But before Bishop Broughton came up for the consecration, the faulty foundation had betrayed itself, and the walls were so cracked that the whole building was nearly coming down again. With much trouble the walls were secured; and the Rev. W. T. Gore, who had a little before that time been appointed to the parish, got the tower built at the west end, which both improved the look of the church externally, and acted as a buttress to keep it up.

It was discovered, however, by painful experience, that even good building, with well-laid foundations, would not stand. The foundations of the tower and of the chancel, which was afterwards built, were laid four feet deep on what seemed a dry impenetrable soil; but the drought and heat penetrated so deeply during the fierce summer months that they have cracked them, and other buildings, in all directions. And a noble stone church, which is now being built in place of the smaller one of brick, through the exertions, and mainly by the friends, of the present clergyman, the Rev. W. E. White and his family, from plans by Gilbert Scott of London, is, by order of the architect, placed on a thick bed of concrete, as the only safe foundation.

The day after our arrival being the fourth Sunday after the Epiphany, the gospel for the day furnished the morning sermon from Matt. viii. 28-32, on the power and readiness of Jesus to cast out evil, and to restore Satan's thrall to his right mind; a message with which I was thankful to be able to begin my ministry in a land where, by the confession of all, Satan had held terrible sway. In the evening the words of Isaiah lviii. 13, 14, at the end of the first lesson, were a not inappropriate text, where, in the absence of clergymen, many a Christian man had realised at his "station," and on his sheep and cattle "run," the sad but expressive saying, "*There's no Sunday in the Bush.*"

Two days afterwards I had an instance of that change of customs which a change to a hot climate necessitates. My poor sick parishioner died on Monday morning, and on Tuesday afternoon we laid her in the grave. A funeral thirty-three hours after death would in England be revolting to the feelings of the friends. In New South Wales it is sometimes necessary to bury within twenty-four hours; indeed, in an extreme case, I have buried a corpse within twelve. In

the case of this poor woman, I was glad that I had reached the parish in time to administer the Holy Communion to her, while, though in extreme weakness, her mind was perfectly clear.

What was at that time considered the extent of my parish, and the Church services in it, I learned from a memorandum left by my predecessor. There were three places at which divine service was held. St. Alban's Church, Muswell Brook, of which I have spoken; the little wooden court-house at Merton, a small township of about thirty people, eleven miles down the Hunter Valley; and a room in a *public-house* at Merriwa, a township with a population of sixty or seventy people, across the ranges to the west, forty-five miles off. Around these townships, at distances varying from two to nine miles, a few gentlemen settlers were living,—the owners of sheep and cattle, who had a few dependants close to them, besides their households. These could assemble at the places where divine service was held, and were always considered parts of the congregations.

At Muswell Brook there were two services on one Sunday and one on the next, which allowed one Sunday service a fortnight at Merton. Merriwa had but one service a quarter, held on a weekday. Holy Communion was celebrated at Muswell Brook only four times in the year; and a glass-tumbler, and a common plate, not appropriated to the purpose, had been used as a chalice and paten.

The good-will of the people was immediately tested for the supply of the last-mentioned want. They readily responded to the call, and within a few weeks a set of silver Communion vessels, and a linen cloth for the Altar, were procured from Sydney, and we began monthly communions. The Bishop having authorised the candidates for the ministry to read the service in my absence, I was enabled to give two services each Sunday at Muswell Brook, keeping to the Sunday service once a week at Merton. On the alternate Sundays I sent one of the candidates over to have prayers, and to read a printed sermon selected by me. And I myself went every other Friday for a service, and to teach the children for an hour before the service began.

We were not well off for music, but within three weeks several of the mechanics, and a storekeeper in Muswell Brook, expressed a wish to join a weekly practice of church music. And though our attempts were of a very humble description, they improved the singing; and by the kind aid of Mr John Cox and his wife, whose house was two miles off, we advanced to a piano, and thence eventually to an organ. Our English friends may smile at a piano, but they will not smile at

the loving zeal, which, in the Bush, did the best it could, giving such an instrument as was at hand, and bringing over a fully occupied mother to play at the weekly practice, as well as on Sunday. We all know Who it was that commended an offering with the words—*“ she had done what she could.”*

Ash-Wednesday came that year on the 8th of March, and on Monday the 6th I had the privilege of beginning the daily service. Foreseeing that the distant parts of my district, and other duties, would often call me away, I gave notice that when I was at home the service would be regular, but that when the bell did not ring it might be understood that I was absent. We began with prayers twice a day, at seven A.M. and at five P.M. But after Lent, by the advice of the Bishop, we only had *daily morning* service; a service with a sermon at seven P.M. every Wednesday, and two services with a sermon during Holy Week, and on all holy days. It was so often necessary to ride out five or twelve miles to visit sheep stations, that the daily evening song would have been frequently interrupted; but, except when I was absent on long journeys, the daily morning prayer could be regularly said. To the present day those services are still continued, and with fewer interruptions than I found possible.

Merriwa I first visited on March 14, and spent part of two days there, visiting all the houses, and having a service in the evening of the first day, and the morning of the second. From that time their service was always once a month at least. The account of Merriwa, the extension of the district nearly forty miles further westward, and the more general work in the Bush, must be reserved for a subsequent paper.

I will at present speak of a part of the country, which is illustrated by the accompanying sketch, not so far off as Merriwa, where, before long, I established a monthly service, and usually passed the night. The river Goulbourn, which must not be confounded with the town and diocese of that name, far to the south, rises on the eastern slope of the dividing range of the colony, which is of volcanic formation, but almost immediately enters sandstone ranges; and, flowing through a narrow winding valley for sixty or seventy miles, empties itself into the Hunter fifteen miles below Muswell Brook.

It is a lovely ride up the Goulbourn, and has delighted me on many a weary journey. In some parts bold rocks stand up perpendicularly from their base; in others the face of the precipice is broken by grassed slopes, which throw back the summits as if buttressed from below; and as you look up may see the little rock wallaby, about

the size of a hare, and the form of a kangaroo, bounding from ledge to ledge, or jumping in and out of the small caves in the face of the rock above your head. Sometimes the rocks close in almost to the river's bank ; in other parts they sweep away, leaving between their base and the casuarinas that shade the river, a quarter or half a mile of alluvial soil, mixed with a large proportion of sand, moderately timbered, and covered with long grass.

In many parts the rocks are exchanged for steep hills, some of them cone-shaped, clothed with trees and grass, through which large fragments of rock peep out. Their tops are generally crowned with small pines ; down their sides grow various kinds of the gum tree and the *banksia*, or bottle-brush ; and interspersed with these may be seen the grass tree, with its dark, crooked stem, and long grassy crown, surmounted by what looks not unlike a large bulrush, its brown head dotted over with little white star-shaped flowers, each glistening with a drop of clear honey. At the base of the hills, here and there, are clumps of *arbor vitæ*, the pretty wattle or *acacia* bush, with its long delicate leaves and sweet yellow blossoms, like little balls of glass silk ; and various small flowering shrubs, which give a civilised look to what in parts is quite a natural pleasure garden.

It is indeed a pretty neighbourhood, and the soil grows good fruit and vegetables around the homesteads. But the grasses are not so nutritious on the soil of the sandstone, as they are on the black soil of the volcanic formation, some few miles to the north. And it is surprising to see, as I have seen from the top of the high hill represented in the illustration, how many miles of country are so rugged as to be unavailable for pasturage. Hence it has not been taken up by the large sheep-masters, with their thousands of sheep, but a few men of small capital have fixed themselves by the banks of the river and its tributary creeks, mostly keeping cattle, which can travel farther for their food, and need no protection, as sheep do, from the native dogs.

Most of all the settlers make cheese ; and the wooden building beyond the dwelling-house in the illustration is a dairy and cheese-room ; in which, besides other means adopted for keeping it cool, nearly the whole of the interior has been sunk several feet below the surface.

I had been at Muswell Brook several months before I heard of the Goulbourn. It is situated off the direct track to Merriwa, from which in most parts rocky ridges separate it. The Church was at that time only feeling its way into the country from the coast ; and

this valley had never seen a clergyman, and the poor people were living without any attempt at divine service or teaching. When I was first told of them, and said I should look after them, the reply



FARMER'S HOUSE IN AUSTRALIA.

was, that the trouble might be spared, for they would never attend to a parson; and some rather severe things which might have been true of some were applied to them generally. Of course this was no check to my duty, so I rode up and visited each house. I was most civilly received everywhere; at each place I had a short service, though my coming was unexpected; and I left them, having appointed a day and hour for the next service.

On my next visit, at the appointed time, I found in each case that I was not expected, and that no preparation had been made. At one house they thought my appointed day was in the week following; at another, they had quite forgotten what day it was; at a third, they supposed that some heavy rain, and the threat of a thunderstorm, would have prevented my starting. However, ready or not ready, I induced them to assemble, and left them something to think about, and some books to read. For several months it seemed as if, with most of them, the time would never be remembered, and the discouraging prophecy would come true. But at length, on rid-

ing up to the several verandas, I used to find that the work had been arranged, and preparations made for service ; and I have good reason to believe that those times were looked forward to with pleasure.

The nearest of the houses, called Richmond Grove, was seventeen miles from me, where the Wybong creek joins the sandy bed of the Goulbourn. And there I have often found some green wheat cut ready for my horse to eat, while we were engaged in the service. One good effect of my visits was, that, after a time, several of the family would find out when was the Sunday service at Merton, which was about six miles from them, and, horses being plentiful, would ride over to it. The next house, called Mount Dangar Farm, the sketch of which is given above, was eight miles higher up the river, and was situated about a mile from Mount Warrendie, generally called from a surveyor, Mount Dangar. Between this and the farm the river ran. Immediately behind the house was a productive vineyard, and on the opposite bank of the river stood another small settler's house, with its well-stocked fruit-garden, containing oranges, grapes, figs, and mulberries. Past this, to the right of Mount Warrendie, was a pleasant ride through a narrow valley, bounded by high rocks, to the Merriwa road, six miles distant. In front of the farm there were two houses, two and four miles off, up a tributary creek ; and before long another house was built up the Goulbourn in the same direction.

It took some time to find out these outlying families, and to gather them into one congregation. My whole district, of which this was but a corner, was so large—more than 2500 square miles—that, coming from an English parish of about 1800 acres, I could not for a while lay out my plans clearly to visit it all with the least amount of waste. At first I used to ride out one month by the Goulbourn, which was on the south of the district ; and, after going to Merriwa to the western extremity, work homeward under the Liverpool range on the north side ; and the next month I used to ride in the contrary direction. But after gaining a knowledge of the whole work, I found it best to keep the same direction always, and then I took Mount Dangar first. Either way I generally slept there ; and by degrees all the families within four miles came regularly to the service ; and sometimes the Richmond Grove people came up and joined. We assembled in the sitting-room, into which the left of the two front doors opened, and which was lighted by the unglazed window on the left of the door. Often the room has been as full of fathers, mothers, and children as it could hold ; and at times we had baptisms and chantings during the service. After which the outlying families

found their way through the bush-tracks by starlight, some of them having to cross the river several times. Three different families in succession occupied Mount Dangar Farm while I ministered there, and from all of them I received a cordial welcome. Occasionally I stopped at the house of a Mr Hungerford, on a creek four miles off ; but Mount Dangar being the most central, suited the congregation best.

Several of those adventures, common to a clergyman's bush experience, are connected with my recollections of this place. On one occasion, after working my way down the country, I had stopped for a service at a wayside inn, at that part of the Merriwa road lately mentioned. I delayed some time after the service to give instruction to a very nice family of children, whose circumstances required all the spiritual help I could give them. By the time I was in the saddle, twilight, which only lasts half an hour, was nearly gone, and heavy black clouds were arching over the narrow valley. Before I had gone a mile the inky black clouds had shut out every ray of light, and were pouring down a steady and very heavy rain, without a flash of lightning to show me the way. Though I had good *night sight*, I could not see anything, and rode on only by the sound, listening when my horse stepped off the narrow track on the grass or sticks at the side. After two miles, when we had just passed through a narrow gorge in the rocks, my horse lost his track ; and after some wanderings, in which he was more disposed to pick the grass than to find the way, he brought me up among some acacia trees, at the foot of a bluff rock. I could not afford to wander on carelessly, for at my right was a deep creek, into which it would be most unpleasant to fall, but through which, at two different crossing-places, the track lay. The pouring rain quite prevented any idea of "camping out," if it could be avoided ; so by taking my direction from the rock, and feeling the ground, sometimes with hands, sometimes with feet, I found the track at last ; and in time, after several other losings and findings, reached Mount Dangar Farm, where the good people had given me up.

On another occasion, when a confirmation was approaching, there were candidates at Richmond Grove, Mount Dangar, and at the inn just mentioned. I had too much to do at home to be absent longer than duty rendered necessary. I therefore started at daybreak, took each class in its order, spending between one and two hours with each, and reached home at 10 P.M., after a ride of sixty miles, which, I must confess, tired me ; but I was all right the next day.

Towards the end of the first year I had, in this park, one of those misfortunes which horsemen must always be prepared for. I left home on a fine, handsome iron-gray horse, which I had lately purchased, and seemed to be in perfect health. During the service at Richmond Grove he was enjoying some green rye, which the good people had given him. I fear he had eaten rather greedily, as, during the eight miles' ride between that place and Mount Dangar Farm, he became very sluggish, and on arriving, we found him suffering from a bad attack of colic. We did all we could for him; but as after some hours he became much worse, I determined to go to the inn I have before spoken of, six miles off, where better remedies could be procured. The son of my host, whose name was Hewitt, kindly lent me a horse, and, riding another, led my poor gray. He could but walk, and that with increasing slowness; and after passing four miles up the creek by Mount Warrendie, came to a stop at the narrow pass in the rocks before mentioned, and could go no further. Young Hewitt galloped on to the inn to get something for his benefit, and I stood by the poor animal, who was by this time bathed in a cold sweat, and trembling all over. The sun had set, and the twilight had faded, but there was a glorious moon overhead, and the stars were shining, as only in such a clear, dry atmosphere they can shine. I kept rubbing my poor horse, and talking to him, but he was failing fast, and found it difficult to keep on his legs. At length he languidly pricked up his ears—for he heard, before I did, the hoofs of the returning horse—and gave a feeble neigh. It was his last, for the exertion seemed too much for him, and he staggered and fell. He tried to rise, but could not; and by the time Hewitt had reached us, his head was flat on the ground. A vein was opened to no purpose, and in a few minutes all was over.

Two months afterwards, as I rode through the same pass, I saw the bones of my poor steed picked clean. The eagles, hawks, crows, and ants had done their part to help the more voracious jaws of the native dogs, and in a few months more no two bones were left together. But eight years later, when I drove my wife up there, I showed her the skull.

I cannot help adding, that this loss gave occasion for one of the many kind acts by which the Bishop lightened the difficulties of the clergy and others. Just after Christmas 1848, I received a kind letter, in which, after expressing his sorrow for the loss of my gray, he made the value of him a New Year's gift, accompanied with his blessing.

One service, which I held at Mount Dangar Farm, I shall not easily forget, from the painful sense of weariness which oppressed me. I had left Cassilis, the westernmost town in my district, early one morning—had visited, as I rode, eight shepherds and hut-keepers, the former on their “runs,” the latter in their huts—and had a short service with each. At Merriwa, through which I passed, I had presided for an hour at the last meeting before giving the contract for building a church there; and at the meeting there were not a few difficulties to get over. In the evening, at the end of a fifty miles’ ride, I dismounted at the veranda of Mount Dangar Farm. It was just service time, and the people were assembled. I had therefore time for nothing more than to wash my hands and face, drink a refreshing glass of milk, and, after putting on my surplice, come out of my room and begin the service. The feeling of sleepiness from sheer bodily exhaustion was overpowering, and I earnestly hope that, if the sense of shame at the exertions I was obliged to make to keep myself awake was distressing to me, the service may not have been unprofitable to the congregation.

I will only add, that one of my last acts before leaving the colony early in 1861, was to draw for Mr Hungerford, at his request, a plan for a wooden church, which, I have since heard, has been built on a piece of land close to Mount Dangar Farm. The Rev. W. E. White, the present clergyman, has informed me that a few fresh settlers have added to the population of that neighbourhood. And he sent me an interesting account of the opening of the little church, and of his celebrating, for the first time, the holy Communion within its walls.

O Lord—

“Wherever meets Thy lowliest band
In praise and prayer,
There is Thy presence, there Thy holy land—
Thou, Thou art there.”

From the Author of the “Three Wakings.”

(*To be continued.*)

A HOLIDAY TRIP IN THE DIOCESE OF NASSAU.*

(By an Old Pupil Teacher.)

THE diocese of Nassau was separated from that of Jamaica in 1861. It consists of the Bahamas, Turks, and Caicos, in all about five hundred islands, forming a group about six hundred miles in length, extending from the north-east portion of Cuba to the coast of Florida.†

Many of these islands are very small, mere uninhabited rocks and shoals; but there are twelve of considerable size, over which, with many of the smaller, the population is spread. The chief town is Nassau, situated on the north shore of the island of New Providence, which derives its importance from the safety and excellence of its harbour. The climate is very fine, and most beneficial in all diseases of the lungs and throat. When the benefit is sought in time, a certain and speedy recovery may in all cases be anticipated. The whole of the original population of these islands, represented as being numerous when discovered by Columbus, has totally disappeared—all having perished under the Spanish rule; and it is now succeeded by Europeans and the white descendants of former settlers, with the negroes, consisting of the emancipated slaves, their children and grand-children, and the Africans liberated from slave ships. The total number is estimated at thirty-eight thousand seven hundred.

The diocese is divided into fifteen parishes, the work of which is at present divided amongst only five clergymen. It will easily be understood how great is the need of a considerable addition to this number. One of them writes:—"Our visits from one island to another, and from one station to another, preaching and baptizing the children, are something like a shepherd setting his mark upon his sheep, and then letting them go in the wilderness."

The accompanying narrative was written by a late pupil teacher in a school at Oxford, and sent to the boys formerly under his charge. It will help many of our readers, we think, to realise the circumstances under which the work of the Church in this diocese is being carried

* Since the above was printed, news has come of the terrible hurricane which has desolated these islands. Some idea of the extent of the ruin and distress which it has caused may be gathered from the fact, that half the churches in the diocese have been destroyed. The Bishop appeals to churchmen at home to help in the work of restoration.

† See "Work in the Colonies."

on, and give an increased interest to any further particulars we may be able to give of it hereafter :—

“I left Nassau on the morning of Wednesday the 22d of November, and embarked with all my traps on board the little schooner *Jeannette*, of five tons burden only, which had lately arrived at Nassau laden with sponges, and was now returning. The Bishop and a clergyman named Saunders drove to a place called Delaport Point, where we had arranged to lunch, and where they were to wait for the schooner.

“We weighed anchor directly I stepped on board. We soon cleared the shipping and passed the man-of-war which protects the town and harbour, till we came to the lighthouse, where we had to tack about between the shore and the numerous cays, or small islands, which form the northern boundary of Nassau.

“It was a glorious morning, the sky was without a cloud, and the sea with scarcely a ripple. The water was so transparent that as I leant over the stern, I could see the bottom of the sea as plainly as possible. It was alive with playful little zebra fish, with their black and yellow bodies, whilst corals of various shapes, colours, and sorts, sponges, bright sea-weeds, and many other beautiful productions of nature abounded.

“Now I must give you a little description of our vessel, a tiny, wee thing to battle with a rough sea, as she often has to do. Under the deck at the fore part is the cabin fitted with two berths, or bed-places, just large enough for a man. No room to turn and twist in, but hard boards at sides and bottom, and a rug to cover you, unless you are very luxurious and take blankets and pillow with you. At the after end is the hold, where the merchandise is stowed, such as fish, sponges, sugar-cane, and conches. The deck is protected from the waves by a little low rim or ledge about four inches high. Above the deck are the masts, rigging, anchors, &c., of a schooner. The cabin is raised a little above the deck, and serves as a seat. The crew of two men besides the captain are all black men, as are all the sailors and captains of the small ships of these islands.

“The captain was named George, and the two sailors John and Arthur. We all soon became very friendly, and Arthur told me there was capital shooting and fishing at Andros. The time passed very pleasantly from nine till twelve o'clock, when we sighted Delaport Point, and an hour afterwards we were anchored in the little bay behind the point. Delaport is a very pretty little place; from the deck of the schooner I could see a cottage, with its palmetto

thatched roof just rising above a group of tall shrubs, while the bay was fringed with the graceful palms and lofty cocoa-nut-trees.

"I went ashore with Arthur in the schooner's boat, and as we rowed we saw some barracootas, a kind of fish gamboling on the sandy bottom of the bay.

"At the cottage I found the Bishop and Mr Saunders, who had arrived some time before, and had got lunch ready, which we soon attacked. Although my voyage had been, short the sea air had given me a quick appetite, and I relished the lunch more than I had done any meal for a long time.

"After lunch we drove to West-End Point, nine miles off, where the Bishop directed the schooner to meet us, there to embark for Andros.

"We skirted the sea nearly all the way, and soon outstripped the *Jeannette*, which unfortunately had the wind against her. Our way for some distance lay along a pretty green lane, which reminded me of the lanes of dear old England. We stopped at the caves, which are very interesting, and visited by all who come to Nassau; thence to a large dilapidated house, which was inhabited by a black man and his family, but was formerly a large slave-owner's mansion, at the time that slaves were allowed at Nassau. The children, who seldom or never went to school, and who, to judge from their staring faces, had never before seen a white man, were all congregated at the gate nearly naked. They were very pleased, however, to hold the Bishop's horse when asked; and when leaving, and the Bishop gave them some money, they replied, 'Tanky, massa.' We met a few old men and women as we drove, whom we always spoke to, pleasing them very much, by calling 'Daddie,' or 'Auntie,' as the case might be. 'How d'ye do, daddie?' we would say, and then immediately the great straw hat would be pulled right off, and they would reply, 'Me bery well tanky, massa.' About six o'clock we came to another lone house, where another black man named Damon Bethel lived. Here we stopped till the schooner caught us up. Damon was very polite, and invited us all in, and soon loaded the tables with presents of oranges, sugar-canes, and green corn. Damon very kindly brought us hot coffee, and we made our supper, which was very acceptable. Then the Bishop knowing Damon was a long way from a church, had the evening service there in the room. Mr Saunders read prayers and the Bishop preached, and we all sang the evening hymn. By this time it was ten o'clock, so we all turned into bed. Now I daresay you will wonder how a poor black man had beds enough for three

extra people ; well, we had not beds, but you must remember that in missionary life one has to make shift with anything, so I lay down on a bench, Mr Saunders on three chairs, and the Bishop had a bed. Tired with the day's exertion we slept till the sun rose, about half-past five. By eight o'clock we embarked. The wind was now very fresh, and the waves were beating over the ship, putting out the fire, and drenching us all. The Bishop went below, but I stayed on deck, wrapped in my rug. As I was lying on the top of the deck, it was only the spray that wetted me, and I did not mind that. The vessel was now on the ocean. Fathoms and fathoms of water lay beneath her, but she bounded fearlessly over the waves, bringing us every moment nearer to Andros, which lay about forty miles to the S.W. Every now and then the schooner would startle a shoal of flying fish, which would leap out of the water and pursue their course in the air for a few seconds, flying like birds. So the time passed till three o'clock, when the joyful cry arose, ' Land.' By four we were within the reef and running down the shore to Fresh Creek, where the Bishop stops. We could see the place about a mile off, by a tall cocoa-nut-tree which stands at the entrance to the creek. The land looked very inviting after a rough sea passage.

"Precisely at five we landed at Fresh Creek, the chief settlement at Andros. Mr Sweeting, the catechist, met us at the landing, and took us at once to his house, which was a model of cleanliness, with its palmetto-thatched roof and white-washed walls. And now you must remember that every one I shall introduce you to is black, even Mr Sweeting, who is a nice gentlemanly man. The Bishop is very fond of him, and says that he has not a better catechist in his diocese, not even among the white men.

"You may imagine with what kind of appetites we sat down to dinner, after the sea breeze and abstinence from eight o'clock till five. At half-past six we had service in the church, which was built by Mr Sweeting himself, and the service and singing were very hearty. Mr Sweeting read the first lesson, and I the second. We went to bed early, and were better accommodated than at Damon's, for Mr Saunders and I got a beautifully white bed, and the bishop had a room to himself. By six o'clock next morning I was out walking on the beach, picking up shells of a larger sort, called 'micker-a-mockeras,' and at eight I returned to breakfast, where I found beef-steaks, hominy, fresh eggs, fish, conches, &c., laid out by Mr Sweeting and his niece. Hominy is ground Indian corn, boiled to a soft pulpy kind of mass. It is eaten with butter, and forms a

capital substitute for bread. After breakfast I got Arthur and another young man named Joseph to go out fishing; we took our lines, got on board the schooner, sailed out of the creek, and proceeded to a small cay, where the fish abound. When we got there, a little black boy who accompanied us dived for the conches, from which to make baits. He soon got us half-a-dozen, and we then went to the other side of the cay, dropped anchor, and began fishing. My line was about fifty feet long and a little thicker than whip-cord. I had a piece of conch on the hook and began. In a minute or so Joe had hooked a fine turbot, which was of the most lovely colours. By the time he had got his on deck, I felt a smart tug at my own line, and hauled up another of the same sort. We caught several sorts, mutton fish and margot predominating, when a shoal of blue fish came round. We could just see a mass of blue, but too deep to distinguish what they were; but Joe immediately caught a very large one. He was obliged to play it about for some time, for directly it was hooked it darted about in all directions. This attracted the notice of a shark, who seized it. Joe felt an immense strain on his line, and could scarcely say 'a shark!' before line, blue fish, shark and all, were gone. This spoilt our sport, and we returned to dinner after a pleasant three hours. After dinner the men, women, and children came to Mr Sweeting to practise some new hymn tunes, and I spent an hour or so teaching them several for the coming season of Advent. They have a very remarkable ear for music, and soon picked up the tunes after I had sung a verse or two. After practice it was proposed to fish for a shark. This we hailed with delight. A large hook, with a chain attached, was fastened to a rope about as thick as a good-sized clothes line, and very long. Two fish were put on for bait, and were thrown a long way into the sea, while we stood on the rocks. After we had waited ten minutes, and had almost given it up, Arthur, who stood nearest, whispered that he could see two large sharks passing. This showed us they were attracted, and four of us grasped the rope. No sign of a bite occurred, and I was playing with the rope, when it was jerked out of my hand and nearly upset me. Fortunately the others were more careful, and I caught the rope again. We all pulled our hardest, for we had got hold of one who was in his own element and was almost as strong as we were. Nearer and nearer he was hauled up, till his white sides and yawning jaws gleamed in the moonlight. Up the rocks we dragged him, but for a time durst not venture near. Soon he ceased to struggle, and then with an axe we gave him several

blows on the head, and so despatched him. He looked a fine fellow as he lay stretched out. His two rows of teeth were almost as sharp as needles. From the tip of his tail to his snout he measured six feet. We were so tired and hungry that we went back to supper, and then about eleven to bed. The next morning I was up at six, refreshed, and thought I would take a walk in the woods, for Andros is the finest wooded island in the Bahamas, and is covered with forests containing many fine trees of different kinds, such as mahogany, cedar, mastick, button-wood, and iron-wood—all durable wood. I took my gun, as I thought I might see some birds, and soon got into the woods, till I could almost fancy myself to be a second Robinson Crusoe. The only living thing that crossed my path were lizards, and, without exaggeration, there were hundreds of them. Now and then I came to a clearing with sugar-canes growing, or green corn, or else cotton-plant. Every few yards were to be seen, clinging to the trees, large masses of black, looking like huge bears about to climb them. They were ants' nests, and contained thousands each of those busy little creatures. The sun was very hot and the insects troublesome—getting into my nose, up my sleeves, and biting me—so I sat down and cooled myself under a tree. In the evening the people came again to sing hymns, and I made them learn 'Adeste fideles' for Christmas. They were very polite, and fond of shaking hands—every person I met I shook hands with, sometimes several times a day. The next day was Sunday, and we expected a large congregation from all parts. They kept arriving up till eleven in crowds; some even came overnight, and many walked fifteen miles, so the church was full. Before service I took a class in the Sunday-school, and, owing to Mr Sweeting's good teaching, I was pleased at the way in which they said their collects and answered questions on the gospel. The service in church (which was crowded) was very good and hearty. In the morning the Bishop administered the Holy Eucharist to forty-two people; and in the afternoon the rite of confirmation to twenty, and baptism to some little children. I forgot to mention I had a bathe in the morning, in a little bay near where we caught the shark. I did not venture in far, for I was alarmed lest a shark might avenge himself on me for destroying his brother. After evening service I taught the people the Easter hymn.

"The next evening the people came for the last time to practise hymns, for the Bishop proposed to sail the next morning to another settlement called Nicholl's Town, forty miles off, and hold service there on Thursday. On Tuesday morning I had no time to try for

the snipes again, so I packed up and was just ready to start at breakfast time. At nine o'clock the whole settlement came out to see us off, and wish us good-bye. You would have been astonished to see the fowls, sugar-canes, and green corn which were presented to the Bishop—nearly or quite everybody contributed something. One young black lady gave me a fowl, which I brought to Nassau. After a great deal of shaking hands we at length got off, the *Jeannette* again weighed anchor, and with feelings of regret I left Fresh Creek, for I had spent four very pleasant days there. We sailed in white water all the way—that is to say, within the reef, close to the shore—and we had a fair wind. The shore, with its bays, creeks, palm-groves, and green foliage delighted the eye, while the numerous little cays added not a little to the pleasant scene. We passed Calabash Bay, where we had walked the day before; Pigeon Bay, famed for those birds; Golding's Sound, where the birds of that name abound; then past Green Turtle Bay, where the lazy turtle could just be seen basking in the sun; then Saddle-Back Bay, named from its shape; and lastly, Mastick Point, named from the tree so called. As we went along we had a tow-line overboard to catch barracootas, but they were not hungry. I saw two small sharks, of about twenty pounds each, coming towards us, but on seeing us they dashed off frightened. We did not go quite so far as Nicholl's Town, because the anchorage is bad; so we stopped about three miles off in Conch Sound, famous for that beautiful shell-fish. We arrived at six in the evening, having done the forty miles in nine hours. As soon as we anchored, Mr Sweeting went ashore to prepare a lodging at Mr Miller's. He came back to say the Bishop and one other could be accommodated, for it was the only house near, and a very small one. Mr Saunders and myself slept on board. As there was nothing to do before bed-time, I took up the line we caught the shark with and baited it, and threw it over. They would not bite, however, and we talked of Church matters at Nicholl's Town, which Mr Sweeting had heard were at low ebb, from no regular catechist being there, and the Baptists having seduced our people to join them. The Bishop had landed some time, and we could see they had lit a fire to keep off the mosquitoes. We now had supper, and soon after went to bed. Before doing so I tied my fishing-line to a spare anchor, as I felt sure some fish would bite before morning. Mr Saunders was already snoring, and the sailors in the hold were fast asleep. The candle was burning, however, and I made my arrangements. My rug for a mattress was spread out, as I had seen some cockroaches about, and

I did not know what other vermin might be there. I only took off my coat, waistcoat, and boots, and with my braces and collar loosed, lay down to sleep. After a good night's rest I awoke, and went on deck with my greatcoat on. The air was chilly and the deck wet with dew. The sea seemed all on fire, and I rubbed my eyes, thinking I was dreaming. After a little while I found that it was glowing with that phosphorescent light which is frequently seen in these latitudes. The moon was still up, so I looked for my line, but to my great astonishment line and anchor were both gone. I did not trouble about them, but crept back to bed, and found by my watch it was three o'clock, so I had three hours more to sleep. At half-past six I got up and looked after the anchor and line, which had been dragged overboard by a fish. The anchor was attached to the ship, so I hauled at the rope and soon got it up. My line was still attached, but the hook, a large new one, was either bitten or broken off. I was rather annoyed at losing the fish, but glad the line was not gone too. I felt so uncomfortable from sleeping in my clothes, that I felt a bathe would be very refreshing; so when Joe went ashore I got into the boat with him. When we landed I left my clothes on the beach, and told Joe to row me about forty yards out. I knew there would be no sharks at the early morning tide, so I pitched in without any fear, and went down a few yards among the conches. I soon came up and swam ashore, but when I landed I thought I should have gone mad from the mosquitoes and sandflies, which attacked every part of my body. When I was dressed I did not mind them, and I was so refreshed by my swim that I thought I would take a walk along the shore before breakfast. The tide was going out, and I saw some of the largest and queerest lobsters I had ever seen. I was too frightened to attack them with only my fingers. The plantations on my right were well cultivated, and palms, cocoa-nuts, oranges, lemons, &c., grew in the utmost profusion. I called at a large house, and found an old black woman living there. She was very talkative; told me her name was Mrs Defleur, and that her husband was dead, and she had only two daughters left, but that the plantation and house belonged to her. She also told me she was a Baptist, and I was rather amused at the pictures hung round. They were two old numbers of *Punch* pinned against the wall. One was the 'British Slave,' and I expect the old lady had hung it up in sympathy for the slave, as probably she had been one herself when young, for the slaves here have only been freed about thirty years.

• "I now returned and met the Bishop, who had also come for a walk.

We went together to Mr Miller's, where we found breakfast ready for us, and Mr Saunders and Mr Sweeting waiting. I will tell you what we had, for I daresay you could not guess what out-island fare is. First, johnny cake, or rather journey cake, which is eaten by the Americans instead of bread and butter; then mutton fish and margot fish, which I had caught that morning; some conches of Mr Saunders's cooking, for he is a great hand at that, and few know how to do it properly; lastly, salt junk, for all our fresh meat was gone, and you can never get fresh meat at the out-islands unless you keep your own sheep and oven. Our sauces were growing all around us, and I had only to walk a yard or two to get cayenne pepper, the less pungent pepper grass, the mustard plant, and the lime for its juice.

After breakfast the Bishop and Mr Saunders went to Nicholl's Town, while I went on board the *Jeannette* to visit a large vessel loading with oranges. She was called the *Pearl*, and was loading as fast as possible in baskets of 100 oranges each. The blacks were bringing them in little boats, laden to the brim, from off their plantations. I think they were getting two shillings and sixpence per 100. The load was to be 80,000. We stayed here a long time, and came back only in time for dinner, which we cooked on board the *Jeanette*, and then carried it to the house. After this meal the Bishop, Mr Saunders, and myself, went to visit an old mulatto woman, about eighty years old. She had been very wealthy some years ago, and had kept slaves, and had gone to London at the time the slavery question was so vigorously discussed by Wilberforce, Clarkson, and others. She was very free with us, and told the Bishop she liked to see bishops looking old and venerable. She said she should put my name down in her book to remember me, and she told me to let her look at my nose. "Ah," she said, "sharp, and I see you are bad tempered, ain't you?" The old lady was so infirm that she could scarcely move, but she sent out for some cocoa-nuts for us, and told Mr Saunders she had left in her will an acre of ground to build a house on for the priest when he went his rounds. When we got back to Miller's it was dusk, and the mosquitoes bothered us horribly, so we lit a fire, and the smoke drove them away. We sat talking by the fire till bed-time, when we wished the Bishop good-night, and Mr Saunders and I came down the hill, hailed the boat, and were soon on board the schooner. The dew had begun to fall so fast that we resolved not to go out fishing that night, which we had resolved to do. I, however, wanted very much to fish, and was yet so sleepy that I could scarcely keep awake; so I hit upon a plan to answer

both purposes. I fixed a new hook to my line, baited it, and threw the bait overboard, taking the other end down into the cabin. When I lay down I fastened the end round my leg, blew out the candle, and went to sleep. The fish, however, did not pull me out of bed, and I lay quiet all the night, to my intense mortification, for I should like to have had a large fish pull me out of the berth. I looked before I went to bed to see if a shark could pull me into the sea, as he did the anchor, but the cabin window was too small for me to get through. The sun was just about to rise when I got up, and I went again with Joe to have another swim. This time the Bishop joined me, and Joe was to look out for sharks, as we went into deeper water. We both pitched off the boat and had a good swim. When we got tired we swam ashore, Joe keeping near us. After breakfast we started for Nicholl's Town to hold service at eleven. Mr Saunders and the crew went by the schooner, while the Bishop, Mr Sweeting, and myself walked. We had packed everything on board but the breakfast things, so the *Jeannette* started; but we found our walk of three miles rather troublesome, as we had to carry them, and part of the way was over sharp rocks. We were just starting when we found we had forgotten the Bishop's washing-basin, and already our hands were full. Here was a dilemma; I had a basket, two bottles of wine, and an umbrella to carry, the Bishop's hands were full, and Sweeting's more than full. At length it was arranged that I should wear it on my head like a helmet. It just came to my nose; and now being loaded we started. To our great delight we found the *Jeannette* had anchored a little way off round the point, to take in some of the old mulatto woman's cocoa-nuts; so we joyfully got rid of our loads, basin and all, and proceeded on our way. The old woman laughed heartily at the strange procession coming towards her house, and told me I looked very funny in my strange hat. At ten o'clock we reached Nicholl's Town.

"Several people came to church, and the Bishop spoke nicely to them of the danger and sin of dissent. The service was over about one, and the people were very pleased with the Bishop.

"We had now finished at Andros Island, and had only to return. We had a fair wind, and the *Jeannette* bobbed up and down merrily under full sail. We had our dinner on board, and hard work it was to keep it on the plates.

"The wind sprang up again at nine, and we sighted land at ten. The moon was very bright, and we did not slacken sail, for we could distinctly see the reefs, shoals, and rocks. At twelve we dropped

anchor at West-End Point, left all our things on board, and landed at once. After a three miles' walk we reached Damon Bethel's house, where we slept the night we left for Andros. There the Bishop's carriage met us at two o'clock in the morning, and we started on our drive to Nassau. We passed the caves again, and Delaport Point, and at last Nassau came in sight. I was too sleepy to notice anything, but it was broad moonlight, and very pleasant. By four we reached the Bishop's house, where I wished him and Mr Saunders good-night, and went to my own lodgings. I could make no one hear, so I climbed the garden wall, opened a door that is usually left unfastened, woke the servant boy ; who made me a bed on the parlour floor. I threw myself down at once, and did not wake till the cathedral bell went for morning service.

December 1865.

H. T. S. CASSELL,
Nassau, Bahamas, W. I.

CHURCH WORK IN BRITISH COLUMBIA.

(By the Rev. R. J. DUNDAS.)

(Continued from page 429.)

A SETTLEMENT OF INDIAN CONVERTS.

THE visitor to Metlakahtlah would find it very difficult to realise that all he sees is the work of one unaided man ; that the people amongst whom he finds himself are, for the most part, of the same tribe as the degraded Indians, sixteen miles farther north ; that eight years ago they were equally degraded with their heathen brethren. The change was marvellous in 1863, the date of the writer's visit, and the three years that have since elapsed have doubtless made it yet more apparent. During that time too, fresh labourers have gone to the same field of work. An ordained missionary has been posted upon the Naass River, some thirty or forty miles north of the settlement, where the Indians are numerous and friendly disposed, while a married clergyman and his wife have ere now joined Mr Duncan at Metlakahtlah. With this increase to the Mission staff, we may look for rapidly increasing gains to the Church of Christ. One prayer will not be forgotten by those who sympathise in the work carried on in that distant corner of the earth ; that it may be as *thorough*, as *genuine*, as *real*, in days to come as it has been in days past. For it must be owned by all who have visited Mr Duncan's mission, that the zeal of the worker is not more conspicuous than the reality of the work.

In the earlier days of the settlement, the government of it was as follows:—The missionary was of course chief ruler, and in the work of ruling he associated with himself three chiefs, who formed his council of advice. One of these chiefs Legaic, baptized by the name of Paul, had been in former days, while still a heathen, the principal sorcerer, and leader of the “medicine-men.” He was then a bitter foe of Mr Duncan’s, and on one occasion nearly took his life. His wealth had been great, for all the Indians paid tribute to the great medicine chief. All this he had to forsake, when he followed his teacher to Metlakahtlah, who points to him now as his principal supporter—though from being the wealthiest he is now one of the poorest of the tribe.

Next in position to the council of three comes the constabulary force, some twenty in number. They comprise the picked men of the village. They are all sworn in, (for Mr Duncan holds a commission as Justice of the Peace,) and their duty is to preserve order, to see that the laws are obeyed, and to make instant report to Mr Duncan on any matter that seems to call for his interference. One is always on duty by day and two by night. They wear a uniform of which they are very proud, and have a large canoe for boarding any suspicious-looking trading craft that may appear in the offing. Irreproachable character is required in all who seek admittance into this much-esteemed force. Only once, to the writer’s knowledge, has a constable been deprived of his office.

For general purposes a revenue is collected at the commencement of the year from all adults, and from lads able to work. Each Indian of full age is required to contribute in money or kind five dollars. Each lad over sixteen and under eighteen, who is able to work, has to pay two dollars and a half. The money thus raised is expended under the supervision of Mr Duncan and his council. A certain moiety is paid to the chiefs, in recognition of their rank. In their heathen state they would receive it, in virtue of their position. It was deemed prudent and right by Mr Duncan not to let the Indians suppose that their chiefs were worthy of less honour as Christians than they had received as heathens. This small tribute is therefore paid to them out of the public taxes, as an acknowledgment of their lawful status, as fathers of their people. Another moiety of the tax goes to the constables, who each receive a small monthly payment. The bulk of the revenue, however, is expended on public works. A good roadway is carried along in front of the houses, with various paths leading in different directions. Ground is constantly being cleared.

In early days the great School, Chapel, and Mission-house had to be erected. Lumber had to be sawn and shingles prepared for roofing. The cost of all this was defrayed from the public tax. Most of the Indians pursue their own avocations of hunting, fishing, basket and mat-making, &c. But those who prefer smaller gains, yet more certain, can always get employment on these public works, for which the rate of wage is about sixpence to eightpence per day. In order to provide as much fresh meat as possible, for those who do not go hunting themselves, two men are always kept employed as hunters, the venison and other meat brought in being sold at the "village shop" to all applicants.

The mention of the village shop brings us to the subject of the Metlakahtlah trade. Hitherto the Indians on the north coast had been principally dependent for their supplies of clothing, flour, rice, sugar, powder and shot, and the other things they needed, upon the Hudson Bay trading post at Fort Simpson. The price paid by them was 150 per cent. advance upon the price at Victoria, the capital of Vancouver Island. Mr Duncan conceived the idea of making a direct trade between the new Christian village and the capital, six hundred miles distant. Why should not the Indians take down their own furs, and fish oil, and not only obtain the higher profits of the Victoria market, but also by importing from Victoria direct, saving the Mormans' profits, which went to enrich the Hudson Bay Company? Accordingly, in the summer of 1863, he paid a visit to the capital, and with the aid of the Colonial Government, (who thoroughly appreciated his endeavours to civilise the natives,) and the Church Missionary Society, he purchased a small craft, some forty tons burden, to be the Mission trading ship. The cost was £300. £100 was defrayed from the Government grant, the remaining £200 *advanced* from home, to be repaid after a time. He formed a company among the Indians at Metlakahtlah, two hundred shares at £1 each. Within a month of the first arrival of the schooner at the settlement, half the shares had been taken up. The vessel now makes some three or even four trips a year to Victoria and back. She is manned wholly by Indians. She takes down furs, fish oil, yellow cypress wood, potatoes, Indian basket-work, and other "home produce" or "manufacture;" and brings back clothing, boots, flour, tea, sugar, powder and shot, bought at prices 150 per cent. below what the natives would have paid at the trading post further north. The goods are all deposited at the "store-shop," (which is under the charge of two or three shareholders), and sold to all applicants at fifty per cent. advance on Vic-

toria cost, thus saving the ordinary buyer 100 per cent. The profit charged pays the expenses of the trip, and gives a dividend to the shareholders. Mr Duncan found it impossible to make them understand the mystery of a dividend. They had paid money for their ship, they could not comprehend how they should receive money back without giving up their ship. Meantime the Christian Indians at Metlakahtlah are becoming the merchants of the coast amongst their Indian brethren. Natives from a distance now come to trade at the settlement, who formerly had to go to the Hudson Bay Company's fort. All this tends to advance the material prosperity of the mission village, while it is indirectly helping on the great work of all. Not only are Mr Duncan's own people becoming daily more civilised and intelligent, but a desire is springing up amongst other tribes to learn of their Tsimsean brothers, and to have amongst them teachers like Mr Duncan, who will make them wealthy and prosperous, by making them civilised and Christian. More than one of his most promising young men have gone forth to be pioneers in the work amongst tribes further north and up into the interior. Metlakahtlah is already a centre of light, which each year is casting its rays still further into the surrounding darkness of heathendom.

The houses at the settlement are, for the most part, substantial log cottages. In 1863 they had not got the length of chimneys, but every house had its door, and window-frames, with glass. These were given by the colonial government. When an Indian comes to reside there, on the conditions mentioned in a former paper, he applies to Mr Duncan, and has assigned to him a plot of ground, measured according to plan, on which he builds his house. He can then either follow his own pursuit, hunting or fishing, or any other;—or, if he prefers it, obtain public work at a fixed wage. But idleness, or want of occupation, is a high crime and misdemeanour. Drones are very speedily expelled from the hive.

Let us take a walk through the village. It stands—(we are speaking of it as it was in 1863)—on the winding shore of the harbour, raised above the water, on a high bank. The houses form two long rows, one facing west, the other south. From the angle, a long sloping tongue or spit of land runs out, the greater part of which is under cultivation, and forms the mission garden. At the base, or upper end of this tongue, upon a levelled esplanade, stands the mission-house, and the large octagonal school chapel—capable of holding some six hundred persons. A tall flag-staff rises in the middle of the esplanade, from which the Union Jack is displayed upon great occa-

sions ; such as the Queen's Birthday, or the visit of a ship of war. A new and much larger house has been erected, close to the school chapel, since the writer's visit, of sufficient size to accommodate two married missionaries, and six young Indian girls—the latter to be trained up in habits of domestic economy, which may fit them to become wives and mothers. The cottages we pass in our walk exhibit different degrees of neatness, according to the progress in civilisation of their respective inmates. Some have evidently only just begun to emerge from barbarism. Others again, in their order and tidiness, and little attempts at ornamentation, equal the neatest dwellings of an English village. They have their little bit of garden-ground in front, with paths and borders of shells ; and inside, the rooms are being by degrees partitioned off. In one only, do we see a cooking-stove. None have got chimneys ; and in many, the Indian roof of bark still supplies the place of the more substantial shingles. Shingle cutting, however, is being taught, and very soon all the houses will be so finished. A good roadway is carried along the top of the bank, in front of the cottages. This and all other paths about the village have been made at public expense. The esplanade, round the flag-staff, at the centre angle of the village, whence the two rows diverge E. and N., forms a good playground for the young, and drill-ground for the constabulary. The view from thence extends for some three or four miles to the southward along the still deep land-locked channels of the harbour ; and to the westward, out to the open sea, about a mile distant—the intervening space being protected by wooded islands, from the heavy gales, and the constant roll of the Pacific. One of the little islets which is free from trees, is marked in the missionary's chart, (drawn for him by a naval officer,) " God's Acre." It is the burial-ground of the settlement—the first Indian burial-ground on all that vast stretch of coast, in which have sounded the glorious words of our funeral service—" We commit his body to the ground, . . . in sure and certain hope of the resurrection to eternal life."

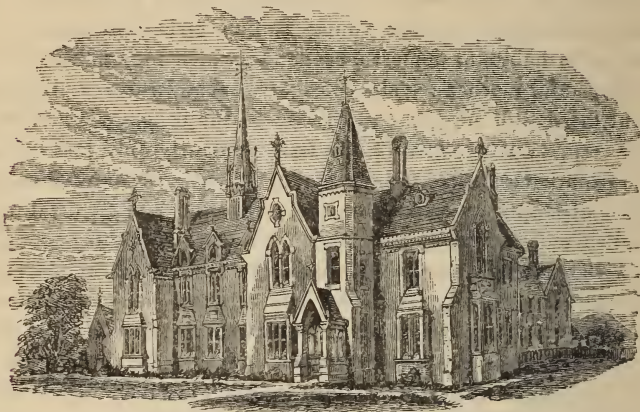
The narration of the writer's visit to the Mission shall be given in a subsequent paper.

VICTORIA, VANCOUVER'S ISLAND.

GIRLS' COLLEGIATE SCHOOL.

THE Bishop of Columbia in his Pastoral Address, dated March 26, 1863, observes under the head Colleges and Orphans' Home :—

“The coast of the Pacific is already the home of many families, whose sons and daughters will require the best education. A college for



COLLEGE IN BRITISH COLUMBIA.

youth and for candidates for the ministry, buildings for a girls' college and boarding school and an orphans' home are requisite, and we must lose no time in obtaining them. Our girls' collegiate school occupies too limited a space to accommodate both day scholars and boarders; but I trust we may soon erect a permanent and substantial building worthy of the interesting and important work of female education."

The Rev. W. S. Reece, M.A., in his report for 1863 as to the state of the girls' collegiate school, remarks:—

"The present half year commenced with a large body of pupils, and the numbers have been since January steadily on the increase.

"We are labouring and spending to the utmost of our ability, and our greatest pleasure will be, under God's blessing, to have a healthy, useful, and well-organised establishment, ready for, and in some degree adequate to, that building which your Lordship is now labouring to prepare for us on your return."

Encouraged by this report, and upheld by the necessity of the case, the Bishop made a strong and successful appeal to the Church at home, and obtained in 1863-64 sufficient money to raise a handsome and convenient college. The character of the building, which stands in a beautiful spot between the Bishop's house and the cathedral, will be seen from the above engraving, which is taken from a photograph kindly placed at our disposal by a friend of the Columbia

mission. The Bishop, in a letter to Archdeacon Wright, dated August 25th, 1866, writes—"The girls' college is a noble building; we have now sixty pupils."

Thus has God blessed the labour of His servant, and permitted him "to erect a permanent structure, and to make the institution efficient for its great object of boarding and educating, religiously and usefully, the rising girlhood of British Western America."*

CORRESPONDENCE.

CENTRAL AFRICAN MISSION.

To the Editor of "Mission Life."

SIR,—At the meeting of the Central African Mission, at Willis' Rooms, which I attended in my capacity as Honorary Secretary of the Central African Association, I observed with regret a tendency on the part of several speakers to abandon for the present the project of carrying the Mission into that part of Africa from which it derives its name. Will you kindly permit me to offer a few reasons why, in my opinion, the matter should be looked at more hopefully.

Captain Speke, the first Christian missionary in the true centre of Africa, upon his return to England, founded the Central African Association, a full account of which is contained in the papers already sent to you.

This plan has been submitted to Captain Grant, Drs Murie and Kirke, all African travellers of great experience, and has been fully approved by them. I cannot but think it will show that the Central African Mission stands a more than probable chance of success. This Mission, it appears to me, has a more than usual claim upon the support of Englishmen. Remember, in England itself Christianity at first died out, and the nation relapsed into heathenism. It was the sight of *English slaves* in an Italian slave market that filled Gregory the Great with Christian compassion. He did not rest till a *second time* the Christian faith was planted in England, and from that time we may date the English Church. He was not discouraged by the previous failure. He did not content himself with the present prevalent excuse, "We have plenty to do at home." If he had done so, where would have been our boasted religious progress, riches, and civilisation now? If Gregory the Great was moved to compassion for the English slaves, surely England, which has so much to answer for by her encouragement of the slave trade for centuries, can spare somewhat for the country which has been desolated for her aggran-

* *Columbia Mission Report*, 1863, p. 10.

disement. The gospel has been sown in Central Africa by the devotion and courage of that true Christian soldier, Captain Speke, who proved the force of its power by his teaching and example. It has been planted by Bishop Mackenzie. Over his grave is still his standard, the Cross. Shall we leave the seed unwatered? Shall we, as soldiers of the Church, leave the standard unsupported? Is our faith of any worth, if we can doubt that the seed will grow in God's own time, that England will yet reap if she faint not, or that the standard will yet be borne to the Nyanza, over whose waters I believe the sound of the church-going bell shall yet be heard.

A granite memorial has been erected to Speke, none to Mackenzie. Can we not all do something, by bringing the savage African to the knowledge of Christ and His peace, to raise to both a more lasting memorial than granite, a memorial not in earth but in heaven.—
Faithfully yours,

A. HERBERT SAFFORD.

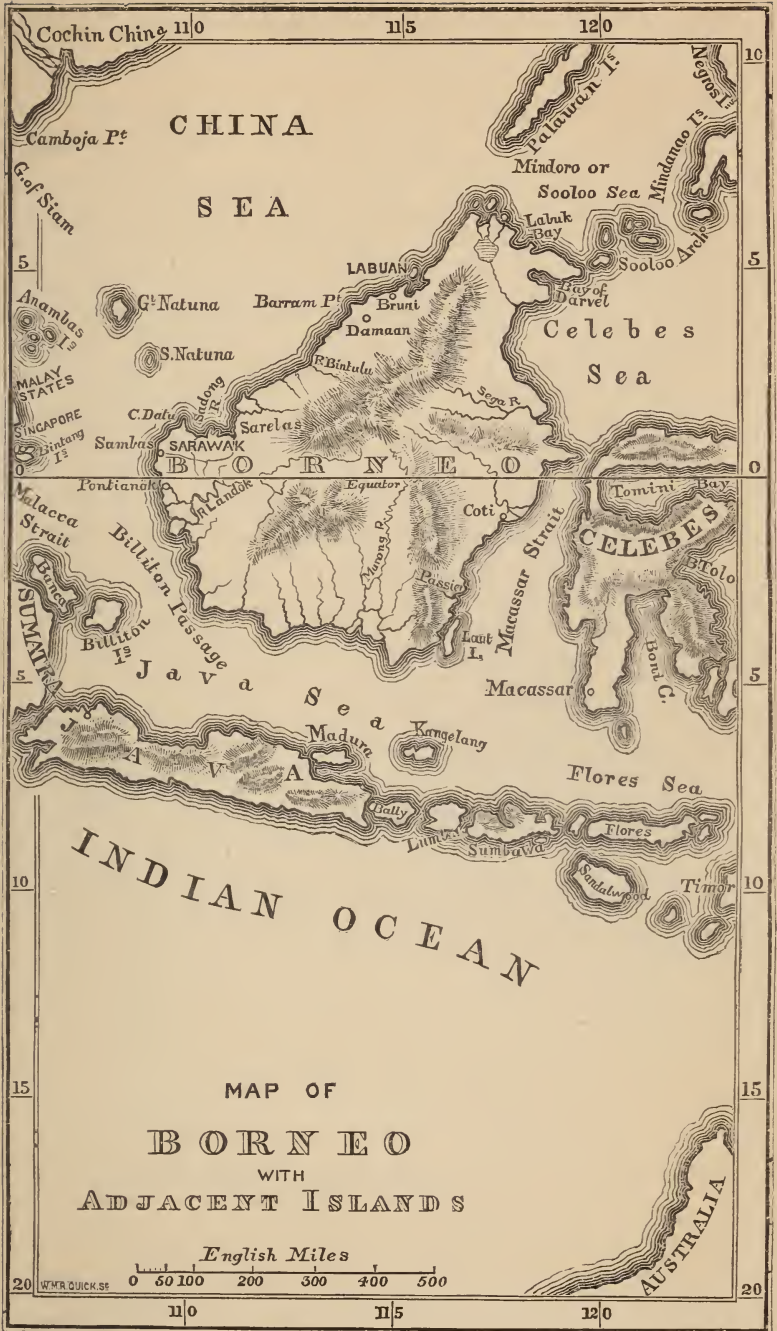
CENTRAL AFRICAN ASSOCIATION,
November 1866.

PROMISES FOR THE FUTURE.

THE late Bishop Wilson of Calcutta has left on record his conviction, that Borneo is "the most promising mission field on the face of the earth," and this opinion is still held by most, if not by all, those who have been permitted to take an active part in the first establishment of the Church in this distant island. At the same time we may safely say, that there is no diocese about all the circumstances of which there is a less general and accurate knowledge amongst Church people at home. We hope, therefore, that our readers will think that we have done well in accepting the kind offer of a friend to commence with the New Year a series of papers on this most interesting subject.

We may also take this opportunity of mentioning that a clergyman, to whose kindness we are already much indebted, has promised to contribute a series of articles on Christianity in China, a subject, we need not say, of deep and varied interest, especially at the present time, when the Church of England is just rousing herself to a tardy sense of the obligation devolving upon her members to do at least something more than has yet been attempted for the enlightenment of the thick darkness in which nearly 400,000,000 of our fellow-creatures are still sitting.

We mention these "promises for the future," in the hope that many of those who are already interested in the present effort to render the scenes and circumstances of missionary life in foreign lands more familiar to English readers, will try to make this effort more generally known, so that, with the New Year, an increased circulation may enable us to add considerably to the completeness of Mission Life.



REVIEW BY THE EDITOR.

Memoir of J. G. Mountain, D.D., late Bishop of Quebec. By A. W. MOUNTAIN, M.A.

THE life of any man of marked character, who has been for years associated with persons, places, and events of considerable general interest, can scarcely fail to be well worth perusal, but a peculiar value attaches to the life of one whose chief and strong characteristic has been his singular piety, and whose whole life, like that of the subject of the present memoir, has been devoted to the work of strengthening and extending the Church of Christ in a land in which all Englishmen must take an especial interest.

Such a work is as profitable as it is interesting, for we may fairly say that, short of the influence which the actual presence and living example of such a man as Bishop Mountain must exercise on all who come in contact with him, nothing can have a more salutary effect, or even be better calculated to act as a sort of moral tonic than the contemplation, in the pages of such a memoir as the present, of the manifold graces, in their varied development, of such a character.

The late Bishop Mountain was the son of the first Bishop of Quebec, near which place his early days were spent. At the age of sixteen he came to England, and eventually proceeded to Cambridge, where he took his degree in 1810. One of his school and college friends, alluding to his early intercourse with him, writes thus :—

“My affection for him was such, that nothing which was cause of gratification in our early associations seems to have left my memory ; and often as I sit opposite his picture in my drawing-room are scenes of our dear early days brought vividly before my mind. . . . His mind had always a religious tone and bias ; and I never knew him allow the least approach to irreverence in his presence, even at his earliest youth.”

The history of the next few years—his return to America, his ordination, his marriage, his first charge at Fredericton, his removal to take charge of a parish in Quebec, his appointment as Archdeacon of Quebec—gives opportunity for the introduction incidentally of much interesting information, as well as for the record of many personal traits of character. In 1825, his father, the Bishop of Quebec, died, and was succeeded by Bishop Stewart.

Shortly before the death of the latter, Archdeacon Mountain was appointed his suffragan, under the title of Bishop of Montreal, with the charge of Lower Canada, and on his death, in 1837, succeeded to the charge of the whole diocese. Few persons in England probably

realize the laborious life necessarily led by a colonial bishop. Over and above the actual physical exertion required for journeys often extending over several thousand miles, and generally performed with the roughest possible means of conveyance, there is an amount of correspondence both with the clergy of the diocese and with societies at home, enough of itself to tax any ordinary man's powers to the utmost. So much was this the case with Bishop Mountain, that in spite of the hardships and fatigues of his long visitation tours, he felt that these were a comparative relaxation. He was not a man to take much account of the difficulties and perils of the way.

The important Church works in which, during his lengthened episcopate, Bishop Mountain took an active part, are too numerous for even a passing notice here. Before his death, the original diocese of Quebec was divided into five sees—viz., Toronto, Montreal, Huron, and Ontario, whilst the creation of the dioceses of Fredericton and Rupert's Land—which, though originally forming part of the diocese of Newfoundland, were practically under his jurisdiction—was very much owing to his exertions.

Only the year before his death, which took place in 1863, Bishop Mountain undertook one of the most laborious of all his visitation-tours, including a visit to Labrador. The record of this journey is most interesting, and shows how unabated to the last was the zeal with which he pursued his life's work.

We have hitherto spoken rather of the subject of the present memoir than of the memoir itself. With regard to the latter, we cannot but fear that the general appearance of the work, the long paragraphs continued for ten or fifteen pages without a single break, the constant introduction into the text of documents which interrupt the thread of the narrative, and which many readers might be glad to pass over, will prevent it having the circulation to which its sterling value so well entitles it. We should regret this the less should it lead to the publication hereafter of a shorter and more popular work. We do not mean that the present one contains anything which we could afford to dispense with, or that there will not be a large class of readers who will infinitely prefer its full details, even in their present form, to a mere biographical sketch; but the shorter record would certainly be very much more likely to circulate widely and to find its way into the hands of those whose interest in missionary work it is of especial importance to foster by every available means.

Pres.





